

Obs. 145.



The Canterbury Poets.

POEMS OF OSSIAN.

^a FOR FULL LIST OF THE VOLUMES IN THIS SERIES,
SEE CATALOGUE AT END OF BOOK.

Poems of Ossian.

Translated by JAMES MACPHERSON.

With an Introduction, Historical and
Critical, by GEORGE EYRE-TODD.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	ix
CATH-LODA : A POEM—	
DUAN FIRST	3
DUAN SECOND	13
DUAN THIRD	21
COMALA : A DRAMATIC POEM	29
CARRIC-THURA : A POEM	39
CARTHU : A POEM	57
OINA-MORUL : A POEM	75
COLNA-DONA : A POEM	81
OITHONA : A POEM	87
CROMA : A POEM	97
CALTHON AND COLMAL : A POEM	105
THE WAR OF CAROS : A POEM	113

	PAGE
CATHLIN OF CLUTHA: A POEM . . .	125
SUB-MALLA OF LUMON: A POEM . . .	135
THE WAR OF INIS-THONA: A POEM . . .	143
THE SONGS OF SELMA	151
FINGAL: AN ANCIENT EPIC POEM—	
BOOK I.	163
BOOK II.	183
BOOK III.	197
BOOK IV.	213
BOOK V.	227
BOOK VI.	241
LATHMON: A POEM	255
DAR-THULA: A POEM	271
THE DEATH OF CUTHULLIN: A POEM . . .	289

INTRODUCTION.



FROM the earliest ages mankind have been lovers of song and tale. To their singers in times of old men looked for comfort in sorrow, for inspiration in battle, and for renown after death. Of these singers were the prophets of Israel, the poets and rhapsodes of ancient Greece, the skalds of the Scandinavian sea-kings, and the bards of the Celtic race. The office was always most honourable, the bard coming next the hero in esteem ; and thus, first of the fine arts, was cultivated the art of song.

Down to quite a recent time the household of no Highland chief was complete without its bard, to sing the great deeds of the race's ancestors. And to the present day, though the locomotive and the printing press have done much to kill these customs of a more heroic age, it is not difficult to find in the Highland glens those who can still recite a " tale of the times of old."

During the troubles of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, of the Civil Wars and Revolution in the seventeenth, and of the Parliamentary Union and Jacobite Rebellions in the early part of the eighteenth, the mind of Scotland was entirely engrossed with politics, and the Highlands themselves were continually unsettled. No thought, therefore, could be given to the possibility of literary remains existing among the clans. It was only in the latter half of last century that secure government began to allow leisure for the growth of that culture which a few years later was to earn for Edinburgh the title of "The Modern Athens ;" and then it occurred to some of the men of letters in the Scottish capital to examine the value of the traditional lore which was known to survive in the Highlands and western isles.

At length, however, the Rev. John Home, author of the tragedy of "Douglas," found a means of furthering his enquiries on the subject of Celtic poetry. At the little watering-place of Moffat, among the Dumfriesshire hills, in the summer of 1759, he met a young Highland schoolmaster named James Macpherson, who was travelling as tutor to Mr. Graham the younger, of Balgowan, and who had in his possession several transcripts of Gaelic poems taken down from the recital of old people in the north. Mr. Home obtained trans-

lations of one or two of these poems, and finding them to be of high and singular beauty, forwarded the manuscripts to Dr. Hugh Blair, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres at Edinburgh University. The latter gentleman was at once deeply interested in the discovery, and pressed Macpherson to furnish translations of the remaining pieces in his possession. This, Dr. Blair has recorded, Macpherson was very unwilling to do, declaring that they were so entirely different from the style of modern poetry as to have little chance of gaining attention, while the fire and force of the original Gaelic must be altogether lost in any translation he might be able to make. These objections, however, were finally overcome, and as a result Dr. Blair published at Edinburgh, in 1760, a small volume entitled, *Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic or Erse language.*

By this publication an intense interest was at once excited among the literati of Edinburgh. Forthwith, at a dinner of the patrons and professors of literature and antiquities in the Scottish metropolis, it was resolved to institute a search for further poetic remains, and a subscription was made for the purpose. Upon enquiry the young schoolmaster was found likely to prove a suitable agent for the enterprise. Born at Kingussie in

Inverness-shire in 1738, he was sufficiently familiar with the Celtic language and character, while an education for the kirk at the universities of Aberdeen and Edinburgh had furnished him with the scholarship necessary for the selection and translation of such works of merit as might be discovered. He had also already shewn some evidence of literary taste. A few poetical pieces by him had appeared in the *Scots Magazine*; he had published in 1758 a poem in six cantos, entitled *The Highlander*; and he had written an ode upon the arrival of the Earl Marischal in Scotland. All these facts pointed him out as qualified in a marked degree for the task, and accordingly he was commissioned to undertake a tour through the Highlands for the purpose of collecting and preserving the remains of Gaelic poetry.

Before the rebellion of 1745 the chief amusement of the Highlanders during the long dark nights of winter had been the recital of ancient tales and poems; and many old people who remembered these still survived when Macpherson made his enquiries. He travelled through such remote parts of north-west Inverness-shire, Skye, and the western isles as were most likely to retain these traditionary remains in their most perfect form; and it was not long before he discovered that the finest of the

compositions were attributed to Ossian, the son of Fingal, a warrior bard of distant antiquity. For the collation and translation of the poems, and for the determining of obsolete words, the collector engaged the assistance of Mr. Gallie, afterwards minister in Badenoch, as well as of Mr. Macpherson of Strathmashie. Presently, by the advice of friends, he removed to London; and there, in 1762, under the patronage of Lord Bute, he published the first results of his labour. These were two volumes of literal prose translations entitled *Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem, in Six Books, with other lesser poems*.

At that time the dominating figure among the literary coteries of the metropolis was Dr. Samuel Johnson, the eminent dictionary maker; and his violent prejudices against everything Scottish were greatly in fashion. Londoners, besides, had not forgotten or forgiven the panic into which they had been thrown seventeen years previously by the march to Derby of the Highland host under the young Chevalier. The fact, therefore, that a book hailed from the north side of the Border was by no means, just then, a passport to its kindly reception. The coldness with which Hume, the most illustrious historian of his time, had lately been received, and the furious attacks which were killing poor Smollett, the greatest novelist of the day.

sufficiently indicate the existing attitude of the London critics towards Scottish men of letters. When, therefore, a translator appeared, professing to have found among the mountaineers of Scotland, whom it was the fashion of the hour to ridicule, the remains of a bard who should take rank among the greatest of the world's singers, it was not at all likely that his work would pass unchallenged. It was, indeed, as if a waterspout had suddenly discharged itself into the red-hot crater of a volcano. For a short time there was the silence of utter astonishment, and then the whole energies of literary London arose to destroy and expel the intruder. To Dr. Johnson and his anti-Scottish friends the discovery of such works of genius among the people of the "barbarous north" was so astonishing that they flatly declared it impossible; and at once there arose upon the subject as great a controversy, probably, as has ever raged in the arena of letters.

In the following year Macpherson printed a second instalment of translations—*Temora, an Epic Poem in eight books, with other poems*; and, as a specimen of the materials upon which his work was based, he annexed the original Gaelic to one of its divisions. With this publication Macpherson's contribution to the controversy may be said to have ended. It is true, he published a revised and rearranged version of the translations

in 1773. But, disgusted by the treatment he had received, he refused during his life to print another word of the originals. Only at his death it was found that he had left a thousand pounds to defray the cost of their publication. From various causes the appearance of the Gaelic text was delayed, and its issue, which would have gone far to set the question at rest, was only effected by the Highland Society of London, in 1807. By that time the forgeries of Chatterton had prejudiced the public mind, the war of words was over, and the ear of England was throbbing with the greater thunders of Trafalgar Bay.

The rest of Macpherson's career may be briefly sketched. In 1764 he went out to Pensacola as private secretary to the Governor there. A difference, however, arising, he gave up the position, made a tour through the West India Islands, and returned to London in 1766 with a pension of £200 a-year. In 1771 a volume of Gaelic antiquities which he published under the title of *An Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Ireland*, was most bitterly attacked upon its appearance. This, with the similar abusive reception accorded his prose translation of the Iliad of Homer, published in two volumes in 1773, serves to shew that the attitude towards him of the literary cliques of London had not altered in ten years

Better fortune must have attended the publication in 1775 of his *History of Great Britain, from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover*, with its companion volumes of *Original Papers*; for he is said to have received for this work the sum of £3000. The Government also employed him to write two pamphlets in defence of their action in the dispute and rupture with America. And on being appointed agent in Britain for the Nabob of Arcot he was provided with a seat in Parliament. Failing in health at last, he retired to Belleville, a mansion he had built in Alvie, Inverness-shire, where he died on the 17th February 1796. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Upon the first appearance of Macpherson's translations of Ossian, the foremost, naturally, in the attack upon their authenticity was Dr. Samuel Johnson. The great lexicographer was followed, however, by such a northern supporter as Dr. Smith of Campbelltown. The natural sceptic bias of Hume's mind led him to take the same side. And Mr. Malcolm Laing, author of a set of "Notes and Illustrations" to Ossian, printed at Edinburgh in 1805, finally professed to set the question at rest by showing how everything in Macpherson's translations had been stolen from such sources as the Bible and Homer. *An*

Enquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, by W. Shaw, A.M., published in London in 1781, also condemned Macpherson's work as spurious ; while Pinkerton, finding that the authenticity of Ossian would disprove some of his cherished theories regarding the early races of Scotland, made occasion in the second volume of his history to discredit the poems as forgeries. Of later writers Lord Macaulay has inherited the anti-Scottish prejudices of Dr. Johnson with doubled virulence, and this to the suppression of fact in at least one instance. In the thirteenth chapter of his history he forgets the existence of Johnson, and describes an enthusiasm for things Scottish existing at the time of Ossian's publication. That enthusiasm only arose forty years later with the rising star of Walter Scott.

Time itself has answered many of these attacks. Dr. Johnson's declaration in his *Journey to the Western Islands* that "the poems of Ossian never existed in any other form than that which we have seen," and that "the editor or author never could show the original, nor can it be shewn by any other," was refuted by the publication, already referred to, of the Gaelic originals in 1807.* Mr.

* The Rev. M. Clerk of Kilmallie in the introduction to his new translation of Ossian (1870), quotes an advertise-

Alexander Macdonald, in a volume on the subject published at Liverpool in 1805, sufficiently met Laing's sweeping assertions and unhesitating inferences. And the "dissertations" of Dr. Blair, Dr. Graham, Sir John Sinclair, and many others, offered abundant argument supporting the authenticity of the Ossianic poems.

The alternative objection urged both by Johnson and Hume against the *bona-fide* character of Macpherson's translations, was that the human memory is incapable of retaining compositions of such length. And in these days of printed books, almanacs, and universal note-taking, the objection presents some plausibility. The same argument was urged in 1795 by the German professor, F. A. Wolf, and others, against the authenticity of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer. But Macpherson, it should be remembered, did not profess to have gathered his materials complete from the recitation of a single individual. He found them in scattered fragments, and exercised his judgment in piecing them together. A parallel case might be cited in the *Kalewala* of Finland, an epic poem of which Dr. E. Lönnrost collected and published in 1849
ment from the *Literary Journal* of 1784, in which Mr. Beckett, Macpherson's publisher, certifies that the Gaelic MSS. of Ossian have been exposed for public inspection during twelve months at his shop in the Strand.

no fewer than 22,793 verses which had been preserved by memory alone from the remotest antiquity. Even had the case been otherwise, the prodigious memories of Scott and Macaulay, well known in later years, are enough to prove such a feat as the remembrance of Ossian's entire poems by one mind possible. Among the humbler classes, too, "long" memories are by no means uncommon. If the curious will turn to the diary kept by Robert Burns during his Border tour in 1787, they will find that upon the poet's visiting Jedburgh he was taken to see a certain "Esther," who could repeat Pope's Homer from beginning to end. No one doubts now that immense powers of memory can be attained by practice. To this day, in remote Scottish kirks the members are accustomed to hear every Sunday from the pulpit one and sometimes more sermons of an hour's duration, which have been committed to memory during the previous week by the minister. To these instances should be added the fact noticed by more than one critic, that the sequence and cadence of the Gaelic verses afforded a help to the memory equalled by the compositions of no other race. There is proof, besides, that an *organisation* existed for the express purpose of preserving these poems. Julius Cæsar (*De Bel. Gal.* vi. 13) and other historians have left it on record that, for the purpose of getting their

traditional lore "by heart," a probation of from nine to twenty years had to be served to the Druid priesthood, of whom the bards were a branch. The Spartans, it will be remembered, disdaining writing, preserved their laws for centuries by a similar method. The objection upon the score of memory may therefore very fairly be considered disposed of.

The unsettled state of the Highlands, which Dr. Johnson urged as an additional hindrance to the authentic preservation of oral traditions for long periods, possesses even less force at the present day as an argument. The survival of the unwritten Iliad and Odyssey through the troubles of early Greece might be matter for equal scepticism. Rather were these lonely and secluded glens, inaccessible to enemies, and the home of an unmixed race, proud of its antiquity, the most likely places for such traditions to be preserved. It would be an interesting study, indeed, to discover how much of the world's romance has come out of mountainous countries. In flat and peaceful lands life is easy and eventless and commonplace. The art of Holland deals largely with eating and drinking. But among the hills men dwell alone with nature. The plunging roar of the torrent, valley answering valley with the reverberations of the thunder, the mountains

themselves rolling their purple billows upward into the blue—all fill the soul with the sublime ; and life under the Bens grows sombre and sweet, and keeps and gathers memories. To the present day in the Highlands are to be heard recited compositions of undoubted beauty, descended from the remotest antiquity. The *Dean of Lismore's Book* was engrossed before 1537, yet the editor of the printed edition of 1862 was able to append to one of its contents (p. 42) a version of the poem, "taken down from the oral recitation of a Cristina Sutherland, an old woman in the county of Caithness, in the year 1856." And the beautiful story of Grainne and Diarmid, a legend common to Ireland and Scotland, also included by the worthy Dean (p. 30), may still be heard in the traditionary Gaelic in its native district of Benderloch.

Hume, again, in his well-known letter to Dr. Blair, demanded proof that there existed in the memory of the Highlands any Gaelic poem corresponding exactly and completely to a translation by Macpherson. And it is true that with all the researches of the Highland Society on the subject, detailed in the "Report" of their special committee published at Edinburgh in 1805, no such word-for-word copy could be found. Versions of closely similar compositions, and

fragments of the literal originals only, were discovered. The same argument, however, applies with much stronger force to such a collection of ancient ballads as Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which does not suffer the overwhelming disadvantage of being a translation. It is certain that no literal copy of any one of the ballads collected and printed by Sir Walter Scott could have been found by Yarrow or among the Cheviot hills. The printed versions, as is well known, were collated by Scott from the recitals of various persons, and bear only part resemblance to the tradition of each. In the same way Macpherson collated the various copies of ancient poems which he managed to procure. Such gaps in the poems as occur, for instance, in "Colna-dona," and the first duan of "Cath-loda," offer testimony to his style of work. This fact, together with the difficulty translation inevitably introduces, besides the altering of titles and phoneticising of names which Macpherson effected, was quite sufficient to preclude the possibility of any of his transcripts being found complete and exact in the original. The Report of the Highland Society alludes to this circumstance. It says (p. 152), "The advantage he (Macpherson) possessed, which the Committee began its inquiries too late to enjoy, of collecting from the oral recitation of a number of persons, now no

more, a very great number of the same poems on the same subjects, and then collating these different copies or editions, if they may be so called, rejecting what was spurious or corrupted in one copy, and adopting from another something more genuine and excellent in its place, afforded him an opportunity of putting together what might fairly enough be called an original whole, of much more beauty, and with much fewer blemishes, than the Committee believe it *now* possible for any person, or combination of persons, to obtain."

Presuming upon this difficulty, Macpherson's opponents did not scruple to bring against him charges of the basest sort. Not content with doubting his faithfulness as a translator, they asserted that he had stolen much of his work from the masterpieces of ancient and modern literature. These critics boldly attacked the finest passages of the translations, and, upon the strength of a fancied resemblance to passages elsewhere, declared them plagiarisms. The acmé of this kind of criticism was reached by the publication of the edition of *Ossian* already alluded to with "Notes and Illustrations" by Mr. Malcolm Laing. Of Mr. Laing it has been said by a previous editor that he "is one of those detectors of plagiarisms, and discoverers of coincidences, whose exquisite

penetration and acuteness can find anything anywhere." Laing asserted in his preface that he had traced "every simile and almost every poetical image" in Macpherson's translations "to their source;" and his charges of minute, learned, and painstaking ingenuity in plagiarism would, if substantiated, prove Macpherson the most marvellous phenomenon of literary industry, sagacity, and intelligence the world has ever seen.

An instance or two of this ingenious detective faculty of Mr. Laing, taken quite at random, may show the reliance to be placed on his criticism. In the second book of "Fingal" occurs the simile, "Faintly he raised his feeble voice like the gale of the reedy Lego." The first part of this Laing derived from the Iliad, xxiii., 105, ὤχετο τετριγῦα (with a faint shriek he was gone). The second part, "the gale of reedy Lego," the critic felt certain Macpherson had borrowed from his own lines in "The Highlander"—

"He hissed his way along
As breezes sing through reeds their shrilly song."

Again, in the "War of Caros" occurs the simile, "It is like the field, when darkness covers the hills around, and the shadow grows slowly on the plain of the sun." This Laing considered stolen from Virgil's

Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae
(Fall longer shadows from the lofty hills.)

Such slender proofs, it is evident, will not bear the superstructure their author sought to build upon them. Closer resemblances, it is true, may be found. Thus Laing and other critics professed to have discovered in Milton the original of the magnificent Address to the Sun at the end of "Carthon." But it should be remembered that something more than mere likeness is necessary in order to establish a charge of literary theft. As a matter of fact, one of the correspondents of the Highland Society, writing in April 1801, forwarded a copy of Ossian's Address to the Sun which he had taken down thirty years previously from the recitation of an old man in Glenlyon. This old man had learnt it in his youth, long before Macpherson was born, from people in the same glen ; and his manuscript, when translated, proved almost word for word identical with the passage in "Carthon." Few people nowadays will deny that it was as natural in Ossian to sing of "white-bosomed Colma" as it was in Homer to describe "white-armed Nausicaa." Yet resemblances like these were sufficient to the minds of such critics as Mr. Laing to prove their charges of plagiarism. Ossian dare not note a weeping woman, because Andromache once wept at Troy ; and his chieftains

must not be strong and valiant, since Samson once fought at Ramath.

Nothing in literature, perhaps, is easier than to accuse a writer of plagiarism, and to summon by way of proof certain similarities of expression, and even of thought. Nearly all great authors have, at one time or another, been subjected to this kind of detraction. It is on record that an ingenious critic once sought to prove the *Æneid* Erse, from the likeness in sound and meaning between *Arma virumque cano* and '*Airm's am fear canam*. But never, probably, before did the charges descend to so minute particulars as in the case of Ossian. Regarding this kind of attack, Dr. Johnson himself may be quoted. In the *Rambler*, No. 143, he says—"When the excellence of a new composition can no longer be contested, and malice is compelled to give way to the unanimity of applause, there is yet one expedient to be tried by which the author may be degraded though his work be revered. . . . This accusation is dangerous, because, even when it is false, it may be sometimes urged with probability." Only when one writer makes use of ideas or language which he *could not otherwise* than by theft have produced, will the charge of plagiarism hold good. There is entire absence of such a circumstance from the translation of Ossian.

Much detracting of Macpherson's work has been based on the translator's own letters and on his efforts in archæology. In a letter to Dr. Blair he remarked "that his Highland pride was alarmed at appearing to the world only as a translator." Again, in the preface to the edition of 1773, Macpherson wrote regarding improvements in his version: "Errors in diction might have been committed at twenty-four which the experience of a riper age may remove, and some exuberances in imagery may be restrained with advantage by a degree of judgment acquired in the progress of time." Upon these words Laing insisted that Macpherson claimed for himself the authorship of the Ossianic poems. Less prejudiced critics can take a more obvious meaning from them. In the same page with the latter extract Macpherson twice expressly alludes to himself as "the Translator." Had he been anything more than this he would certainly have used a more distinct means of making his merit known, since self-effacement was by no means a conspicuous trait of his character. Also, in his introduction to "Comala," Macpherson asserted that the Caracul referred to in that poem was the Caracalla of the Roman writers. Now, Gibbon has noted that this was a name given to Antoninus, the son of Severus, four years after his defeat by the Caledonians in 211

A. D. ; that it was hardly used till after his death ; and even then seldom employed. It has, therefore, been argued that the name could not have been familiar to a Gaelic bard of the third century. It must be remembered, however, that Ossian was not born when his father Fingal defeated the Roman general ; that the bard lived to converse with Christian refugees driven into the wilds by another Roman emperor nearly a hundred years later ; and that he had, therefore, every opportunity to be aware of any title disparaging to his father's enemy which might arise even long after the battle described. The classical parallels themselves, which Macpherson furnished in several notes by way of illustration to the text of Ossian, were construed as traces of forgery. When, for instance, he likened Gaul to Ajax, and the Celtic idea of a ghost to the *εἰδωλον* of the ancient Greeks (Fingal, B. ii.), it was asserted that he had manufactured warriors and ghosts upon Greek models. But it must occur to everyone that as a forger Macpherson would have been foolish indeed in so simply furnishing the key to his own fraud. Such proof, if allowed, would establish a charge of forging Virgil against all the editors who ever wrote notes to the *Æneid*. Laing made use, further, of several reported remarks of Macpherson to infer that he was willing to be considered author of these poems.

But these references were all of such third and fourth hand authority as would only be received by the gossip-mongers of literary back parlours. No one nowadays sets much store on what A feels certain B told him was once hinted to him by C.

Happily, evidence of a different sort has become available to prove that poems concerning Fingal and his heroes have existed from remote antiquity in the Scottish Highlands, and that many of these poems are identical with Macpherson's translations.

The *Albanach Duan* is a versified chronicle of the date of Malcolm III. in 1056, and regarding its antiquity there is no dispute. It is true that it does not mention Fingal or his heroes. But this no more disproves the existence of the poems of Ossian than the absence of Colonel Newcome's name from the Army List disproves the existence of Thackeray's novel. What the *Albanach Duan* does prove is that metrical compositions existed in Gaelic before 1056 ; for it bears traces of having been formed from older records. From the earliest dawn, however, of regular literature in Scotland references are common enough to the Ossianic heroes. Barbour, the historian of Robert the Bruce, in 1375, mentions Fingal and Gaul, the son of Morni :—

“He said, Methinks Martheoke’s son
Right as Gow-mac-Morn was won
To have from Fingal his menzie.”

Dunbar also, in 1503, and Gawin Douglas before 1522, as well as Hector Boece in 1520, all mention the fame of these heroes. And in 1576, in the first book printed in Gaelic—Knox’s *Forms of Prayer and Catechism*—Bishop Carswell, the translator, in his preface refers with pious severity to histories extant and popular in the Highlands “concerning warriors and champions and Fingal, the son of Comhal, with his heroes.” Still further, in the *Dean of Lismore’s Book* already mentioned, the manuscript of which, written before 1537, is still to be seen in the Advocates’ Library at Edinburgh, are to be found many incidents and whole passages which occur in Macpherson’s translation. Of these are the death of Oscar, the tales of Cuchullin and Conloch, and Fainasollis, the Maid of Craca, with references to many other of the heroes of Ossian. Several of these compositions, preserved by the Dean, are distinctly headed, “The author of this is Ossian, the son of Finn.”

The existence of the two last-named books, it may be noted in passing, demolishes another of Dr. Johnson’s dogmatic assertions—that there was not a book in the Gaelic language a hundred years old.

To this evidence remains to be added the specific testimony of the committee of the Highland Society who investigated the whole subject. In their Report, already referred to, they explicitly state as the result of their enquiries that "such poetry," as that published by Macpherson, "did exist ; that it was common, general, and in great abundance ; that it was of a most impressive and striking sort, in a high degree eloquent, tender, sublime." The researches of the committee resulted in the accumulation of a mass of detailed evidence of which the extracts below are fair specimens. It has to be remembered, in examining the Report, that the committee possessed no clue whatever to the quarters from which Macpherson had derived his originals. It must also be noted that the independent versions of many of the passages were got from people who knew no English, and who had never heard of Macpherson.

Letter from Rev. Donald Macleod, Glenelg, to Dr. Blair, March 26th, 1764 :—"It was in my house that Mr. Macpherson got the description of Cuchullin's horses and car in Book i, p. 2, from Allan MacCaskie, schoolmaster, and Rory Macleod, both of this glen. He has not taken in the whole of the description ; and his translation of it (spirited and pretty as it appears, so far as it goes) falls so far short of the original in the picture it exhibits of

Cuchullin's horses and car, that in none of his translations is the inequality of Macpherson's genius to that of Ossian so very conspicuous."

Letter from Lachlan Macpherson, of Strathmashie, October 22, 1763 :—" In the year 1760 I had the pleasure of accompanying my friend Mr. Macpherson during some part of his journey in search of the poems of Ossian through the Highlands. I assisted him in collecting them, and took down from oral tradition, and transcribed from old manuscripts by far the greatest part of those pieces he has published. Since the publication I have carefully compared the translation with the copies of the originals in my hands, and find it amazingly literal, even in such a degree as to preserve in some measure the cadence of the Gaelic versification."

Letter from Rev. John Macpherson, D.D., of Sleat, Nov. 27, 1763 :—" I have in obedience to your request made enquiry for all the persons around me who were able to rehearse from memory any parts of the poems published by Mr. Macpherson, and have made them to rehearse in my hearing the several fragments or detached pieces of those poems which they were able to repeat. This done, I compared with great care the pieces rehearsed by them with Mr. Macpherson's translation. These pieces or fragments are : the description of Cuch-

ullin's chariot—Fingal, Book i, p. 11. The rehearsers are John Macdonald of Breakish in Strath, Isle of Skye, gentleman; Martin MacIlivray, tenant in Slate; and Allan Macaskle, farmer in Glenelg." Here follows a long list of passages, with the names of the rehearsers attached.

Letter from Lieutenant Duncan MacNicol, late of 88th Regiment, Sockrock, in Glenurchy, Jan. 1764 :—"I have been at some pains in examining several in this country about Ossian's poems, and have found out as follows :—Fingal, B. iii., p. 45, 'Oscar I was young like thee when lovely Fainea-sollis,' etc., to the end of the third book. Fingal, B. iv., p. 50, 'Eight were the heroes of Ossian,' etc., mostly word for word to p. 58 or the end of the fourth book." And an array of further passages, among which is one beginning "Then Gaul and Ossian sat on the green banks of Lubar," a passage Laing asserted to be an imitation by Macpherson of the 137th Psalm.

Letter from Sir John Macpherson, Lauriston, February 4th, 1760 :—"I do myself the pleasure of presenting you with a few specimens of Ossian in his native dress. . . . The three pieces which I have selected had each a particular title to regard. . . . The Address to the Evening Star* claimed attention on account of its inimitable beauty and

* In "The Songs of Selma."

harmonious versification. The original of this piece suffered even in the hands of Mr. Macpherson, though he has shewn himself inferior to no translator. The copy or edition which he had of this poem is very different from mine ; I imagine it will, in that respect, be agreeable to Mr. Percy. The gentleman who gave it me copied it from an old MS. which Mr. Macpherson had no access to before his 'Fingal' came abroad."

The Report from which these extracts are taken is not the only record of enquiries regarding the existence of ancient Gaelic poetry. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1782-3 appear the results of an independent research by Mr. Thomas Hill. This gentleman, though unacquainted with the Gaelic language, succeeded in collecting from oral tradition and otherwise in the Highlands many traditional compositions of the greatest beauty.

Such testimony, ancient and modern, may be left to make its own answer to the dogmatic assertions of Highland barbarism fulminated by Dr. Johnson. And since many of the most beautiful passages in Macpherson's translation are among those specifically vouched for as genuine, the value of Mr. Laing's assurance that he had discovered the source of "every image," etc., needs no further comment.

After the production of so great a mass of

evidence it became impossible to declare the translation of Ossian altogether spurious. It was still possible, however, for impugners of that work to declare that Macpherson, instead of strictly translating, had expanded and improved upon the remains which he found. Obviously the burden lay with the assailants of Macpherson's work to prove their assertion true, and had their charge been well founded, the task should not have been difficult. They had only to point out in these poems an image or an epithet which *could not* have occurred to the Gaelic bard, in order to show that Macpherson had used unwarranted freedom in making his translation. In such a criticism, of course, two facts must be kept in view: (1) that compositions passed down from century to century by mere word of mouth must inevitably suffer some variation and corruption; and (2) that the version to be criticised was a translation, liable to be varied somewhat in complexion by the translator's choice of phrase. But Macpherson was a man of university education, imbued with the lore of classical antiquity. His work, besides, was done during the most conventional age of English poetry, fifty years before Scott and Byron appeared to break the fetters of Pope; and his own early poems are strongly marked with stiff conventionality. His verses are full of "blythsome shepherds" and

classic "swains," of personifications of "Virtue" and "Fortune," with the other stilted machinery of his time. Had he, therefore, been inclined to "improve" upon his text, his work could hardly fail to smell of the lamp, to contain artificialities, anachronisms, and allusions impossible to a dweller in the third century. Drums, trumpets, or at least bagpipes must have found their way into some of the descriptions of war, and at their feasts the heroes would surely have quaffed their drink from some politer vessel than a cup of shell. The difficulty of avoiding such slips may be judged from the mistakes made even by the high priest of imagination. Shakespeare himself makes King Lear in the crisis of his distress beg the undoing of a button, an article of dress unknown probably for centuries after the date of the tragedy. One of the most remarkable features of these translations, however, is their entire freedom from such defects. In all Ossian there is only one allusion to wine. It is referred to by way of simile in "The Battle of Lora" as a very beautiful and rare object, and probably, like the "thousand lights from the stranger's land" mentioned in "Carthon," it may have been found among the spoils of some Roman defeat.

The same kind of reasoning may be applied to the much finer particulars of literary style. A writer of modern days makes free use of general

and abstract terms. Our poets sing broadly of manhood and womanhood, of unnamed landscapes and the picturesque in nature. Had Macpherson expanded his material, his work could hardly fail to contain some such expressions. His translations, on the contrary, remain true to the powers of their original language. In Gaelic there are no words for "landscape" or for "picturesque;" the ideas, as in all primitive tongues, are concrete, and Ossian sings only of named objects, of "car-borne Cuthullin" and "blue-eyed Comala," of "green Erin of streams" and of "woody Morven." Allusions and speech both, in these poems, suit ancient Celtic times and no other period known to history. The wind whistles through open dwellings, and lifts the long locks of a people living by the chase; and the greatest admiration is bestowed on bodily strength, courage, and warlike qualities; while the language supplies its lack of terms by the abundant use of figure.

Macpherson was charged with having borrowed from the Bible; this, apparently, upon no stronger evidence than the fact that several passages of his translations fell little short of the sublimity of passages in Holy Writ. The charge, indeed, might have presented some show of reason, had his work betrayed any traces of the atmosphere of a southern clime, or the details of an advanced

civilisation. Isaiah's images, however, are of corn and spices, of cities and shepherding and lions of the desert. Ossian's, on the other hand, refer to an earlier, hunter stage of society ; to the roaring winds and blazing hearths of a colder clime ; to grey mists, pale ghosts, and the sheen of the "northern lights."

A similar accusation of having borrowed from Homer might be disposed of by the same reasoning. There are many essential points of difference. One detail only need be noticed ; Homer's heroes insult and deface the bodies of their fallen enemies, while the warriors of Ossian mourn over those they have slain. But the whole spirit of the two singers is different. Homer everywhere burns with the vivacity of the Greek nature, while Ossian is uniformly tinged with the sweet melancholy native to his northern hills. The late Alexander Smith argued for the authenticity of these poems from their faithfulness to the character of West Highland landscape. "Wordsworth's verse," he wrote, "does not more completely mirror the Lake Country than do the poems of Ossian the terrible scenery of the Isles."

Notwithstanding these facts, probably in no case in literature have the accusations of plagiarism and forgery descended to so minute details. Perhaps the most curious of the arguments against the

genuineness of Macpherson's translations was based upon an inversion of the foregoing system of reasoning. It is recorded that someone in Dr. Johnson's company drew attention to the fact that the wolf is not mentioned in Ossian, and inferred that the absence of mention of an animal which must have been common enough in the Highlands in early times was sufficient proof of forgery. Argument of this sort, if allowed, would produce somewhat ludicrous results. The "Song of Solomon" would not be genuine because it failed to mention the house-fly, an insect which must have been common enough in Judæa ; and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" could have been no sort of merit because it omitted a description of the village pump.

The refinement of sentiment indicated in Macpherson's translations was long objected to as impossible in Scotland in the early centuries of the Christian era. This was an argument used by Laing in the dissertation appended to the second volume of his History, and an argument held by him to be unanswerable. It was pointed out that the early contemporary poetry of neighbouring Gothic nations had in it a more savage spirit. The funeral song of Regner Lodbrog, for instance, a Danish poem accurately preserved from the eighth century, is full of such passages as the following :—"We have

fought with our swords. I was young, when, towards the east, in the bay of Orcon, we made torrents of blood flow, to gorge the ravenous beast of prey, and the yellow-footed bird." Dr. Blair, however, quoted Ammianus Marcellinus, to show that the Celts were by no means on a level with the savage Goths and Teutons. "There flourished among them," he translates, "the study of the most laudable arts, introduced by the Bards, whose office it was to sing in heroic verse the gallant actions of illustrious men, and by the Druids, who lived together in colleges, or societies, after the Pythagorean manner, and, philosophising upon the highest subjects, asserted the immortality of the soul." The late researches, too, of Anderson, Skene, Hill Burton, and other historians and archæologists, prove early Celtic art to have attained astonishing perfection, beauty, and delicacy. Many examples of this art are now known to antiquarians, but one only need be mentioned. At Abbotsford there is preserved a bronze mask which was unearthed some considerable time ago on the Border. It bears traces of delicate and fine ornamentation, and its shape, bearing horns, is so curious and unmistakable as to render its identification almost certainly true. Mr. Anderson, in his valuable *Scotland in Pagan Times* (p. 114), suggests it to

be part of one of those helmets described by Diodorus Siculus, writing a few years after Cæsar's conquest of Gaul, as worn by the Celts. Further, Dr. Wylie, in his lately published *History of the Scottish Nation*, says of this prehistoric art, "From the simplest elements it evolved effects of the most exquisite grace and beauty. It was unique. Celtic hands only knew to create it, and on none but Celtic soil did it flourish." In the sixth century, indeed, the Celtic art-faculty, as witnessed by its relics, had developed marvellous perfection. Westwood, in his *Palæographia Pieta*, declares "there was nothing analogous to it either of a contemporary or an earlier date in the art of Byzantium or Italy." To this testimony might be added the description of Caledonian towns, quite considerable places, by the geographer Ptolemy in the second century. Early Celtic remains of another kind are the "Auld Wives' Lifts" on Craigmaddie moor, near Glasgow, and other ponderous cromlechs; also such formidable fortresses as that on the White Caterthun in Forfarshire, with Craig-Phadric near Inverness; the latter, as Hill Burton shows, being the place at which Columba visited the king of the Picts. The erection of any one of these would be an undertaking of great difficulty even with the aid of modern appliances. Art of such

refinement, and engineering works of such magnitude, as they are discovered, are beginning, therefore, to show that the Caledonia of early times was by no means the savagedom it became fashionable for courtly Roman writers like Tacitus to make it out. It would not have suited the purpose of Agricola's son-in-law to write that the general was unable to subdue the Caledonians. Both safer and pleasanter it was to give out that on account of their barbarity these hill tribes were "excluded from the Roman empire." It does not follow that the description was true. In these early times the vulgar, indeed, may have lived rude lives, as the vulgar do at the present day. But the Bards were next to the Chiefs in rank, and Ossian was son of the king.

The generosity displayed towards their foes by Fingal and the other Ossianic heroes has more than once been pointed out as an anachronism. But critics who make this objection forget many well-known traits of Highland character which have descended from the remotest antiquity. As a specimen of these it is enough to mention that sacred regard for the obligations of hospitality everywhere observed in the Highlands, of which Sir Walter Scott has given an accurate portrait in the chivalry of Roderick Dhu.

The poetic beauty, also, of the names used by Ossian has been made subject of exception by

adverse writers. Hill Burton went the length of asserting "that the Highlanders have ever shewn themselves peculiarly unconscious of the merits of their native scenery, and that a passion for it is an emotion of recent origin, growing up in the bosom of the Saxon Lowlander who visits it as a stranger." Happily a very slight knowledge of Highland character suffices to refute utterly such a statement. The chief traits of Celtic nature, in fact, are feeling and emotion. The history of the North, with its blood feuds and friendships, declares this at a glance ; and it is well known that no race is more unwilling than the clansmen are to leave the shadows of their native glens. Tangible proof, besides, is easily found that sensitiveness to natural beauty is inherent in the character of the Celt. No monument of a language is more enduring than the names it has conferred on places. Even when a race itself has passed away, the names it gave to lake and river and mountain remain to keep green its memory. Now the Highland place-names are undoubtedly descended from the remotest antiquity, and every one of them describes some natural characteristic of the spot, while very many do so in figures of great poetic beauty. A few specimens are *Fionn airidh* (Fiunary), the white shieling ; *Dubh ghlas* (Douglas), the dark river ; *Achadh-nan-sian* (Achnasheen), the field of tempests ;

and *Buachaill Eite* (the Shepherd of Etive), the hill watching over Glen Etive. These are but names chosen at random, yet they will be seen to show the æsthetic appreciation of natural circumstances in a marked degree. These Highland names cannot be less ancient than the works of Ossian. Obviously, therefore, poetic names like *Struthmor* (roaring stream) or *Comala* (maid of the pleasant brow), used by Ossian, are exactly such as might be expected in compositions of early Celtic times. If a parallel be desired, it may be found in the Indian names translated by Longfellow in his "Hiawatha." The American tribes exhibit to-day in some respects the state of society existing in the Celtic Scotland of Fingal's time. They are a people living by the chase, knowing little of the arts of husbandry, and without a literature. Yet the Indian chiefs harangue their warriors in rhetoric glowing with splendid metaphor, and the names they use are full of poetic feeling. Names like *Minnehaha* (Laughing Water) or *Chibiabos* (the Blessed Islands) are of similar character and origin with the names in Ossian.

The Gaelic bard, like Homer himself, was by no means the earliest singer of his race. He confesses that he had models to work upon, referring to compositions regarding Trathal, Trenmor, and other ancestors of Fingal, as familiar in his day.

In the fourth book of "Fingal," for instance, he hums "as was his wont in danger, the songs of heroes of old." For this reason the high epic and dramatic art exhibited in his works need no more be matter of objection than the same art in the Iliad and Odyssey.

But the most subtle, perhaps, of all kinds of criticism used to prove that Macpherson added passages of his own to the text of Ossian was that brought to bear upon the subject by Mr. Knight. In his *Analytical Enquiry into the Principles of Taste*, 1805, he remarks—"In describing the common appearances of nature, the bards of unpolished nations are scrupulously exact; so that an extravagant hyperbole, in a matter of this kind, is sufficient to mark as counterfeit any composition attributed to them. . . . James Macpherson, in the person of his blind bard, could say with applause in the eighteenth century, 'Thus have I seen in Cona; but Cona I behold no more: thus have I seen two dark hills removed from their place by the strength of the mountain stream. They turn from side to side, and their tall oaks meet one another on high. Then they fall together with all their rocks and trees.'—(Fingal, B. v.) But had a bard presumed to utter such a rhapsody of bombast in the hall of shells, amid the savage warriors to whom Ossian is supposed to have sung, he would have needed all the influence of royal

birth, attributed to that fabulous personage, to restrain the audience from throwing their shells at his head, and hooting him out of their company as an impudent liar. They must have been sufficiently acquainted with the rivulets of Glencoe to know that he had seen nothing of the kind ; and have known enough of mountain torrents in general to know that no such effects are ever produced by them ; and would therefore have indignantly rejected such a barefaced attempt to impose on their credulity."

Perhaps the best answer to such an attack is its own subtlety. Mr. Knight, besides, has named almost the only passage in all the translations which is open to such objection. But the critic's own statement as to the scrupulous exactness in descriptions of nature by the ancient bards may itself very well be questioned. Poets of all eras have magnified the phenomena of nature in their search for tremendous images ; and the imagination of the early ages, wild and undisciplined, was especially prone to exaggeration. There exists a school of students of Semetic literature and modes of thought who consider descriptions such as that of the Red Sea dividing before Israel, and that of the sun standing still above Joshua, to be simply powerful figures of speech. To remain upon solid ground, however, does not David in the

29th Psalm make Lebanon and Sirion skip "like a young wild-ox;" while Isaiah in his 55th chapter writes of the hills breaking forth into singing, and the trees of the field clapping their hands? Homer, too, relates that the pines of Calypso's isle reached to heaven, and that in the storm which assailed the solitary Ulysses the winds of north, east, south, and west clashed all at once together.

Still another kind of attack assailed the English version of Ossian before it had been long before the world. The controversy on the subject had been little more than opened when it was complicated by a claim from the sister isle. As early as 1761 it was asserted that Fingal and his heroes, though discovered in the Scottish Highlands, were not really Scottish, but Irish. Shaw, in his *Enquiry* already referred to, asserted that Selma was not at all known in Scotland; that no one in the Highlands was acquainted with the name of Fingal; and that, while the name of the hero does not appear in the *Chronicon Scotorum*, from which the list of Scottish kings is taken, a full account of the actions of Fingal, or Fion MacComhal, may be found in the Irish histories of Dr. Keating and others. A small volume making the same claim on the subject was also published at Dusseldorf in 1787, by one Edmond, Baron de Harold, an Irishman in the service of the Elector Palatine. In it were

printed several poems bearing close resemblance of style to Macpherson's translations, and the substance of which the writer professed to have discovered in Ireland. These and other specimens of poetry adduced from Ireland formed in many cases counterparts to compositions included by Macpherson. It should be mentioned here, besides, that the Ossianic Society of Dublin has printed in six volumes (1854-61) a mass of similar poetry which has been preserved by the Irish *senachies*.

Literal counterparts, like some of these, produced in the original Gaelic, and from hostile motives, should now form strong testimony of the authentic nature of Macpherson's translations. Nevertheless, Laing, eager to seize any instrument for the discrediting of Ossian, used this as an argument to prove that the poetic narratives found by Macpherson in the Highlands were neither Scottish nor antique, but were Irish poems of the fifteenth century.

To the modern reader it may seem of little moment whether Ossian were a bard of Ireland or of Scotland. The peoples of both countries were Celtic, and from the earliest times must have possessed close racial and political ties. The antiquity of the poems, however, seemed affected by the question, and Macpherson therefore felt himself called upon to adduce proofs of their

Scottish origin. Accordingly in his dissertation he pointed out that purity of language and freedom from anachronism marked the Scottish poems as original and antique. In the Irish versions, on the other hand, there occurred references to Christianity, the Crusades, and the witchcraft superstitions of the fifteenth century. They also contained words and phrases borrowed from English, a language not in existence in the Ossianic age ; and they distorted Fingal and his heroes into mediæval giants and dwarfs. These characteristics, he argued, led to the conclusion that the poems found in Ireland were versions borrowed and “improved upon” at a late period by the senachies of the sister country. He also pointed out that many of these Irish compositions themselves referred the Ossianic heroes to Scotland, such phrases occurring as—

Sìol Albin a n' nioma caoile,
The race of Albin of many firths.

And *Comhal na h' Albin*, Comhal of Albion.

It must be allowed that the whole topography of the poems themselves supports Macpherson's argument. Fingal was King of Morven, and Ossian dwelt in Glencoe. As for Shaw's assertion that the Highlanders were ignorant of Fingal, it has already been answered by the references to that

hero adduced from Barbour and the old Scottish writers. The absence of his name from the *Chronicon Scotorum* need mean no more than its absence from the *Albanach Duan*, which has been accounted for. And it may be pointed out in reply to Mr. Shaw's third objection, that a little village in Benderloch has been called Selma by its inhabitants from time immemorial.

Up to the year 1805 the arguments used in the Ossianic controversy had been purely hypothetical, and in the absence of tangible proof, had depended entirely upon points of scholarship and ingenuity of reasoning. Since that date, however, a mass of evidence of another kind has become available. And it should be noticed that the whole testimony of facts accumulated since then has gone to prove the authenticity of Macpherson's translation.

In 1807 was published the original Gaelic from which the English version of Ossian had been made, a publication by itself sufficient to destroy the greater part of the adverse criticism. Macpherson could not have written the Gaelic compositions. Again and again is his awkwardness in that language remarked by the correspondents of the Highland Society. Mr. Ewan Macpherson of Knock in Sleat, in his declaration before magistrates printed in the Report (p. 94), affirms most explicitly and positively that Macpherson was utterly unequal

to such composition, and he relates a curious anecdote to illustrate the translator's deficiency in Gaelic. It was to the effect that, during Macpherson's tour in 1760 a party of gentlemen were escorting him across the Muir to Benbecula, Clanronald's seat in Uist. Upon the way they fell in with a man who was afterwards discovered to be Mac Codrum the poet. Macpherson addressed him with *A bheil dad agad air an Fheinn?* wishing to ask whether he knew any poems of Ossian regarding Fingal, but in fact asking whether Fingal owed him anything. Whereupon Mac Codrum wittily took advantage of the mistake, and answered that, if the hero had been in his debt, he had lost the bonds, and feared that any attempt to recover them at that time of day would be unavailing—an answer which hurt Macpherson greatly, and cut short the colloquy. Apart from this, there are in the printed original many archæic and obsolete words which Macpherson evidently made out with great difficulty, and which he certainly could not have used or invented. Adding the fact that these compositions are *Gaelic poems* of great rhythmic beauty and technique, their publication becomes a mountain of proof of the good faith of Macpherson's work.

Within late years students of Highland antiquities have identified many of the localities referred

to by Ossian both in Scotland and Ireland. Some of these localities were quite unknown to Macpherson, and his suppositions regarding others have been shown to be wrong. Further, the study of Ossian has led within the last few years to the discovery of antiquities which would otherwise have remained underground.

The language of the Highlands itself contains many memorials of its great bard. Phrases like *Ossian dall*, blind Ossian ; *fiountachk*, as ancient as Fingal ; *Ossian an deigh na feinne*, Ossian the last of his race, are familiar enough even at the present day. The association, too, of Ossian's name and the names of the heroes he celebrates with numerous spots in the north has been immemorial. Tourists through Glencoe, the *Cona* of the poems, have pointed out to them the cave dwelling of the bard high up in the mountain side ; and visitors to Killin on Loch Tay are familiar with the castle built by the Breadalbane Campbells at *Finlarig*, Fingal's Pass.

The late Dr. Angus Smith, in his interesting book, *Loch Etive and the Sons of Uisnach*, draws attention to the connection between the poem of "Darthula" (the Irish Deirdre) and many of the localities around Loch Etive. *Eitche* itself, or Etive, is the Etha of Macpherson's translation, while the name of the vitrified fort on the shore of

the loch distinctly identifies the spot as the home of the poem's hero. It is *Dun Mac Uisneachan*, the fort of the sons of Uisnach. Boece and his followers and careless transcribers assigned to it the name Beregonium, but they mistook it for the Roman Rerigonium on Loch Ryan. The correct situation of the latter may be made out from Ptolemy, and its moat is still to be seen on Invermessan farm, near Stranraer. At Balure, near *Dun Mac Uisneachan*, lies *Cambus Naish*, the bay of Naisi (softened by Macpherson to "Nathos" for English ears). Near the head of the loch the remains of the hunting lodges used by the three brothers are still to be seen on *Eilean Uisneachan*, the isle of the sons of Uisnach (Macpherson's "Usnoth"). Half-way up Glen Etive are the *Grianan Dartheil*, Darthula's sunning-place, with "Darthula's Field" close by. And near Taynuilt still grows "the wood of Naisi," *coille naish*. The connection is made complete when the writer quotes Darthula's song translated by Skene from *Dean of Lismore's Book*—

"Glen Etive, O Glen Etive
There I raised my earliest house,
Beautiful its woods on rising
When the sun fell on Glen Etive."

Mr. Clerk of Oban, referred to by Dr. Smith,

also points out many memorials of Ossian's hero Gaul or *Guill* in the names of localities at the head of Glen Lonain in the same neighbourhood. There are the wooded heights of *Bar Ghuil* and *Barran-a-chuil*, with *Tom-na-Guille* between them. The same writer suggests that Gaul's dwelling of *Strumon* may still be traced in *Strumonadh* there; and he puts the warrior's first battle at Ichrachan, close by, a spot from which many cairns of the dead have but lately been removed. From the *Galic Antiquities* of Dr. Smith of Campbelltown he quotes also a well-known parallel poem, the "Death of Gaul," not included by Macpherson, from which several other localities of the district may be identified.

Finally there remains to be quoted the book which carries furthest this process of identifying the topography of Ossian's poems. In *Ossian and the Clyde* (Glasgow, 1875), Dr. P. Hately Waddell applies to the subject the discoveries of the last hundred years, in geology, geography, and antiquities. These throw a flood of light upon many allusions, previously obscure, in the poems themselves; and by this means he has arrived at the scene of action of nearly all these compositions. It must be confessed that this style of proof, demonstration by the senses, brings a kind of conviction with it that is absent from the mere

argument of scholarship. It is one thing to criticise "Fingal" or "Temora" in the lamplight of the study; another matter entirely to be taken to the valley of the Six-mile-water in the neighbourhood of Lough Larne, and to be told that here the battles described in these poems were fought. This Dr. Waddell does, and then proceeds to trace the action of the Ossianic narratives, and to compare the allusions and descriptions these narratives contain with the actual features of the district. For nearly every epithet and statement he finds a corresponding fact in the landscape. A few of these only can be mentioned here. For "the lake of roes" on Cromla, near which fell Morna (Gaelic *Muirne*), the daughter of Cormac ("Fingal," B. i.), he points to the mountain tarn Lough Mourne. For the retreat of the Druid in the same neighbourhood, in which Sulmalla took refuge, and near which the spirit of Cathmor "sunk by the hollow stream that roared between the hills" ("Temora," B. viii.), he suggests the circle at Stony-glen close by the *Sulla*-(*Sulmalla*) *tober* or Sallow-well, whose waters disappear with such violence through an aperture in the ground as to justify Ossian's title of "Noisy" to the little vale at the present day. The mountain itself, the Larne and Belfast range, full of caves, with the great cromlech near Cairngrainey at one end, Slieve-

True (Ossian's *Tura*) in the middle, and the town of Crumlin at the other extremity, he identifies with the caverned Cromla (Gaelic *Cromleach*) of the poems. The scene of the battles he considers marked by the two hundred and thirty-seven funeral barrows in the two parishes of Killeagh and Muckamore, both in the valley of the Six-mile-water. In the steep little glen of Glynnès descending to Lough Larne Dr. Waddell finds the spot where Cuthullin undertook, alone with Calmar, to hold the pass to the plain above, against the invading host of Swaran ("Fingal," B. iii.). Two miles westward, on Slimoro (Slieve-Mora), with its two prominences of Upper and Lower Carneal (*Cormuil*), he fastens the description "On Mora stood the king in arms, . . . on Cormul's mossy rock" ("Temora," B. iii.). *Dora*, the author recognises in Doagh, formerly Dohar, still "yellow in the setting sun" ("Temora," B. i.) from the same spot as of old. And the battle-plain of Moi-lena he considers still traceable in the name of the parish lands of Ballylinny. Dr. Waddell, following the allusions of Ossian, indentified the site of Temora, the royal palace founded by Conar, in the great folk-mote near the village of Connor in the same neighbourhood; and during railway operations there, since the publication of his book, his reasoning has been confirmed by a wonderful discovery of golden reliques.

Macpherson knew nothing of this district, and his notes upon the topography of "Fingal" and "Temora" are extremely few and vague. Meagre as these notes are, he makes the mistake in one of them ("Temora," B. v.) of confounding the Lubar, which flows inland to Lough Neagh, with the stream already alluded to, descending through the glen of Glynnès to the sea.

Several of the episodes in the poems of Ossian were as impossible as the performances of the electric telegraph to the knowledge of Macpherson's day. Like the latter, they have only been rendered feasible by the discoveries of more recent years. Dr. Waddell points out in "Colnadhona," in "Calthon and Colmal" and in "Cathlin of Clutha," narratives of journeys which could only have been accomplished by means of a sea passage across Crinan moss in Argyle. Such a passage was undreamt of in Macpherson's time. Yet Dr. Waddell shows that it must have existed within the centuries of this era. Names like *Cambuslang*, the "bay of ships," and *Langside*, the "washing-place of vessels," high now at the foot of the Cathkin hills above Glasgow, with *lagg-an-roan*, the "seal's pool," in the glen above Lagg, in Arran, prove, without the mass of other evidence the author adduces, that the sea flowed much higher upon the land in Celtic times than it does now.

He adduces, further, the testimony of geology, the finding of primitive boats in gravelly deposits at Stobcross and Glasgow Cross, high above present sea level, and the absence of Celtic names from the lower lands about the vale of Clyde. To this may be added the support of the latest Scottish historian. Dr. Wylie remarks, "In the face of the cliff that bounds the carse (of Stirling) on the north, at an elevation to which the tide never rises in our day, is still visible the iron ring to which the fisherman made fast his boat at eve." It may also be remembered that the Roman road to the north stopped at Camelon, near Falkirk, now three miles from the sea, but then doubtless washed by the tide, for the tradition still lingers in the village of ships being moored to its street. A sea-passage, therefore, within Roman times, must have existed over Crinan. This fact, living still in Ossian's poetry, but forgotten otherwise for the last thousand years, and certainly unknown to James Macpherson, Dr. Waddell considers sufficient to establish both the antiquity and the authenticity of these "tales of the times of old."

For the introduction to "Berrathon," the same author finds both confirmation and locality in the geography, antiquities, and traditions of Arran. Macpherson did not know this island, and confesses himself unable to localise the passage.

From chemical and geographical allusions in the "War of Inis-thona" (*Isle of the Wave*) the critic discovers the scene of that poem in the volcanic Iceland (anciently *Eisland*, *Isle of the Sea*); and he finds confirmation in the existence of Celtic monuments said to have been found upon the shores of that country by the Norse discoverers in 874. In the same way, often with great minuteness of detail, Dr. Waddell identifies the scenes of most of Ossian's poems. In the course of his criticism he uses modern information to expose the fallacy of many of Laing's assumptions; and he answers the calumnies of Pinkerton by deductions from that historian's own pages. He meets the objection of vagueness which has been brought against the authenticity of Ossian, by filling several leaves with details of Celtic life and manners gathered from the poems; and he shows, in every instance in which comparison is possible, that the facts poetically referred to by Ossian fit with Roman history as exactly as the cog-wheel does to the pinion of machinery. Altogether, he concludes, the compositions of the Gaelic bard afford an authentic and unique glimpse into the otherwise unknown history of the Highlands during the decline of the Roman empire in the north.

Enough has been said in the foregoing pages to indicate the various arguments which have been

brought to bear upon these translations of Gaelic poetry. It remains with the modern reader, free from the literary jealousies of a hundred years ago, to decide for himself the weight to be attached to each. More than two thousand years ago in Athens Peisistratus gathered and pieced together the fragments of the Iliad and the Odyssey. Does it seem impossible that the same office should fall to be done in the eighteenth century for a Homer of the North? History, doubtless, has but repeated itself in the storm of adverse criticism which burst upon the restorer of the Celtic bard; and only when the din of wordy battle has died away will be heard the numbers of this last-found lord of song. The merit of the poems themselves, as poetry, may safely be left to take care of itself. Long ago the songs of Ossian earned a place for themselves in the literature of every European language; an Italian version, it is said, being the constant companion and inspiration of the First Napoleon. England alone has refused to admit the claims of the Celtic bard, and that at the bidding of Dr. Johnson, a good and great man indeed, but one who, knowing nothing of the subject, dogmatically imposed his prejudices upon the literary mind of his country, denying, like certain Pharisees of old, that any good thing could come out of Nazareth. The translation, it is possible,

might have been better done. More than one attempt has been made to improve upon it, the latest being the version by the Rev. Mr. Clerk of Kilmallie, published in 1870 at the instance of the Marquis of Bute.* None of these, however, has superseded Macpherson's version, and the world assuredly would have been poorer had it not been made at all. If power to inspire the heart with valour, chivalry, and virtue be any title to remembrance, the poems of Ossian will live long in the mind of man. But most of all will they be beautiful to the traveller among the lonely glens and valleys of the North. The scenery there *asks* some such memories. Wordsworth, the poet of Nature, himself felt this as he listened to the plaintive singing of the Highland reaper :—

“ Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.”

It has not been much questioned whether all the compositions translated by Macpherson were the work of the single bard, Ossian. The uniformity

* Since writing these pages I have had an opportunity of reading Mr. Clerk's Dissertation, and I should like to direct attention to his admirable summary of the whole Ossianic question.

of subject and style, as well as of the manners described in the poems, is of itself strong evidence that they were the production of one man. A peculiarity of the bardic traditions, too, makes the conclusion more certain. By the Highland senachies, as may be noticed in the *Dean of Lismore's Book*, the name of the composer was in most cases scrupulously preserved along with his work. The fact remains besides, that in many of the poems Ossian unmistakably alludes to himself. There can be little doubt, therefore, of the single authorship. On the other hand, there is no equal reason to suppose that *all* the extant poems of Ossian were collected and included by Macpherson. Other poems, indeed, have been published by various antiquaries, which possess strong claims to attention. Of such, for instance, are "The Death of Gaul," already referred to, and other compositions printed by Dr. Smith of Campbelltown in his *Galic Antiquities*. These, however, do not add materially to the poems preserved by Macpherson, and it is therefore probable that his collection presents with fair completeness the best of Ossian's works.

The value of the Ossianic remains for the purposes of history depends very much upon the possibility of fixing the date of their composition. The translator and editors of the poems, therefore, have sought to make this clear.

The manners described in the poems themselves point to a very early state of society. The heroes of Ossian lived by the chase, and had not yet learned the art of tilling the soil. A single detail of much significance, the meaning of which was unknown to Macpherson, may be mentioned here. In a letter to Dr. Blair, dated 2nd October 1764 (Report, p. 36), Lord Auchinleck remarks: In Ossian, "when a hero finds death approaching he calls to prepare his deer's horn, a passage which I did not understand for a good time after 'Fingal' was published, but then came to get it fully explained accidentally. You must know that in Badenoch, near the Church of Alves, on the highway side are a number of Tumuli. Nobody had ever taken notice of these as artificial till Macpherson of Benchar, a very sensible man, under an apprehension of their being artificial, caused to cut up two of them, and found human bones in them, and at right angles with them a red deer's horn above them. These burials plainly have been before Christianity, for the corpse lay in the direction of north and south, not in that of east and west. . . . 'Fingal' was published before any of these tumuli were opened."

This peculiarity of prehistoric burial in Scotland has been independently remarked by later antiquarians. The late Dr. Bryce, of Glasgow High

School, about 1864, made a careful examination of the stone circles at Tormore in the island of Arran. In the chapter on "ancient remains" in his well-known book upon that island, he gives the results of his search. In most of the circles he found stone cists containing urns, flint weapons, human remains, and *portions of deer's horns*. All the cists he found lying roughly north and south, and he observes, "their construction may therefore be inferred to have been anterior to the early Christian times in this country, when a superstitious regard began to be cherished for a direction pointing east." He further hazards the conjecture, "Shall we rather say that the direction had reference to the mid-day sun?" It should be added that the remains found had been burned, another proof of pre-Christian interment.

Comparing these discoveries with the "deer's horn" allusions of the poems, it would appear that the heroes of these compositions were buried before the customs of Christianity had made their way into the country. Ossian himself, therefore, who was their companion, must have lived and sung before the dawn of the Christian era in Scotland.

By way of settling the date, Macpherson himself pointed out the fact that the Celtic bard makes no mention whatever of any divine Being worshipped

by his heroes. Unlike the poets of Greece and Rome, Ossian uses no "divine machinery" in his work. To account for this circumstance Macpherson quotes Celtic traditions which affirm that Trenmor, the great-grandfather of Fingal, had, in civil war, suppressed the entire order of the Druids. A reference to the event occurs in "Cathlin of Clutha." The people thus, the translator suggests, had been left without a worship. His theory is helped by the statement of Tacitus, that the Romans from the days of Julius Cæsar had set themselves to the extinction of the Druids. It is supported, too, by the fact that the earliest Christian missionaries found the native religion extinct, and themselves took the name of Culdees from inhabiting the Druids' empty cells.

It should be remembered here, however, that no graven image has ever been found among the remains of prehistoric Scotland. Hence it is just possible to suppose that the objects of Druid worship did not lend themselves to bardic handling. The late research of Rawlinson and other explorers in the East has brought to notice the likeness between the menhirs and cromlechs and circles of Scotland, and the stone remains of ancient Chaldea ; between the once-lit *altein* of Caledonia and Ezekiel's "fire-stones of Tyre."—(Ez. xxviii. 14-16). Dr. Wylie recently, in the first volume of

his *History of Scotland*, already mentioned, describes (chap. xi.) several of the Beltane customs surviving yet in the north from Druidic times, and points out their resemblance to the rites of the ancient peoples who worshipped by fire in Asia. From this it would appear as if the Druids were about to be counted among the priesthoods which, like those found by Paul at Athens, taught the worship of "an unknown God." It seems, indeed, very clearly proved that the Celtic race in Scotland worshipped a Supreme Being through the medium of fire. This fact sufficiently accounts for the absence of divine machinery from the poems of Ossian, and renders valueless Macpherson's data drawn from such a circumstance. Against the tradition of complete extermination, too, quoted by the latter, it may be noticed that the "sons of the rock," or Druids, are frequently mentioned by Ossian. Had the object of their worship been something tangible it could hardly have escaped allusion.

A more definite means of fixing a date occurs in the poem of "Comala." There it is narrated how Fingal in his youth defeated Caracul on the banks of the Carun. If this Caracul (Gaelic, *Fierce-eye*) was, as there exists no good reason to doubt, the son of the Roman emperor Severus, it makes Fingal a young man of eighteen or twenty in the

year 211 A.D. Ossian, his son, must therefore have been born after this date. Again, it was pointed out by Macpherson that the Irish histories, however untrustworthy otherwise, agree in placing the death of Fion Mac Comhal or Fingal in the year 283. Further, there are legendary poems extant (one is printed in the *Dean of Lismore's Book*, p. 5) describing a dispute waged by Ossian in his old age with a Culdee. The bard appears to have been extremely ignorant of his opponent's faith. It seems fair, therefore, to conclude that the new religion had but lately been introduced to the country. This enterprise was probably effected by the Christian refugees driven northwards out of the Roman empire by the persecution of Dioclesian in 303. From these facts it seems proved with fair clearness that Ossian lived and fought and sang in the latter part of the third century.

As exact material for history, however, the value of the poems of Ossian, like the value of all early poetry, must remain difficult to decide. It can never be absolutely proved that events happened on the plains of Troy or among the hills of Morven exactly as Homer and as Ossian had described them ; though it must be confessed that Ossian, as an eye-witness, corroborated in many details by history, tradition, and antiquities, appears entitled to the greater credence. But for another and

probably more important kind of truth the work of both bards may be considered absolutely reliable. The Iliad and the Ossianic poems present a general but genuine picture of the civilisation in the countries and at the time in which they were composed.

After all, the chief assurance of immortality for these "tales of the times of old" must rest upon their own sublimity and beauty. There may long be those who doubt the existence of Ossian; but none will deny that in these pages are to be found passages unsurpassed in majesty and hardly equalled in tenderness. What could there be more full of pathos than Ossian's frequent address to Malvina, the betrothed of his dead son Oscar, and the companion of his own old age? And what in literature is nobler than the bard's apostrophe to the splendours of heaven, or his lament at the tombs of heroes?—"Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice, no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men."—(*Songs of Selma.*)

Ossian is not the only bard whose glory appears a marvel to these later days. Out of the dim past, booming like the surge of ocean, still rolls many a

billow of primeval song. The Vedic hymns float onward yet down a stream of time whose ripples have been centuries. The world still listens awed to the chants of the prophets of ancient Israel. And still from the storied isles of Greece reverberates the long roll of the tale of Troy divine. Does it seem more strange that the echoes of a heroic age should be lingering yet among the fastnesses of the Caledonian hills?

GEORGE EYRE-TODD.

GARTOCHARN,

DUMBARTONSHIRE.

POEMS OF OSSIAN.

NOTE.

In this volume the text of Ossian remains as it was left by Macpherson in his edition of 1773, and the poems are presented in the final order arranged by him. The four last translations only, "The Battle of Lora," "Temora," "Conlath and Cuthona," and "Berrathon," have, owing to the exigencies of space, been omitted. Some curtailment has been made of the translator's notes, many of which are polemical and some irrelevant. All, however, have been included which are necessary for the understanding of the text. Perhaps it should be stated here that each of the names used in the poems, like the nomenclature of the Highlands at the present day, has a particular meaning, and that the spelling of most of them was altered by the translator to suit English pronunciation. Thus Dar-thula is Dart-huile, "a woman with fine eyes;" while Lamh-dhearg, "Bloody Hand," has become Lamderg, etc.

CATH-LODA: A POEM.

Duan First.

ARGUMENT.

FINGAL, when very young, making a voyage to the Orkney islands, was driven, by stress of weather, into a bay of Scandinavia, near the residence of Starno, king of Lochlin. Starno invites Fingal to a feast. Fingal, doubting the faith of the king, and mindful of a former breach of hospitality, refuses to go.—Starno gathers together his tribe; Fingal resolves to defend himself.—Night coming on, Duth-maruno proposes to Fingal, to observe the motions of the enemy.—The king himself undertakes the watch. Advancing towards the enemy, he, accidentally, comes to the cave of Turthor, where Starno had confined Conban-carglas, the captive daughter of a neighbouring chief.—Her story is imperfect, part of the original being lost.—Fingal comes to a place of worship, where Starna and his son, Swaran, consulted the spirit of Loda, concerning the issue of the war.—The encounter of Fingal and Swaran.—*Duan* first concludes with a description of the airy hall of Cruth-loda, supposed to be the Odin of Scandinavia.

CATH-LODA.

Duan* First.

A TALE of the times of old !
Why, thou wanderer unseen ! Thou bender of the
thistle of Lora ; why, thou breeze of the valley, hast
thou left mine ear ? I hear no distant roar of streams !
No sound of the harp, from the rock ! Come, thou
huntress of Lutha, Malvina, call back his soul to the
bard. I look forward to Lochlin of lakes, to the dark,
billowy bay of U-thorno, where Fingal descends from
ocean, from the roar of winds. Few are the heroes of
Morven, in a land unknown !

Starno sent a dweller of Loda, to bid Fingal to the
feast ; but the king remembered the past, and all his
rage arose. “ Nor Gormal’s mossy towers, nor Starno,
shall Fingal behold. Deaths wander, like shadows,
over his fiery soul ! Do I forget that beam of light, the
white-handed daughter† of kings ? Go, son of Loda ;
his words are wind to Fingal : wind, that, to and fro,

* Canto.

† Agandecca, the daughter of Starno, whom her father killed,
on account of her discovering to Fingal a plot laid against his
life. Her story is related at large in the third book of Fingal.

drives the thistle, in autumn's dusky vale. Duth-maruno, arm of death ! Cromma-glas, of iron shields ! Struth-mor, dweller of battle's wing ! Cormar, whose ships bound on seas, careless as the course of a meteor, on dark-rolling clouds ! Arise, around me, children of heroes, in a land unknown ! Let each look on his shield, like Trenmor, the ruler of wars. "Come down," thus Trenmor said, "thou dweller between the harps ! Thou shalt roll this stream away, or waste with me in earth."

Around the king they rise in wrath. No words come forth : they seize their spears. Each soul is rolled into itself. At length the sudden clang is waked, on all their echoing shields. Each takes his hill, by night ; at intervals, they darkly stand. Unequal bursts the hum of songs, between the roaring wind !

Broad over them rose the moon !

In his arms, came tall Duth-maruno ; he from Croma of rocks, stern hunter of the boar ! In his dark boat he rose on waves, when Crumthormo* awaked its woods. In the chase he shone, among foes : No fear was thine, Duth-maruno !

"Son of daring Comhal, shall my steps be forward through night ? From this shield shall I view them, over their gleaming tribes ? Starno, king of lakes, is before me, and Swaran, the foe of strangers. Their words are not in vain, by Loda's stone of power.—Should Duth-maruno not return, his spouse is lonely, at home, where meet two roaring streams, on Crathmo-

* One of the Orkney or Shetland Islands.

craulo's plain. Around are hills, with echoing woods, the ocean is rolling near. My son looks on screaming sea-fowl, a young wanderer on the field. Give the head of a boar to Can-dona,* tell him of his father's joy, when the bristly strength of I-thorno rolled on his lifted spear. Tell him of my deeds in war! Tell where his father fell!"

"Not forgetful of my fathers," said Fingal, "I have bounded over the seas. Theirs was the times of danger, in the days of old. Nor settles darkness on me, before foes, though youthful in my locks. Chief of Crathmo-craulo, the field of night is mine."

Fingal rushed, in all his arms, wide-bounding over Turthor's stream, that sent its sullen roar, by night, through Gormal's misty vale. A moon-beam glittered on a rock; in the midst, stood a stately form; a form with floating locks, like Lochlin's white-bosomed maids. Unequal are her steps, and short. She throws a broken song on wind. At times she tosses her white arms: for grief is dwelling in her soul.

"Torcul-torno,† of aged locks!" she said, "where now are thy steps, by Lulan? Thou hast failed at thine own dark streams, father of Conban-cargla! But I

* Cean-daona, *head of the people*, the son of Duth-maruno. He became afterwards famous, in the expeditions of Ossian, after the death of Fingal.

† King of Crathlun, a district in Sweden. There is a river in Sweden, still called Lula, which is probably the same with Lulan. Torcul-torno had been slain by Starno, who, pursuing his victory, laid waste the district of Crathlun, and, coming to

behold thee, chief of Lulan, sporting by Loda's hall, when the dark-skirted night is rolled along the sky.—Thou, sometimes, hidest the moon with thy shield. I have seen her dim, in heaven. Thou kindlest thy hair into meteors, and sailest along the night. Why am I forgot in my cave, king of shaggy boars? Look, from the hall of Loda, on thy lonely daughter.”

“Who art thou,” said Fingal, “voice of night?”

She trembling, turned away.

“Who art thou, in thy darkness?”

She shrunk into the cave.

The king loosed the thong from her hands. He asked about her fathers.

“Torcul-torno,” she said, “once dwelt at Lulan’s foamy stream: he dwelt—but now, in Loda’s hall, he shakes the sounding shell. He met Starno of Lochlin, in war; long fought the dark-eyed kings. My father fell, in his blood, blue-shielded Torcul-torno! By a rock, at Lulan’s stream, I had pierced the bounding roe. My white hand gathered my hair, from off the rushing winds. I heard a noise. Mine eyes were up. My soft breast rose on high. My step was forward, at Lulan, to meet thee, Torcul-turno! It was Starno, dreadful king! His red eyes rolled on me in love. Dark waved his

the residence of Torcul-torno, carried off, by force, Conbancarglas, the beautiful daughter of his enemy. Her he confined in a cave, near the palace of Gormal, where, on account of her cruel treatment, she became distracted.

The paragraph just now before us, is the song of Conbancarglas, at the time she was discovered by Fingal.

shaggy brow, above his gathered smile. Where is my father, I said, he that was mighty in war? Thou art left alone among foes, O daughter of Torcul-torno ! He took my hand. He raised the sail. In this cave he placed me dark. At times, he comes, a gathered mist. He lifts, before me, my father's shield. But often passes a beam of youth, far distant from my cave. The son of Starno moves in my sight. He dwells lonely in my soul."

"Maid of Lulan," said Fingal, "white-handed daughter of grief ! a cloud, marked with streaks of fire, is rolled along thy soul. Look not to that dark-robed moon ; look not to those meteors of heaven. My gleaming steel is around thee, the terror of thy foes ! It is not the steel of the feeble, nor of the dark in soul ! The maids are not shut in our caves of streams. They bend, fair within their locks, above the harps of Selma. Their voice is not in the desert wild. We melt along the pleasing sound !"

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Fingal, again, advanced his steps, wide through the bosom of night, to where the trees of Loda shook amid squally winds. Three stones, with heads of moss, are there ; a stream, with foaming course ; and dreadful, rolled around them, is the dark-red cloud of Loda. High from its top looked forward a ghost, half formed of the shadowy smoke. He poured his voice, at times, amidst the roaring stream. Near, bending beneath a blasted tree two heroes received his words : Swaran of lakes, and

Starno foe of strangers. On their dun shields, they darkly leaned : their spears are forward through night. Shrill sounds the blast of darkness, in Starno's floating beard.

They heard the tread of Fingal. The warriors rose in arms. "Swaran, lay that wanderer low," said Starno, in his pride. "Take the shield of thy father. It is a rock in war."—Swaran threw his gleaming spear. It stood fixed in Loda's tree. Then came the foes forward, with swords. They mixed their rattling steel. Through the thongs of Swaran's shield rushed the blade* of Luno. The shield fell rolling on earth. Cleft the helmet fell down. Fingal stopt the lifted steel. Wrathful stood Swaran, unarmed. He rolled his silent eyes; he threw his sword on earth. Then, slowly stalking over the stream, he whistled as he went.

Nor unseen of his father is Swaran. Starno turns away in wrath. His shaggy brows wave dark, above his gathered rage. He strikes Loda's tree, with his spear. He raises the hum of songs. They come to the host of Lochlin, each in his own dark path; like two foam-covered streams, from two rainy vales !

To Turthor's plain Fingal returned. Fair rose the beam of the east. It shone on the spoils of Lochlin in the hand of the king. From her cave came forth, in her beauty, the daughter of Torcul-torno. She gathered her hair from wind. She wildly raised her song. The song of Lulan of shells, where once her father dwelt. She saw

* The sword of Fingal.

Starno's bloody shield. Gladness rose, a light on her face. She saw the cleft helmet of Swaran. She shrunk, darkened, from Fingal.—“Art thou fallen, by thy hundred streams, O love of the mournful maid !”

U-thorno, that risest in waters ! on whose side are the meteors of night ! I behold the dark moon descending, behind thy resounding woods. On thy top dwells the misty Loda : the house of the spirits of men ! In the end of his cloudy-hall, bends forward Cruth-loda of swords. His form is dimly seen, amid his wavy mist. His right hand is on his shield. In his left is the half-viewless shell. The roof of his dreadful hall is marked with nightly fires !

The race of Cruth-loda advance, a ridge of formless shades. He reaches the sounding shell, to those who shone in war. But, between him and the feeble, his shield rises, a darkened orb. He is setting meteor to the weak in arms. Bright, as a rainbow on streams, came Lulan's white-bosomed maid.

Duan Second.

ARGUMENT.

FINGAL returning with day, devolves the command on Duth-maruno, who engages the enemy, and drives them over the stream of Turthor. Having recalled his people, he congratulates Duth-maruno on his success, but discovers, that that hero had been mortally wounded in the action.—Duth-maruno dies. Ullin, the bard, in honour of the dead, introduces the episode of Colgorm and Strina-dona, which concludes this *duan*.

Duan Second.

“**W**HERE art thou, son of the king?” said dark-haired Duth-maruno. “Where hast thou failed, young beam of Selma? He returns not from the bosom of night! Morning is spread on U-thorno. In his mist is the sun on his hill. Warriors, lift the shields, in my presence. He must not fall, like a fire from heaven, whose place is not marked on the ground. He comes, like an eagle, from the skirt of his squally wind! In his hand are the spoils of foes. King of Selma, our souls were sad!”

“Near us are the foes, Duth-maruno. They come forward, like waves in mist, when their foamy tops are seen, at times, above the low-sailing vapour. The traveller shrinks on his journey; he knows not whither to fly. No trembling travellers are we! Sons of heroes call forth the steel. Shall the sword of Fingal arise, or shall a warrior lead?”

The deeds of old, said Duth-maruno, are like paths to our eyes, O Fingal!* Broad-shielded Trenmor is still seen, amidst his own dim years. Nor feeble was the soul of the king. There, no dark deed wandered in

* Here follows a very probable account of the origin of monarchy in Caledonia.

secret. From their hundred streams came the tribes, to grassy Colglan-crona. Their chiefs were before them. Each strove to lead the war. Their swords were often half-unsheathed. Red rolled their eyes of rage. Separate they stood, and hummed their surly songs. "Why should they yield to each other? their fathers were equal in war." Trenmor was there, with his people, stately in youthful locks. He saw the advancing foe. The grief of his soul arose. He bade the chiefs to lead, by turns: they led, but they were rolled away. From his own mossy hill, blue-shielded Trenmor came down. He led wide-skirted battle, and the strangers failed. Around him the dark-browed warriors came: they struck the shield of joy. Like a pleasant gale, the words of power rushed forth from Selma of kings. But the chiefs led, by turns, in war, till mighty danger rose: then was the hour of the king to conquer in the field.

"Not unknown," said Cromma-glass of shields, "are the deeds of our fathers. But who shall now lead the war, before the race of kings? Mist settles on these four dark hills: within it let each warrior strike his shield. Spirits may descend in darkness, and mark us for the war."

They went, each to his hill of mist. Bards marked the sounds of the shields. Loudest rung thy boss, Duth-maruno. Thou must lead in war!

Like the murmur of waters, the race of U-thorno came down. Starno led the battle, and Swaran of stormy isles. They looked forward from iron shields, like Cruth-loda fiery-eyed, when he looks from behind the

darkened moon, and strews his signs on night. The foes met by Turthor's stream. They heaved like ridgy waves. Their echoing strokes are mixed. Shadowy death flies over the hosts. They were clouds of hail, with squally winds in their skirts. Their showers are roaring together. Below them swells the dark-rolling deep.

Strife of gloomy U-thorno, why should I mark thy wounds ! Thou art with the years that are gone ; thou fadest on my soul !

Starno brought forward his skirt of war, and Swaran his own dark wing. Nor a harmless fire is Duth-maruno's sword. Lochlin is rolled over her streams. The wrathful kings are lost in thought. They roll their silent eyes, over the flight of their land. The horn of Fingal was heard ; the sons of woody Albion returned. But many lay, by Turthor's stream, silent in their blood.

"Chief of Crathmo," said the king, "Duth-maruno, hunter of boars ! not harmless returns my eagle from the field of foes ! For this white-bosomed Lanul shall brighten, at her streams ; Candona shall rejoice, as he wanders in Crathmo's fields."

"Colgorm," replied the chief, "was the first of my race in Albion ; Colgorm, the rider of ocean, through its watery vales. He slew his brother in I-thorno :* he left the land of his fathers. He chose his place in silence, by rocky Crathmo-craulo. His race came forth, in their years ; they came forth to war, but they always fell. The wound of my fathers is mine, king of echoing isles !

* An island of Scandinavia.

“He drew an arrow from his side ! He fell pale, in a land unknown. His soul came forth to his fathers, to their stormy isle. There they pursued boars of mist, along the skirts of winds. The chiefs stood silent around, as the stones of Loda, on their hill. The traveller sees them, through the twilight, from his lonely path. He thinks them the ghost of the aged, forming future wars.

“Night came down, on U-thorno. Still stood the chiefs in their grief. The blast whistled, by turns, through every warrior’s hair. Fingal, at length, broke forth from the thoughts of his soul. He called Ullin of harps, and bade the song to rise. “No falling fire, that is only seen, and then retires in night ; no departing meteor was he that is laid so low. He was like the strong-beaming sun, long rejoicing on his hill. Call the names of his fathers, from their dwellings old !”

I-thorno,* said the bard, that risest midst ridgy seas ! Why is thy head so gloomy, in the ocean’s mist ? From thy vales came forth a race, fearless as thy strong-winged eagles ; the race of Colgorm of iron shields, dwellers of Loda’s hall.

In Tormoth’s resounding isle, arose Lurthan, streamy hill. It bent its woody head over a silent vale. There, at foamy Cruruth’s source, dwelt Rurmar, hunter of boars ! His daughter was fair as a sunbeam, white-bosomed Strina-dona !

* This episode is, in the original, extremely beautiful. It is set to that wild kind of music, which some of the Highlanders distinguish, by the title of *Fon Oimarra*, or, the *Song of mermaids*.

Many a king of heroes, and hero of iron shields ; many a youth of heavy locks came to Rurmar's echoing hall. They came to woo the maid, the stately huntress of Tormoth wild. But thou lookest careless from thy steps, high-bosomed Strina-dona !

If on the heath she moved, her breast was whiter than the down of Cana ;* if on the sea-beat shore, than the foam of the rolling ocean. Her eyes were two stars of light. Her face was heaven's bow in showers. Her dark hair flowed round it, like the streaming clouds. Thou wert the dweller of souls, white-handed Strina-dona !

Colgorm came, in his ship, and Corcul-surán, king of shells. The brothers came, from I-thorno, to woo the sun-beam of Tormoth wild. She saw them in their echoing steel. Her soul was fixed on blue-eyed Colgorm. Ul-lochlin's† nightly eye looked in, and saw the tossing arms of Strina-dona.

Wrathful the brothers frowned. Their flaming eyes, in silence, met. They turned away. They struck their shields. Their hands were trembling on their swords. They rushed into the strife of heroes, for long-haired Strina-dona.

Corcul-surán fell in blood. On his isle, raged the strength of his father. He turned Colgorm from

* A certain kind of grass, which grows plentifully in the heathy morasses of the north. Its stalk is of the reedy kind, and it carries a tuft of down, very much resembling cotton, it is excessively white, and, consequently, often introduced by the bards, in their similes concerning the beauty of women.

† The name of a star, *the guide to Lochlin*.

I-thorno, to wander on all the winds. In Crathincraulo's rocky field, he dwelt by a foreign stream. Nor darkened the king alone, that beam of light was near, the daughter of echoing Tormoth, white-armed Strina-dona.

Duan Third.

ARGUMENT.

OSSIAN, after some general reflections, describes the situation of Fingal, and the position of the army of Lochlin.—The conversation of Starno and Swaran.—The episode of Corman-trunar and Foina-bragal.—Starno, from his own example, recommends to Swaran, to surprise Fingal, who had retired alone to a neighbouring hill. Upon Swaran's refusal, Starno undertakes the enterprise himself, is overcome, and taken prisoner, by Fingal.—He is dismissed, after a severe reprimand for his cruelty.

Duan Tbird.

WHENCE is the stream of years? Whither do they roll along? Where have they hid, in mist, their many-coloured sides?

I look into the times of old, but they seem dim to Ossian's eyes, like reflected moon-beams, on a distant lake. Here rise the red beams of war! There, silent, dwells a feeble race! They mark no years with their deeds, as slow they pass along. Dweller between the shields! thou that awakest the failing soul! descend from thy wall, harp of Cona, with thy voices three! Come with that which kindles the past: rear the forms of old, on their own dark-brown years!

U-thorno, hill of storms, I behold my race on thy side. Fingal is bending, in night, over Duth-maruno's tomb. Near him are the steps of his heroes, hunters of the boar. By Turthor's stream the host of Lochlin is deep in shades. The wrathful kings stood on two hills; they looked forward from their bossy shields. They looked forward to the stars of night, red-wandering in the west. Cruth-loda bends from high, like a formless meteor in clouds. He sends abroad the winds, and marks them with his signs. Starno foresaw, that Morven's king was not to yield in war.

He twice struck the tree in wrath. He rushed before his son. He hummed a surly song ; and heard his hair in wind. Turned from one another, they stood, like two oaks, which different winds had bent ; each hangs over its own loud rill, and shakes its boughs in the course of blasts.

“Annir,” said Starno of lakes, “was a fire that consumed of old. He poured death from his eyes, along the striving fields. His joy was in the fall of men. Blood to him was a summer stream, that brings joy to withered vales, from its own mossy rock. He came forth to the lake Luth-cormo, to meet the tall Corman-trunar, he from Urlor of streams, dweller of battle’s wing.”

The chief of Urlor had come to Gormal, with his dark-bosomed ships. He saw the daughter of Annir, white-armed Foina-brâgal. He saw her ! Nor careless rolled her eyes, on the rider of stormy waves. She fled to his ship in darkness, like a moon-beam through a nightly vale. Annir pursued along the deep ; he called the winds of heaven. Nor alone was the king ! Starno was by his side. Like U-thorno’s young eagle, I turned my eyes on my father.

We rushed into roaring Urlor. With his people came tall Corman-trunar. We fought ; but the foe prevailed. In his wrath my father stood. He lopped the young trees, with his sword. His eyes rolled red in his rage. I marked the soul of the king, and I retired in night. From the field I took a broken helmet : a shield that was pierced with steel : pointless was the spear in my hand. I went to find the foe.

On a rock sat tall Corman-trunar, beside his burning oak ; and near him, beneath a tree, sat deep-bosomed Foina-brâgal. I threw my broken shield before her. I spoke the words of peace. "Beside his rolling sea, lies Annir of many lakes. The king was pierced in battle; and Starno is to raise his tomb. Me, a son of Loda, he sends to white-handed Foina, to bid her send a lock from her hair, to rest with her father, in earth. And thou king of roaring Urlor, let the battle cease, till Annir receive the shell, from fiery-eyed Cruth-loda."

Bursting into tears, she rose, and tore a lock from her hair ; a lock, which wandered, in the blast, along her heaving breast. Corman-trunar gave the shell ; and bade me to rejoice before him. I rested in the shade of night ; and hid my face in my helmet deep. Sleep descended on the foe. I rose, like a stalking ghost. I pierced the side of Corman-trunar. Nor did Foina-bragal escape. She rolled her white bosom in blood.

Why then, daughter of heroes, didst thou wake my rage?

Morning rose. The foe were fled, like the departure of mist. Annir struck his bossy shield. He called his dark-haired son. I came, streaked with wandering blood : thrice rose the shout of the king, like the bursting forth of a squall of wind from a cloud, by night. We rejoiced, three days, above the dead, and called the hawks of heaven. They came, from all their winds, to feast on Annir's foes. Swaran ! Fingal is alone,* on

* Fingal, according to the custom of the Caledonian kings, had retired to a hill alone, as he himself was to resume the command of the army the next day.

his hill of night. Let thy spear pierce the king in secret ; like Annir, my soul shall rejoice.

"Son of Annir," said Swaran, "I shall not slay in shades. I move forth in light : the hawks rush from all their winds. They are wont to trace my course : it is not harmless through war."

Burning rose the rage of the king. He thrice raised his gleaming spear. But, starting, he spared his son ; and rushed into the night. By Turthor's stream a cave is dark, the dwelling of Conban-carglas. There he laid the helmet of kings, and called the maid of Lulan ; but she was distant far, in Loda's resounding hall.

Swelling in his rage, he strode, to where Fingal lay alone. The king was laid on his shield, on his own secret hill.

Stern hunter of shaggy boars ! no feeble maid is laid before thee. No boy, on his ferny bed, by Turthor's murmuring stream. Here is spread the couch of the mighty, from which they rise to deeds of death ! Hunter of shaggy boars, awaken not the terrible !

Starno came murmuring on. Fingal arose in arms. "Who art thou, son of night ?" Silent he threw the spear. They mixed their gloomy strife. The shield of Starno fell, cleft in twain. He is bound to an oak. The early beam arose. It was then Fingal beheld the king. He rolled awhile his silent eyes. He thought of other days, when white-bosomed Agandecca moved like the music of songs. He loosed the thong from his hands. "Son of Annir," he said, "retire. Retire to Gormal of shells ; a beam that was set returns. I remember thy

white-bosomed daughter ; dreadful king away ! Go to
thy troubled dwelling, cloudy foe of the lovely ! Let the
stranger shun thee, thou gloomy in the hall ! ”

A tale of the times of old !

COMALA : A DRAMATIC POEM.

ARGUMENT.

THIS poem is valuable on account of the light it throws on the antiquity of Ossian's compositions. The Caracul mentioned here is the same with Caracalla the son of Severus, who in the year 211 commanded an expedition against the Caledonians. The variety of the measure shews that the poem was originally set to music, and perhaps presented before the chiefs upon solemn occasions. Tradition has handed down the story more complete than it is in the poem. "Comala, the daughter of Sarno king of Inistore or Orkney islands, fell in love with Fingal the son of Comhal at a feast, to which her father had invited him, [Fingal, B. iii.] upon his return from Lochlin, after the death of Agandecca. Her passion was so violent, that she followed him, disguised like a youth, who wanted to be employed in his wars. She was soon discovered by Hidallan the son of Lamor, one of Fingal's heroes, whose love she had slighted some time before. Her romantic passion and beauty recommended her so much to the king, that he had resolved to make her his wife;* when news was brought him of Caracul's expedition. He marched to stop the progress of the enemy, and Comala attended him. He left her on a hill, within sight of Caracul's army, when he himself went to battle, having previously promised, if he survived, to return that night." The sequel of the story may be gathered from the poem itself.

* Hugh Campbell, F.A.S., Ed., who, fifty years ago, edited perhaps the best edition of these translations, suggested that this might be the original of Sir Walter Scott's Edith in "The Lord of the Isles."—G. E. T.

COMALA : A DRAMATIC POEM.

THE PERSONS.

FINGAL.	MELILCOMA,	} Daughters of Morni.
HIDALLAN.	DERSAGRENA,	
COMALA.	BARDS.	

DERSAGRENA.

THE chase is over. No noise on Ardven but the torrent's roar ! Daughter of Morni, come from Crona's banks. Lay down the bow and take the harp. Let the night come on with songs, let our joy be great on Ardven.

MELILCOMA.

Night comes apace, thou blue-eyed maid ! grey night grows dim along the plain. I saw a deer at Crona's stream ; a mossy bank he seemed through the gloom, but soon he bounded away. A meteor played round his branching horns ! the awful faces of other times looked from the clouds of Crona !

DERSAGRENA.

These are the signs of Fingal's death. The king of shields is fallen ! and Caracul prevails. Rise, Comala, from thy rock ; daughter of Sarno, rise in tears ! The youth of thy love is low ; his ghost is on our hills.

MELILCOMA.

There Comala sits forlorn ! two grey dogs near shake their rough ears, and catch the flying breeze. Her red cheek rests upon her arm, the mountain wind is in her hair. She turns her blue eyes toward the fields of his promise. Where art thou, O Fingal ? the night is gathering around !

COMALA.

O Carun* of the streams ! why do I behold thy waters rolling in blood ? Has the noise of the battle been heard ; and sleeps the king of Morven ? Rise, moon, thou daughter of the sky ! look from between thy clouds, rise that I may behold the gleam of his steel, on the field of his promise. Or rather let the meteor, that lights our fathers through the night, come, with its red beam, to shew me the way to my fallen hero. Who will defend me from sorrow ? Who from the love of Hidallan ? Long shall Comala look before she can

* Carun or Cara'on, a *winding river*.—This river retains still the name of Carron, and falls into the Forth some miles to the north of Falkirk.

behold Fingal in the midst of his host ; bright as the coming forth of the morning, in the cloud of an early shower.

HIDALLAN.*

Dwell, thou mist of gloomy Crona, dwell on the path of the king ! Hide his steps from mine eyes, let me remember my friend no more. The bands of battle are scattered, no crowding tread is round the noise of his steel. O Carun ! roll thy streams of blood, the chief of the people is low.

COMALA.

Who fell on Carun's sounding banks, son of the cloudy night ? Was he white as the snow of Ardven ? Blooming as the bow of the shower ? Was his hair like the mist of the hill, soft and curling in the day of the sun ? Was he like the thunder of heaven in battle ? Fleet as the roe of the desert ?

HIDALLAN.

O that I might behold his love, fair-leaning from her rock ! Her red eye dim in tears, her blushing cheek half

* Hidallan was sent by Fingal to give notice to Comala of his return ; he, to revenge himself on her for slighting his love some time before, told her that the king was killed in battle. He even pretended that he carried his body from the field to be buried in her presence ; and this circumstance makes it probable that the poem was presented of old.

hid in her locks ! Blow, O gentle breeze ! lift thou the heavy locks of the maid, that I may behold her white arm, her lovely cheek in her grief.

COMALA.

And is the son of Comhal fallen, chief of the mournful tale ? The thunder rolls on the hill ! The lightning flies on wings of fire ! They frighten not Comala ; for Fingal is low. Say, chief of the mournful tale, fell the breaker of the shields ?

HIDALLAN.

The nations are scattered on their hills ! they shall hear the voice of the king no more.

COMALA.

Confusion pursue thee over thy plains ! Ruin overtake thee, thou king of the world ! Few be thy steps to thy grave ; and let one virgin mourn thee ! Let her be like Comala, tearful in the days of her youth ! Why hast thou told me, Hidallan, that my hero fell ? I might have hoped a little while his return, I might have thought I saw him on the distant rock ; a tree might have deceived me with his appearance ; the wind of the hill might have been the sound of his horn in mine ear. O that I were on the banks of Carun ! that my tears might be warm on his cheek !

HIDALLAN.

He lies not on the banks of Carun : on Ardven heroes raise his tomb. Look on them, O moon ! from thy clouds ; be thy beam bright on his breast, that Comala may behold him in the light of his armour !

COMALA.

Stop, ye sons of the grave, till I behold my love ! He left me at the chase alone. I knew not that he went to war. He said he would return with the night ; the king of Morven is returned ! Why didst thou not tell me that he would fall, O trembling dweller of the rock !* Thou sawest him in the blood of his youth ; but thou didst not tell Comala !

MELILCOMA.

What sound is that on Ardven ? Who is that bright in the vale ? Who comes like the strength of rivers, when their crowded waters glitter to the moon ?

COMALA.

Who is it but the foe of Comala, the son of the king of the world ! Ghost of Fingal ! do thou, from thy cloud, direct Comala's bow. Let him fall like the hart of the

* A druid. It is probable that some of the order of the druids remained as late as the beginning of the reign of Fingal ; and that Comala had consulted one of them concerning the event of the war with Caracul.

desert. It is Fingal in the crowd of his ghosts. Why dost thou come, my love, to frighten and please my soul?

FINGAL.

Raise, ye bards, the song ; raise the wars of the streamy Carun ! Caracul has fled from our arms along the fields of his pride. He sets far distant like a meteor, that incloses a spirit of night, when the winds drive it over the heath, and the dark woods are gleaming around. I heard a voice, or was it the breeze of my hills ? Is it the huntress of Ardven, the white-handed daughter of Sarno ? Look from thy rocks, my love ; let me hear the voice of Comala !

COMALA.

Take me to the cave of thy rest, O lovely son of death !

FINGAL.

Come to the cave of my rest. The storm is past, the sun is on our fields. Come to the cave of my rest, huntress of echoing Ardven !

COMALA.

He is returned with his fame ! I feel the right hand of his wars ! But I must rest beside the rock till my soul returns from my fear ! O let the harp be near ! raise the song, ye daughters of Morni !

DERSAGRENA.

Comala has slain three deer on Ardven, the fire ascends on the rock ; go to the feast of Comala, king of the woody Morven !

FINGAL.

Raise, ye sons of song, the wars of the streamy Carun ; that my white-handed maid may rejoice : while I behold the feast of my love.

BARDS.

Roll, streamy Carun, roll in joy, the sons of battle fled ! The steed is not seen on our fields ; the wings* of their pride spread in other lands. The sun will now rise in peace, and the shadows descend in joy. The voice of the chase will be heard ; the shields hang in the hall. Our delight will be in the war of the ocean, our hands shall grow red in the blood of Lochlin. Roll, streamy Carun, roll in joy, the sons of battle fled !

MELILCOMA.

Descend, ye light mists from high ! Ye moon-beams, lift her soul ! Pale lies the maid at the rock ! Comala is no more !

FINGAL.

Is the daughter of Sarno dead ; the white-bosomed maid of my love ? Meet me, Comala, on my heaths, when I sit alone at the streams of my hills !

* Perhaps the poet alludes to the Roman eagle.

HIDALLAN.

Ceased the voice of the huntress of Ardven ? Why did I trouble the soul of the maid ? When shall I see thee, with joy, in the chase of the dark-brown hinds ?

FINGAL.

Youth of the gloomy brow ! no more shalt thou feast in my halls. Thou shalt not pursue my chase, my foes shall not fall by thy sword. Lead me to the place of her rest that I may behold her beauty. Pale she lies at the rock, the cold winds lift her hair. Her bow-string sounds in the blast, her arrow was broken in her fall. Raise the praise of the daughter of Sarno ! give her name to the winds of heaven !

BARDS.

See ! meteors gleam around the maid ! See ! moon-beams lift her soul ! Around her, from their clouds, bend the awful faces of her fathers ; Sarno* of the gloomy brow ! the red-rolling eyes of Fidallan ! When shall thy white hand arise ? When shall thy voice be heard on our rocks ? The maids shall seek thee on the heath, but they shall not find thee. Thou shalt come, at times, to their dreams, to settle peace in their soul. Thy voice shall remain in their ears, they shall think with joy on the dreams of their rest. Meteors gleam around the maid, and moon-beams lift her soul.

* Sarno the father of Comala died soon after the flight of his daughter. Fidallan was the first king that reigned in Inistore.

CARRIC-THURA : A POEM.

ARGUMENT.

FINGAL, returning from an expedition which he had made into the Roman province, resolved to visit Cathulla king of Inistore, and brother to Comála, whose story is related at large in the preceding poem. Upon his coming in sight of Carric-thura, the palace of Cathulla, he observed a flame on its top, which, in those days, was a signal of distress. The wind drove him into a bay, at some distance from Carric-thura, and he was obliged to pass the night on the shore. Next day he attacked the army of Frothal king of Sora, who had besieged Cathulla in his palace of Carric-thura, and took Frothal himself prisoner, after he had engaged him in a single combat. The deliverance of Carric-thura is the subject of the poem ; but several other episodes are interwoven with it. It appears from tradition, that this poem was addressed to a Culdee, or one of the first Christian missionaries, and that the story of the *Spirit of Loda*, supposed to be the ancient Odin of Scandinavia, was introduced by Ossian in opposition to the Culdee's doctrine. Be this as it will, it lets us into Ossian's notions of a superior being ; and shews that he was not addicted to the superstition which prevailed all the world over, before the introduction of Christianity

CARRIC-THURA: A POEM.

HAST* thou left thy blue course in heaven, golden-haired son of the sky ! The west has opened its gates ; the bed of thy repose is there. The waves come to behold thy beauty. They lift their trembling heads. They see thee lovely in thy sleep ; they shrink away with fear. Rest, in thy shadowy cave, O sun ! let thy return be in joy.

But let a thousand lights arise to the sound of the harps of Selma : let the beam spread in the hall, the king of shells is returned ! The strife of Carun is past, like sounds that are no more. Raise the song, O bards ! the king is returned, with his fame !

Such were the words of Ullin, when Fingal returned from war : when he returned in the fair blushing of youth, with all his heavy locks. His blue arms were on the hero ; like a light cloud on the sun, when he moves in his robes of mist, and shews but half his beams. His heroes follow the king : the feast of shells is spread, Fingal turns to his bards, and bids the song to rise.

* This opening song of Ullin is in lyric measure.

Voices of echoing Cona ! he said, O bards of other times ! Ye, on whose souls the blue hosts of our fathers rise ! strike the harp in my hall ; and let me hear the song. Pleasant is the joy of grief ! it is like the shower of spring, when it softens the branch of the oak, and the young leaf rears its green head. Sing on, O bards ! to-morrow we lift the sail. My blue course is through the ocean, to Carric-thura's walls ; the mossy walls of Sarno, where Comála dwelt. There the noble Cathulla spreads the feast of shells. The boars of his woods are many ; the sound of the chase shall arise !

Cronnan,* son of the song ! said Ullin, Minona, graceful at the harp ! raise the tale of Shilric, to please the king of Morven. Let Vinvela come in her beauty, like the showery bow, when it shews its lovely head on the lake, and the setting sun is bright. She comes, O Fingal ! her voice is soft but sad.

VINVELA.

My love is a son of the hill. He pursues the flying deer. His grey dogs are panting around him ; his bow-string sounds in the wind. Dost thou rest by the fount of the rock, or by the noise of the mountain-stream ? the rushes are nodding to the wind, the mist flies over the hill. I will approach my love unseen ; I will behold him from the rock. Lovely I saw thee first by the aged oak of Branno ; thou wert returning tall from the chase ; the fairest among thy friends.

* One should think that the parts of Shilric and Vinvela were represented by Cronnan and Minona.

SHILRIC.

What voice is that I hear? that voice like the summer-wind! I sit not by the nodding rushes; I hear not the fount of the rock. Afar, Vinvela, afar, I go to the wars of Fingal. My dogs attend me no more. No more I tread the hill. No more from on high I see thee, fair-moving by the stream of the plain; bright as the bow of heaven; as the moon on the western wave.

VINVELA.

Then thou art gone, O Shilric! I am alone on the hill! The deer are seen on the brow; void of fear they graze along. No more they dread the wind; no more the rustling tree. The hunter is far removed; he is in the field of graves. Strangers! sons of the waves! spare my lovely Shilric!

SHILRIC.

If fall I must in the field, raise high my grave, Vinvela. Grey stones, and heaped-up earth, shall mark me to future times. When the hunter shall sit by the mound, and produce his food at noon, "Some warrior rests here," he will say; and my fame shall live in his praise. Remember me, Vinvela, when low on earth I lie!

VINVELA.

Yes! I will remember thee; alas! my Shilric will fall! What shall I do, my love! when thou art for ever

gone? Through these hills I will go at noon : I will go through the silent heath. There I will see the place of thy rest, returning from the chase. Alas ! my Shilric will fall ; but I will remember Shilric.

And I remember the chief, said the king of woody Morven ; he consumed the battle in his rage. But now my eyes behold him not. I met him, one day, on the hill ; his cheek was pale ; his brow was dark. The sigh was frequent in his breast ; his steps were towards the desert. But now he is not in the crowd of my chiefs, when the sounds of my shields arise. Dwells he in the narrow house,* the chief of high Carmora ?

Cronnan ! said Ullin of other times, raise the song of Shilric ; when he returned to his hills, and Vinvela was no more. He leaned on her grey mossy stone ; he thought Vinvela lived. He saw her fair-moving on the plain : but the bright form lasted not : the sun-beam fled from the field, and she was seen no more. Hear the song of Shilric, it is soft but sad ?

I sit by the mossy mountain ; on the top of the hill of winds. One tree is rustling above me. Dark waves roll over the heath. The lake is troubled below. The deer descend from the hill. No hunter at a distance is seen. It is mid-day : but all is silent. Sad are my thoughts alone. Didst thou but appear, O my love ! a wanderer on the heath ! thy hair floating on the wind behind thee ; thy bosom heaving on the sight ; thine eyes full of tears for thy friends, whom the mist of the

* The grave.

hill had concealed ! Thee I would comfort, my love, and bring thee to thy father's house !

But is it she that there appears, like a beam of light on the heath ? bright as the moon in autumn, as the sun in a summer-storm, comest thou, O maid, over rocks, over mountains to me ? She speaks : but how weak her voice ! like the breeze in the reeds of the lake.

“ Returnest thou safe from the war ? Where are thy friends, my love ? I heard of thy death on the hill ; I heard and mourned thee, Shilric ! Yes, my fair, I return ; but I alone of my race. Thou shalt see them no more : their graves I raised on the plain. But why art thou on the desert hill ? Why on the heath alone ?

“ Alone I am, O Shilric ! alone in the winter-house. With grief for thee I fell. Shilric, I am pale in the tomb.”

She fleets, she sails away ; as mist before the wind ! and wilt thou not stay, Vinvela ? Stay and behold my tears ! fair thou appearest, Vinvela ! fair thou wast, when alive !

By the mossy mountain I will sit ; on the top of the hill of winds. When mid-day is silent around, O talk with me, Vinvela ! come on the light-winged gale ! on the breeze of the desert, come ! Let me hear thy voice, as thou passest, when mid-day is silent around !

Such was the song of Cronnan, on the night of Selma's joy. But morning rose in the east ; the blue waters rolled in light. Fingal bade his sails to rise ; the winds came rustling from their hills. Inistore rose to sight, and Carric-thura's mossy towers ! But the sign of distress

was on their top : the warning flame edged with smoke. The king of Morven struck his breast : he assumed, at once, his spear. His darkened brow bends forward to the coast : he looks back to the lagging winds. His hair is disordered on his back. The silence of the king is terrible !

Night came down on the sea ; Rotha's bay received the ship. A rock bends along the coast with all its echoing wood. On the top is the circle* of Loda, the mossy stone of power ! A narrow plain spreads beneath, covered with grass and aged trees, which the midnight winds, in their wrath, had torn from the shaggy rock. The blue course of a stream is there ! the lonely blast of ocean pursues the thistle's beard. The flame of three oaks arose : the feast is spread around : but the soul of the king is sad, for Carric-thura's chief distrest.

The wan, cold moon rose, in the east. Sleep descended on the youths ! Their blue helmets glitter to the beam ; the fading fire decays. But sleep did not rest on the king ; he rose in the midst of his arms, and slowly ascended the hill, to behold the flame of Sarno's tower.

The flame was dim and distant ; the moon hid her red face in the east. A blast came from the mountain, on its wings was the spirit of Loda. He came to his place in his terrors, and shook his dusky spear. His eyes appear like flames in his dark face ; his voice is like distant

* *The circle of Loda* is supposed to be a place of worship among the Scandinavians, as the spirit of Loda is thought to be the same with their god Odin.

thunder. Fingal advanced his spear in night, and raised his voice on high.

Son of night, retire : call thy winds, and fly ! Why dost thou come to my presence, with thy shadowy arms ? Do I fear thy gloomy form, spirit of dismal Loda ? Weak is thy shield of clouds : feeble is that meteor, thy sword ! The blast rolls them together ; and thou thyself are lost. Fly from my presence, son of night ! call thy winds and fly !

Dost thou force me from my place ? replied the hollow voice. The people bend before me. I turn the battle in the field of the brave. I look on the nations, and they vanish ; my nostrils pour the blast of death. I come abroad on the winds : the tempests are before my face. But my dwelling is calm, above the clouds ; the fields of my rest are pleasant.

Dwell in thy pleasant fields, said the king : Let Comhal's son be forgot. Do my steps ascend, from my hills, into thy peaceful plains ? Do I meet thee, with a spear, on thy cloud, spirit of dismal Loda ? Why then dost thou frown on me ? why shake thine airy spear ? Thou frownest in vain : I never fled from the mighty in war. And shall the sons of the wind frighten the king of Morven ? No : he knows the weakness of their arms !

Fly to thy land, replied the form : receive the wind, and fly ! The blasts are in the hollow of my hand : the course of the storm is mine. The king of Sora is my son, he bends at the stone of my power. His battle is around Carric-thura ; and he will prevail ! Fly to thy land, son of Comhal, or feel my flaming wrath !

He lifted high his shadowy spear ! He bent forward his dreadful height. Fingal, advancing, drew his sword ; the blade of dark-brown Luno.* The gleaming path of the steel winds through the gloomy ghost. The form fell shapeless into air, like a column of smoke, which the staff of the boy disturbs, as it rises from the half-extinguished furnace.

The spirit of Loda shrieked, as, rolled into himself, he rose on the wind. Inistore shook at the sound. The waves heard it on the deep. They stopped, in their course, with fear : the friends of Fingal started, at once ; and took their heavy spears. They missed the king : they rose in rage ; all their arms resound !

The moon came forth in the east. Fingal returned in the gleam of his arms. The joy of his youth was great, their souls settled, as a sea from a storm. Ullin raised the song of gladness. The hills of Inistore rejoiced. The flame of the oak arose ; and the tales of heroes are told.

But Frothal, Sora's wrathful king, sits in sadness beneath a tree. The host spreads around Carric-thura. He looks towards the walls with rage. He longs for the blood of Cathulla, who, once, overcame him in war. When Annir reigned† in Sora, the father of sea-borne Frothal, a storm arose on the sea, and carried Frothal to Inistore. Three days he feasted in Sarno's halls, and saw

* The famous sword of Fingal, made by Lun, or Luno, a smith of Lochlin.

† Annir was also the father of Erragon, who was king after the death of his brother Frothal. The death of Erragon is the subject of *the battle of Lora*, another poem of Ossian.

the slow-rolling eyes of Comála. He loved her in the flame of youth, and rushed to seize the white-armed maid. Cathulla met the chief. The gloomy battle rose. Frothal was bound in the hall; three days he pined alone. On the fourth, Sarno sent him to his ship, and he returned to his land. But wrath darkened in his soul against the noble Cathulla. When Annir's stone* of fame arose, Frothal came in his strength. The battle burned round Carric-thura, and Sarno's mossy walls.

Morning rose on Inistore. Frothal struck his dark-brown shield. His chiefs started at the sound; they stood, but their eyes were turned to the sea. They saw Fingal coming in his strength; and first the noble Thubar spoke. "Who comes like the stag of the desert, with all his herd behind him? Frothal, it is a foe! I see his forward spear. Perhaps it is the king of Morven, Fingal the first of men. His deeds are well known in Lochlin; the blood of his foes is in Starno's halls. Shall I ask the peace of kings? His sword is the bolt of heaven!"

Son of the feeble hand, said Frothal, shall my days begin in a cloud? Shall I yield before I have conquered, chief of streamy Tora? The people would say in Sora, Frothal flew forth like a meteor; but a darkness has met him; and his fame is no more. No: Thubar, I will never yield; my fame shall surround me like light. No: I will never yield, chief of streamy Tora!

He went forth with the stream of his people, but they

* That is, after the death of Annir.

met a rock : Fingal stood unmoved, broken they rolled back from his side. Nor did they safely fly ; the spear of the king pursued their steps. The field is covered with heroes. A rising hill preserved the foe.

Frothal saw their flight. The rage of his bosom rose. He bent his eyes to the ground, and called the noble Thubar. Thubar ! my people are fled. My fame has ceased to arise. I will fight the king ; I feel my burning soul ! Send a bard to demand the combat. Speak not against Frothal's words ! But, Thubar ! I love a maid ; she dwells by Thano's stream, the white-bosomed daughter of Herman, Utha with soft-rolling eyes. She feared the low-laid Comála ; her secret sighs rose, when I spread the sail. Tell to Utha of harps, that my soul delighted in her.

Such were his words, resolved to fight. The soft sigh of Utha was near ! She had followed her hero, in the armour of a man. She rolled her eye on the youth, in secret, from beneath her steel. She saw the bard as he went ; the spear fell thrice from her hand ! Her loose hair flew on the wind. Her white breast rose, with sighs. She raised her eyes to the king. She would speak, but thrice she failed.

Fingal heard the words of the bard ; he came in the strength of his steel. They mixed their deathful spears : They raised the gleam of their arms. But the sword of Fingal descended and cut Frothal's shield in twain. His fair side is exposed ; half bent he foresees his death. Darkness gathered on Utha's soul. The tear rolled down her cheek. She rushed to cover the chief with her

shield ; but a fallen oak met her steps. She fell on her arm of snow ; her shield, her helmet flew wide. Her white bosom heaved to the sight ; her dark-brown hair is spread on earth.

Fingal pitied the white-armed maid ! he stayed the uplifted sword. The tear was in the eye of the king, as, bending forward, he spoke. “ King of streamy Sora ! fear not the sword of Fingal. It was never stained with the blood of the vanquished ; it never pierced a fallen foe. Let thy people rejoice by thy native streams. Let the maids of thy love be glad. Why shouldest thou fall in thy youth, king of streamy Sora ? ” Frothal heard the words of Fingal, and saw the rising maid : they* stood in silence, in their beauty : like two young trees of the plain, when the shower of spring is on their leaves, and the loud winds are laid.

Daughter of Herman, said Frothal, didst thou come from Tora’s streams ; didst thou come, in thy beauty, to behold thy warrior low ? But he was low before the mighty, maid of the slow-rolling eye ! The feeble did not overcome the son of car-borne Annir ! Terrible art thou, O king of Morven ! in battles of the spear. But, in peace, thou art like the sun, when he looks through a silent shower : the flowers lift their fair heads before him ; the gales shake their rustling wings. O that thou wert in Sora ! that my feast were spread ! The future kings of Sora would see thy arms and rejoice. They would rejoice at the fame of their fathers, who beheld the mighty Fingal !

* Frothal and Utha.

Son of Annir, replied the king, the fame of Sora's race shall be heard ! When the chiefs are strong in war, then does the song arise ! But if their swords are stretched over the feeble : if the blood of the weak has stained their arms ; the bard shall forget them in the song, and their tombs shall not be known. The stranger shall come and build there, and remove the heaped-up earth. An half-worn sword shall rise before him ; bending above it, he will say, " There are the arms of the chiefs of old, but their names are not in song." Come thou, O Frothal ! to the feast of Inistore ; let our faces brighten with joy !

Fingal took his spear, moving in the steps of his might. The gates of Carric-thura are opened wide. The feast of shells is spread. The soft sound of music arose. Gladness brightened in the hall. The voice of Ullin was heard ; the harp of Selma was strung. Utha rejoiced in his presence, and demanded the song of grief ; the big tear hung in her eye, when the soft Crimora spoke. Crimora the daughter of Rinval, who dwelt at Lotha's roaring stream ! The tale was long, but lovely ; and pleased the blushing Utha.

CRIMORA.

Who cometh from the hill, like a cloud tinged with the beam of the west ? Whose voice is that, loud as the wind, but pleasant as the harp of Carril ? It is my love in the light of steel ; but sad is his darkened brow ! Live the mighty race of Fingal ? or what darkens in Connal's soul ?

CONNAL.

They live. They return from the chase, like a stream of light. The sun is on their shields. Like a ridge of fire they descend the hill. Loud is the voice of the youth ! the war, my love, is near ! To-morrow the dreadful Dargo comes to try the force of our race. The race of Fingal he defies ; the race of battle and wounds !

CRIMORA.

Connal, I saw his sails like grey mist on the dark-brown wave. They slowly came to land. Connal, many are the warriors of Dargo !

CONNAL.

Bring me thy father's shield ; the bossy, iron shield of Rinval ; that shield like the full-orbed moon, when she moves darkened through heaven.

CRIMORA.

That shield I bring, O Connal ! but it did not defend my father. By the spear of Gormar he fell. Thou may'st fall, O Connal !

CONNAL.

Fall I may ! But raise my tomb, Crimora ! Grey stones, a mound of earth, shall send my name to other times. Bend thy red eye over my grave, beat thy

mournful heaving breast. Though fair thou art, my love, as the light ; more pleasant than the gale of the hill ; yet I will not here remain. Raise my tomb, Crimora !

CRIMORA.

Then give me those arms that gleam ; that sword, and that spear of steel. I shall meet Dargo with Connal, and aid him in the fight. Farewell, ye rocks of Ardden ! ye deer ! and ye streams of the hill ! We shall return no more. Our tombs are distant far !

“ And did they return no more ? ” said Utha’s bursting sigh. “ Fell the mighty in battle, and did Crimora live ? Her steps were lonely ; her soul was sad for Connal. Was he not young and lovely ; like the beam of the setting sun ? ” Ullin saw the virgin’s tear, he took the softly-trembling harp : the song was lovely, but sad, and silence was in Carric-thura.

Autumn is dark on the mountains ; grey mist rests on the hills. The whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. A tree stands alone on the hill, and marks the slumbering Connal. The leaves whirl round with the wind, and strew the grave of the dead. At times are seen here the ghosts of the departed, when the musing hunter alone stalks slowly over the heath.

Who can reach the source of thy race, O Connal ! who recount thy fathers ? Thy family grew like an oak on the mountain, which meeteth the wind with its lofty head. But now it is torn from the earth. Who shall supply the place of Connal ? Here was the din of arms ;

here the groans of the dying. Bloody are the wars of Fingal, O Connal ! it was here thou didst fall. Thine arm was like a storm ; thy sword a beam of the sky ; thy height, a rock on the plain ; thine eyes, a furnace of fire. Louder than a storm was thy voice, in the battles of thy steel. Warriors fell by thy sword, as the thistle by the staff of a boy. Dargo the mighty came on, darkening in his rage. His brows were gathered into wrath. His eyes like two caves in a rock. Bright rose their swords on each side ; loud was the clang of their steel.

The daughter of Rinval was near ; Crimora bright in the armour of man ; her yellow hair is loose behind, her bow is in her hand. She followed the youth to the war, Connal her much-beloved. She drew the string on Dargo ; but erring she pierced her Connal. He falls like an oak on the plain ; like a rock from the shaggy hill. What shall she do, hapless maid ! He bleeds ; her Connal dies ! All the night long she cries, and all the day, " O Connal, my love, and my friend ! " With grief the sad mourner dies ! Earth here incloses the loveliest pair on the hill. The grass grows between the stones of the tomb ; I often sit in the mournful shade. The wind sighs through the grass ; their memory rushes on my mind. Undisturbed you now sleep together ; in the tomb of the mountain you rest alone.

" And soft be their rest," said Utha, " hapless children of streamy Lotha ! I will remember them with tears, and my secret song shall rise ; when the wind is in the groves of Tora, when the stream is roaring near. Then shall they come on my soul, with all their lovely grief ! "

Three days feasted the kings : on the fourth their white sails arose. The winds of the north drove Fingal to Morven's woody land. But the spirit of Loda sat, in his cloud, behind the ships of Frothal. He hung forward with all his blasts, and spread the white-bosomed sails. The wounds of his form were not forgot ; he still feared the hand of the king !

CARTHON: A POEM.

ARGUMENT.

THIS poem is complete, and the subject of it, as of most of Ossian's compositions, tragical. In the time of Comhal the son of Trathal, and father of the celebrated Fingal, Clessámmor the son of Thaddu and brother of Morna, Fingal's mother, was driven by a storm into the river Clyde, on the banks of which stood Balclutha, a town belonging to the Britons between the walls. He was hospitably received by Reuthámir, the principal man in the place, who gave him Moina his only daughter in marriage. Reuda, the son of Cormo, a Briton who was in love with Moina, came to Reuthámir's house, and behaved haughtily towards Clessámmor. A quarrel ensued, in which Reuda was killed; the Britons, who attended him, pressed so hard on Clessámmor, that he was obliged to throw himself into the Clyde, and swim to his ship. He hoisted sail, and the wind being favourable, bore him out to sea. He often endeavoured to return, and carry off his beloved Moina by night; but the wind continuing contrary, he was forced to desist.

Moina, who had been left with child by her husband, brought forth a son, and died soon after.—Reuthámir named the child Carthon, *i.e.*, *the murmur of waves*, from the storm which carried off Clessámmor his father, who was supposed to have been cast away. When Carthon was three years old, Comhal the father of Fingal, in one of his expeditions against the Britons, took and burnt Balclutha. Reuthámir was killed in the attack: and Carthon was carried safe away by his nurse, who fled further into the country of the Britons. Carthon, coming to man's estate, was resolved to revenge the fall of Balclutha on Comhal's posterity. He set sail, from the Clyde, and falling on the coast of Morven, defeated two of Fingal's heroes, who came to oppose his progress. He was, at last, unwittingly killed by his father Clessámmor, in a single combat. This story is the foundation of the present poem, which opens on the night preceding the death of Carthon, so that what passed before is introduced by way of episode. The poem is addressed to Malvina the daughter of Toscar.

CARTHON : A POEM.

A TALE of the times of old ! The deeds of days of other years !

The murmur of thy streams, O Lora ! brings back the memory of the past. The sound of thy woods, Garmallar, is lovely in mine ear. Dost thou not behold, Malvina, a rock with its head of heath ? Three aged pines bend from its face ; green is the narrow plain at its feet ; there the flower of the mountain grows, and shakes its white head in the breeze. The thistle is there alone, shedding its aged beard. Two stones, half sunk in the ground, shew their heads of moss. The deer of the mountain avoids the place, for he beholds a dim ghost standing there.* The mighty lie, O Malvina ! in the narrow plain of the rock.

A tale of the times of old ! the deeds of days of other years !

Who comes from the land of strangers, with his

* It was the opinion of the times, that deer saw the ghosts of the dead. To this day, when beasts suddenly start without any apparent cause, the vulgar think that they see the spirits of the deceased.

thousands around him? the sunbeam pours its bright stream before him; his hair meets the wind of his hills. His face is settled from war. He is calm as the evening beam that looks, from the cloud of the west, on Cona's silent vale. Who is it but Comhal's son,* the king of mighty deeds! He beholds his hills with joy, he bids a thousand voices rise. "Ye have fled over your fields, ye sons of the distant land! The king of the world sits in his hall, and hears of his people's flight. He lifts his red eye of pride; he takes his father's sword. Ye have fled over your fields, sons of the distant land!

Such were the words of the bards, when they came to Selma's halls. A thousand lights† from the stranger's land rose, in the midst of the people. The feast is spread around; the night passed away in joy. Where is the noble Clessámmor? said the fair-haired Fingal. Where is the brother of Morna, in the hour of my joy? Sullen and dark he passes his days in the vale of echoing Lora: but, behold, he comes from the hill, like a steed in his strength, who finds his companions in the breeze; and tosses his bright mane in the wind. Blest be the soul of Clessámmor, why so long from Selma?

Returns the chief, said Clessámmor, in the midst of his fame? Such was the renown of Comhal in the battles of his youth. Often did we pass over Carun to the land of the strangers: our swords returned, not

* Fingal returns here, from an expedition against the Romans, which was celebrated by Ossian in a poem called *strife of Crona*.

† Probably wax-lights; which are often mentioned as carried, among other booty, from the Roman province.

unstained with blood : nor did the kings of the world rejoice. Why do I remember the times of our war ? My hair is mixed with grey. My hand forgets to bend the bow : I lift a lighter spear. O that my joy would return, as when I first beheld the maid ; the white-bosomed daughter of strangers, Moina, with the dark blue-eyes !

Tell, said the mighty Fingal, the tale of thy youthful days. Sorrow, like a cloud on the sun, shades the soul of Clessámmor. Mournful are thy thoughts, alone, on the banks of the roaring Lora. Let us hear the sorrow of thy youth, and the darkness of thy days !

“It was in the days of peace,” replied the great Clessámmor, “I came in my bounding ship, to Balclutha’s walls of towers. The winds had roared behind my sails, and Clutha’s* streams received my dark-bosomed ship. Three days I remained in Reuthámir’s halls, and saw his daughter, that beam of light. The joy of the shell went round, and the aged hero gave the fair. Her breasts were like foam on the wave, and her eyes like stars of light : her hair was dark as the raven’s wing : her soul was generous and mild. My love for Moina was great : my heart poured forth in joy.

“The son of a stranger came ; a chief who loved the white-bosomed Moina. His words were mighty in the hall ; he often half-unsheathed his sword. Where, said he, is the mighty Comhal, the restless wanderer of the heath ? Comes he, with his host, to Balclutha, since

* Clutha, or Cluath, the Galic name of the river Clyde ; the signification of the word is *bending*.

Clessámmor is so bold? My soul, I replied, O warrior ! burns in a light of its own. I stand without fear in the midst of thousands, though the valiant are distant far. Stranger ! thy words are mighty, for Clessámmor is alone. But my sword trembles by my side, and longs to glitter in my hand. Speak no more of Comhal, son of the winding Clutha ! ”

“ The strength of his pride arose. We fought ; he fell beneath my sword. The banks of Clutha heard his fall ; a thousand spears glittered around. I fought : the strangers prevailed : I plunged into the stream of Clutha, My white sails rose over the waves, and I bounded on the dark-blue sea. Moina came to the shore, and rolled the red eye of her tears : her loose hair flew on the wind ; and I heard her mournful, distant cries. Often did I turn my ship ; but the winds of the East prevailed. Nor Clutha ever since have I seen, nor Moina of the dark brown hair. She fell in Balclutha, for I have seen her ghost. I knew her as she came through the dusky night, along the murmur of Lora : she was like the new moon, seen through the gathered mist : when the sky pours down its flaky snow, and the world is silent and dark. ”

Raise,* ye bards, said the mighty Fingal, the praise of unhappy Moina. Call her ghost, with your songs, to our hills ; that she may rest with the fair of Morven, the sun-

* The title of this poem, in the original, is *Duan na nlaoi*, i.e. *The Poem of the Hymns*: probably on account of its many digressions from the subject, all which are in a lyric measure as this song of Fingal.

beams of other days, the delight of heroes of old. I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls : and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place, by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook, there, its lonely head : the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, O bards ! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us : for, one day, we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days ? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day ; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes ; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. And let the blast of the desert come ! we shall be renowned in our day ! The mark of my arm shall be in battle ; my name in the song of bards. Raise the song ; send round the shell : let joy be heard in my hall. When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail ! if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light ! if thy brightness is for a season, like Fingal ; our fame shall survive thy beams !

Such was the song of Fingal, in the day of his joy. His thousand bards leaned forward from their seats, to hear the voice of the king. It was like the music of harps on the gale of the spring. Lovely were thy thoughts, O Fingal ! why had not Ossian the strength of thy soul ? But thou standest alone, my father ! who can equal the king of Selma ?

The night passed away in song ; morning returned in

joy. The mountains shewed their grey heads ; the blue face of ocean smiled. The white wave is seen tumbling round the distant rock ; a mist rose, slowly, from the lake. It came, in the figure of an aged man, along the silent plain. Its large limbs did not move in steps ; for a ghost supported it in mid-air. It came towards Selma's hall, and dissolved in a shower of blood.

The king alone beheld the sight ; he foresaw the death of the people. He came, in silence, to his hall ; and took his father's spear. The mail rattled on his breast. The heroes rose around. They looked, in silence, on each other, marking the eyes of Fingal. They saw battle in his face : the death of armies on his spear. A thousand shields, at once, are placed on their arms ; they drew a thousand swords. The hall of Selma brightened around. The clang of arms ascends. The grey dogs howl in their place. No word is among the mighty chiefs. Each marked the eyes of the king ; and half assumed his spear.

Sons of Morven, begun the king, this is no time to fill the shell. The battle darkens near us ; death hovers over the land. Some ghost, the friend of Fingal, has forewarned us of the foe. The sons of the stranger come from the darkly-rolling sea. For, from the water, came the sign of Morven's gloomy danger. Let each assume his heavy spear, each gird on his father's sword. Let the dark helmet rise on every head ; the mail pour its lightning from every side. The battle gathers like a storm ; soon shall ye hear the roar of death.

The hero moved on before his host, like a cloud before

a ridge of green fire ; when it pours on the sky of night, and mariners foresee a storm. On Cona's rising heath they stood : the white-bosomed maids beheld them above like a grove ; they foresaw the death of the youth, and looked towards the sea with fear. The white wave deceived them for distant sails ; the tear is on their cheek ! The sun rose on the sea, and we beheld a distant fleet. Like the mist of ocean they came : and poured their youth upon the coast. The chief was among them, like the stag in the midst of the herd. His shield is studded with gold ; stately strode the king of spears. He moved towards Selma ; his thousands moved behind.

Go, with a song of peace, said Fingal ; go, Ullin, to the king of swords. Tell him that we are mighty in war ; that the ghosts of our foes are many. But renowned are they who have feasted in my halls ! they shew the arms* of my fathers in a foreign land : the sons of the strangers wonder, and bless the friends of Morven's race ; for our names have been heard afar : the kings of the world shook in the midst of their host.

Ullin went with his song. Fingal rested on his spear : he saw the mighty foe in his armour : he blest the stranger's son. " How stately art thou, son of the sea ! " said the king of woody Morven. " Thy sword is a beam of fire by thy side : thy spear is a pine that defies the storm. The varied face of the moon is not broader than thy shield. Ruddy is thy face of youth ! soft the ringlets

* It was a custom among the ancient Scots, to exchange arms with their guests.

of thy hair ! But this tree may fall ; and his memory be forgot ! The daughter of the stranger will be sad, looking to the rolling sea : the children will say, ‘ We see a ship ; perhaps it is the king of Balclutha.’ The tear starts from their mother’s eye. Her thoughts are of him who sleeps in Morven ! ”

Such were the words of the king, when Ullin came to the mighty Carthon ; he threw down the spear before him ; he raised the song of peace. “ Come to the feast of Fingal, Carthon, from the rolling sea ! partake of the feast of the king, or lift the spear of war ! The ghosts of our foes are many : but renowned are the friends of Morven ! Behold that field, O Carthon ; many a green hill rises there, with mossy stones and rustling grass : these are the tombs of Fingal’s foes, the sons of the rolling sea ! ”

“ Dost thou speak to the weak in arms ! ” said Carthon, “ bard of the woody Morven ? Is my face pale for fear, son of the peaceful song ? Why, then, dost thou think to darken my soul with the tales of those who fell ? My arm has fought in battle ; my renown is known afar. Go to the feeble in arms, bid them yield to Fingal. Have not I seen the fallen Balclutha ? And shall I feast with Comhal’s son ? Comhal ! who threw his fire in the midst of my father’s hall ! I was young, and knew not the cause, why the virgins wept. The columns of smoke pleased mine eye, when they rose above my walls ! I often looked back, with gladness, when my friends fled along the hill. But when the years of my youth came on, I beheld the moss of my

fallen walls : my sigh arose with the morning, and my tears descended with night. Shall I not fight, I said to my soul, against the children of my foes ! And I will fight, O bard ! I feel the strength of my soul."

His people gathered round the hero, and drew, at once, their shining swords. He stands, in the midst, like a pillar of fire ; the tear half-starting from his eye ; for he thought of the fallen Balclutha ; the crowded pride of his soul arose. Sidelong he looked up to the hill, where our heroes shone in arms ; the spear trembled in his hand : bending forward, he seemed to threaten the king.

Shall I, said Fingal to his soul, meet, at once, the youth ? Shall I stop him, in the midst of his course, before his fame shall arise ? But the bard, hereafter, may say, when he sees the tomb of Carthon ; Fingal took his thousands to battle, before the noble Carthon fell. No : bard of the times to come ! thou shalt not lessen Fingal's fame. My heroes will fight the youth, and Fingal behold the war. If he overcomes, I rush, in my strength, like the roaring stream of Cona. Who, of my chiefs, will meet the son of the rolling sea ? Many are his warriors on the coast : and strong is his ashen spear !

Cathul rose, in his strength, the son of the mighty Lormar : three hundred youths attend the chief, the race of his native streams. Feeble was his arm against Carthon, he fell ; and his heroes fled. Connal resumed the battle, but he broke his heavy spear : he lay bound on the field : Carthon pursued his people.

Clessámmor ! said the king of Morven, where is the swear of thy strength ? Wilt thou behold Connal bound ;

thy friend, at the stream of Lora? Rise, in the light of thy steel, companion of valiant Comhal! Let the youth of Balclutha feel the strength of Morven's race. He rose in the strength of his steel, shaking his grizly locks. He fitted the shield to his side; he rushed, in the pride of valour.

Carthon stood on a rock; he saw the hero rushing on. He loved the dreadful joy of his face: his strength, in the locks of age! "Shall I lift that spear, he said, that never strikes, but once, a foe? Or shall I, with the words of peace, preserve the warrior's life? Stately are his steps of age! lovely the remnant of his years! Perhaps it is the husband of Moina; the father of car-borne Carthon. Often have I heard, that he dwelt at the echoing stream of Lora."

Such were his words, when Clessámmor came, and lifted high his spear. The youth received it on his shield, and spoke the words of peace. "Warrior of the aged locks! Is there no youth to lift the spear? Hast thou no son to raise the shield before his father to meet the arm of youth? Is the spouse of thy love no more? or weeps she over the tombs of thy sons? Art thou of the kings of men? What will be the fame of my sword should'st thou fall?

It will be great, thou son of pride! begun the tall Clessámmor. I have been renowned in battle; but I never told my name* to a foe. Yield to me, son of the

* To tell one's name to an enemy was reckoned, in those days of heroism, a manifest evasion of fighting him: for if it was once known, that friendship subsisted of old, between the

wave, then shalt thou know, that the mark of my sword is in many a field. "I never yielded, king of spears!" replied the noble pride of Carthon: "I have also fought in war; I behold my future fame. Despise me not, thou chief of men! my arm, my spear is strong. Retire among thy friends, let younger heroes fight." "Why dost thou wound my soul?" replied Clessámmor with a tear. "Age does not tremble on my hand; I still can lift the sword. Shall I fly in Fingal's sight; in the sight of him I love? Son of the sea: I never fled: exalt thy pointed spear."

They fought, like two contending winds, that strive to roll the wave. Carthon bade his spear to err; he still thought that the foe was the spouse of Moina. He broke Clessámmor's beamy spear in twain: he seized his shining sword. But as Carthon was binding the chief; the chief drew the dagger of his fathers. He saw the foe's uncovered side; and opened, there, a wound.

Fingal saw Clessámmor low: he moved in the sound of his steel. The host stood silent, in his presence; they turned their eyes to the king. He came, like the sullen noise of a storm, before the winds arise: the hunter hears it in the vale, and retires to the cave of the rock. Carthon stood in his place: the blood is rushing down his side: he saw the coming down of the king; his hopes of fame arose; but pale was his cheek: his hair flew

ancestors of the combatants, the battle immediately ceased; and the ancient amity of their forefathers was restored. *A man who tells his name to his enemy, was of old an ignominious term for a coward.*

loose, his helmet shook on high : the force of Carthon failed ; but his soul was strong.

Fingal beheld the hero's blood ; he stopt the uplifted spear. " Yield, king of swords !" said Comhal's son ; " I behold thy blood. Thou hast been mighty in battle ; and thy fame shall never fade." " Art thou the king so far renowned ?" replied the car-borne Carthon. " Art thou that light of death, that frightens the kings of the world ? But why should Carthon ask ; for he is like the stream of his hills ; strong as a river, in his course ; swift as the eagle of heaven. O that I had fought with the king ; that my fame might be great in song ! that the hunter, beholding my tomb, might say, he fought with the mighty Fingal. But Carthon dies unknown ; he has poured out his force on the weak."

" But thou shalt not die unknown," replied the king of woody Morven : " my bards are many, O Carthon ! Their songs descend to future times. The children of years to come shall hear the fame of Carthon ; when they sit round the burning oak, and the night is spent in songs of old. The hunter, sitting in the heath, shall hear the rustling blast ; and, raising his eyes, behold the rock where Carthon fell. He shall turn to his son, and shew the place where the mighty fought ; ' There the king of Balclutha fought, like the strength of a thousand streams.' "

Joy rose in Carthon's face : he lifted his heavy eyes. He gave his sword to Fingal, to lie within his hall, that the memory of Balclutha's king might remain in Morven. The battle ceased along the field, the bard had sung the

song of peace. The chiefs gathered round the falling Carthon ; they heard his words with sighs. Silent they leaned on their spears, while Balclutha's hero spoke. His hair sighed in the wind, and his voice was sad and low.

“ King of Morven,” Carthon said, “ I fall in the midst of my course. A foreign tomb receives, in youth, the last of Reuthámir's race. Darkness dwells in Balclutha : the shadows of grief in Crathmo. But raise my remembrance on the banks of Lora, where my fathers dwelt. Perhaps the husband of Moina will mourn over his fallen Carthon.” His words reached the heart of Clessámmor : he fell, in silence, on his son. The host stood darkened around : no voice is on the plain. Night came, the moon, from the east, looked on the mournful field : but still they stood, like a silent grove that lifts its head on Gormal, when the loud winds are laid, and dark autumn is on the plain.

Three days they mourned above Carthon ; on the fourth his father died. In the narrow plain of the rock they lie ; a dim ghost defends their tomb. There lovely Moina is often seen ; when the sunbeam darts on the rock, and all around is dark. There she is seen, Malvina ! but not like the daughters of the hill. Her robes are from the stranger's land ; and she is still alone !

Fingal was sad for Carthon ; he commanded his bards to mark the day, when shadowy autumn returned : And often did they mark the day, and sing the hero's praise. “ Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud ? Death is trembling in his hand ! his

eyes are flames of fire ! Who roars along dark Lora's heath ? Who but Carthon, king of swords ! The people fall ! see ! how he strides, like the sullen ghost of Morven ! But there he lies a goodly oak, which sudden blasts overturned ! When shalt thou rise, Balclutha's joy ? When, Carthon, shalt thou arise ? Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud ?" Such were the words of the bards, in the day of their mourning : Ossian often joined their voice ; and added to their song. My soul has been mournful for Carthon ; he fell in the days of his youth : and thou, O Clessámmor ! where is thy dwelling in the wind ? Has the youth forgot his wound ? Flies he, on clouds, with thee ? I feel the sun, O Malvina ! leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my dreams ; I think I hear a feeble voice ! The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon : I feel it warm around !

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers ! Whence are thy beams, O sun ! thy everlasting light ? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty ; the stars hide themselves in the sky ; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone : who can be a companion of thy course ! The oaks of the mountains fall : the mountains themselves decay with years ; the ocean shrinks and grows again : the moon herself is lost in heaven ; but thou art for ever the same ; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests ; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies ; thou lookest in thy beauty, from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou

lookest in vain ; for he beholds thy beams no more ; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season, thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult thee, O sun ! in the strength of thy youth ! Age is dark and unlovely ; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills ; the blast of north is on the plain ; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

OINA-MORUL: A POEM.

ARGUMENT.

AFTER an address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, Ossian proceeds to relate his own expedition to Fuärfed, an island of Scandinavia. Mal-orchol, king of Fuärfed, being hard pressed in war, by Ton-thormod, chief of Sar-dronlo (who had demanded, in vain, the daughter of Mal-orchol in marriage), Fingal sent Ossian to his aid. Ossian, on the day after his arrival, came to battle with Ton-thormod, and took him prisoner. Mal-orchol offers his daughter Oina-morul to Ossian; but he, discovering her passion for Ton-thormod, generously surrenders her to her lover, and brings about a reconciliation between the two kings.

OINA-MORUL: A POEM.

AS flies the unconstant sun, over Larmon's grassy hill; so pass the tales of old, along my soul, by night! when bards are removed to their place; when harps are hung in Selma's hall; then comes a voice to Ossian, and awakes his soul! It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me, with all their deeds! I seize the tales, as they pass, and pour them forth in song. Nor a troubled stream is the song of the king, it is like the rising of music from Lutha of the strings. Lutha of many strings, not silent are thy streamy rocks, when the white hands of Malvina move upon the harp! Light of the shadowy thoughts, that fly across my soul, daughter of Toscar of helmets, wilt thou not hear the song! We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

It was in the days of the king, while yet my locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin,* on high, from

* Con-cathlin, *mild beam of the wave*. What star was so called of old is not easily ascertained. Some now distinguish the pole-star by that name. A song, which is still in repute, among the sea-faring part of the Highlanders, alludes to this passage of Ossian.

ocean's nightly wave. My course was towards the isle of Fuärfed, woody dweller of seas ! Fingal had sent me to the aid of Mal-orchal, king of Fuärfed wild : for war was around him, and our fathers had met at the feast.

In Con-coiled, I bound my sails ; I sent my sword to Mal-orchal of shells. He knew the signal of Albion, and his joy arose. He came from his own high hall, and seized my hand in grief. "Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king? Ton-thormod of many spears is the chief of wavy Sar-dronlo. He saw, and loved my daughter, white-bosomed Oina-morul. He sought ; I denied the maid ; for our fathers had been foes. He came, with battle, to Fuärfed ; my people are rolled away. Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king ? "

"I come not," I said, "to look, like a boy, on the strife. Fingal remembers Mal-orchol, and his hall for strangers. From his waves, the warrior descended, on thy woody isle. Thou wert no cloud before him. Thy feast was spread with songs. For this my sword shall rise ; and thy foes perhaps may fail. Our friends are not forgot in their danger, though distant is our land."

"Descendant of the daring Trenmor, thy words are like the voice of Cruth-loda, when he speaks from his parting cloud, strong dweller of the sky ! Many have rejoiced at my feast ; but they all have forgot Mal-orchol. I have looked towards all the winds ; but no white sails were seen. But steel resounds in my hall ; and not the joyful shells. Come to my dwelling, race of heroes ! dark-skirted night is near. Hear the voice of songs, from the maid of Fuärfed wild."

We went. On the harp arose the white hands of Oina-morul. She waked her own sad tale, from every trembling string. I stood in silence ; for bright in her locks was the daughter of many isles ! Her eyes were two stars, looking forward through a rushing shower. The mariner marks them on high, and blesses the lovely beams. With morning we rushed to battle, to Tormul's resounding stream : the foe moved to the sound of Ton-thormod's bossy shield. From wing to wing the strife was mixed. I met Ton-thormod in fight. Wide flew his broken steel. I seized the king in war. I gave his hand, bound fast with thongs, to Mal-orchol, the giver of shells. Joy rose at the feast of Fuärfed, for the foe had failed. Ton-thormod turned his face away, from Oina-morul of isles !

Son of Fíngal, begun Mal-orchol, not forgot shalt thou pass from me. A light shall dwell in thy ship, Oina-morul of slow-rolling eyes. She shall kindle gladness, along thy mighty soul. Nor unheeded shall the maid move in Selma, through the dwelling of kings !

In the hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half-closed in sleep. Soft music came to mine ear : it was like the rising breeze, that whirls, at first, the thistle's beard ; then flies, dark-shadowy, over the grass. It was the maid of Fuärfed wild ! she raised the nightly song ; she knew that my soul was a stream, that flowed at pleasant sounds. "Who looks," she said, "from his rock, on ocean's closing mist ? his long locks, like the raven's wing, are wandering on the blast. Stately are his steps in grief ! The tears are in his eyes ! His manly breast

is heaving over his bursting soul ! Retire, I am distant far ; a wanderer in lands unknown. Though the race of kings are around me, yet my soul is dark. Why have our fathers been foes, Ton-thormod love of maids !”

“Soft voice of the streamy isle,” I said, “why dost thou mourn by night ? The race of daring Trenmor are not the dark in soul. Thou shalt not wander, by streams unknown, blue-eyed Oina-morul ! Within this bosom is a voice ; it comes not to other ears : it bids Ossian hear the hapless, in their hour of woe. Retire, soft singer by night ! Ton-thormod shall not mourn on his rock !”

With morning I loosed the king. I gave the long-haired maid. Mal-orchol heard my words, in the midst of his echoing halls. “King of Fuärfed wild, why should Ton-thormod mourn ? He is of the race of heroes, and a flame in war. Your fathers have been foes, but now their dim ghosts rejoice in death. They stretch their hands of mist to the same shell in Loda. Forget their rage, ye warriors ! it was the cloud of other years.”

Such were the deeds of Ossian, while yet his locks were young ; though loveliness, with a robe of beams, clothed the daughter of many isles. We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away !

COLNA-DONA: A POEM.

ARGUMENT.

FINGAL dispatches Ossian and Toscar, the son of Conloch and father of Malvina, to raise a stone, on the banks of the stream of Crona, to perpetuate the memory of a victory, which he had obtained in that place. When they were employed in that work, Car-ul, a neighbouring chief, invited them to a feast. They went: and Toscar fell desperately in love with Colna-Dona, the daughter of Car-ul. Colna-dona became no less enamoured of Toscar. An incident, at a hunting party, brings their loves to a happy issue.

COLNA-DONA : A POEM.

COL-AMON of troubled streams, dark wanderer of distant vales, I behold thy course between trees, near Car-ul's echoing halls ! There dwelt bright Colna-dona, the daughter of the king. Her eyes were rolling stars ; her arms were white as the foam of streams. Her breast rose slowly to sight, like ocean's heaving wave. Her soul was a stream of light. Who, among the maids, was like the love of heroes ?

Beneath the voice of the king, we moved to Crona* of the streams, Toscar of grassy Lutha, and Ossian, young in fields. Three bards attended with songs. Three bossy shields were borne before us : for we were to rear the stone, in memory of the past. By Crona's mossy course, Fingal had scattered his foes : he had rolled away the strangers, like a troubled sea. We came to the place of renown : from the mountains descended night. I tore an oak from its hill, and raised a flame on high. I bade my fathers to look down, from the clouds of their hall ; for, at the fame of their race, they brighten in the wind.

* The name of a small stream, which discharged itself in the river Carron.

I took a stone from the stream, amidst the song of bards. The blood of Fingal's foes hung curdled in its ooze. Beneath, I placed, at intervals, three bosses from the shields of foes, as rose or fell the sound of Ullin's nightly song. Toscar laid a dagger in earth, a mail of sounding steel. We raised the mould around the stone, and bade it speak to other years.

Oozy daughter of streams, that now art reared on high, speak to the feeble, O stone ! after Selma's race have failed ! Prone, from the stormy night, the traveller shall lay him, by thy side : thy whistling moss shall sound in his dreams ; the years that were past shall return. Battles rise before him, blue-shielded kings descend to war : the darkened moon looks from heaven, on the troubled field. He shall burst, with morning, from dreams, and see the tombs of warriors round. He shall ask about the stone, and the aged shall reply, "This grey stone was raised by Ossian, a chief of other years !"

From Col-amon came a bard, from Car-ul, the friend of strangers. He bade us to the feast of kings, to the dwelling of bright Colna-dona. We went to the hall of harps. There Car-ul brightened between his aged locks, when he beheld the sons of his friends, like two young branches before him.

"Sons of the mighty," he said, "ye bring back the days of old, when first I descended from waves, on Selma's streamy vale ! I pursued Duthmocarglos, dweller of ocean's wind. Our fathers had been foes, we met by Clutha's winding waters. He fled, along the sea, and my sails were spread behind him. Night

deceived me, on the deep. I came to the dwelling of kings, to Selma of high-bosomed maids. Fingal came forth with his bards, and Conloch, arm of death. I feasted three days in the hall, and saw the blue eyes of Erin, Roscrana, daughter of heroes, light of Cormac's race. Nor forgot did my steps depart: the kings gave their shields to Car-ul: they hang, on high, in Col-amon, in memory of the past. Sons of the daring kings, ye bring back the days of old!"

Car-ul kindled the oak of feasts. He took two bosses from our shields. He laid them in earth, beneath a stone, to speak to the hero's race. "When battle," said the king, "shall roar, and our sons are to meet in wrath. My race shall look, perhaps, on this stone, when they prepare the spear. Have not our fathers met in peace, they will say, and lay aside the shield."

Night came down. In her long locks moved the daughter of Car-ul. Mixed with the harp arose the voice of white-armed Colna-dona. Toscar darkened in his place, before the love of heroes. She came on his troubled soul, like a beam to the dark-heaving ocean: when it bursts from a cloud, and brightens the foamy side of a wave.*

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With morning we awaked the woods; and hung forward on the path of the roes. They fell by their wonted streams. We returned through Crona's vale. From the wood a youth came forward, with a shield and pointless spear. "Whence," said Toscar of Lutha, "is the flying

* Here is an episode entirely lost.

beam? Dwells there peace at Col-amon, round bright Colna-dona of harps."

"By Col-amon of streams," said the youth, "bright Colna-dona dwelt. She dwelt; but her course is now in deserts, with the son of the king; he that seized with love her soul as it wandered through the hall." "Stranger of tales," said Toscar, "hast thou marked the warrior's course? He must fall, give thou that bossy shield." In wrath he took the shield. Fair behind it rose the breasts of a maid, white as the bosom of a swan, rising graceful on swift-rolling waves. It was Colna-dona of harps, the daughter of the king! Her blue eyes had rolled on Toscar, and her love arose!

OITHONA : A POEM.

ARGUMENT.

GAUL, the son of Morni, attended Lathmon into his own country, after his being defeated in Morven, as related in the preceding poem. He was kindly entertained by Nuäth, the father of Lathmon, and fell in love with his daughter Oithona. The lady was no less enamoured of Gaul, and a day was fixed for their marriage. In the meantime Fingal, preparing for an expedition into the country of the Britons, sent for Gaul. He obeyed, and went; but not without promising to Oithona to return, if he survived the war, by a certain day. Lathmon too was obliged to attend his father Nuäth in his wars, and Oithona was left alone at Dunlathmon, the seat of the family. Dunrommath, lord of Uthal, supposed to be one of the Orkneys, taking advantage of the absence of her friends, came, and carried off, by force, Oithona, who had formerly rejected his love, into Tromáthon, a desert island, where he concealed her in a cave.

Gaul returned on the day appointed; heard of the rape, and sailed to Tromáthon, to revenge himself on Dunrommath. When he landed, he found Oithona disconsolate, and resolved not to survive the loss of her honour. She told him the story of her misfortunes, and she scarce ended, when Dunrommath, with his followers, appeared at the further end of the island. Gaul prepared to attack him, recommending to Oithona to retire, till the battle was over. She seemingly obeyed; but she secretly armed herself, rushed into the thickest of the battle, and was mortally wounded. Gaul pursuing the flying enemy, found her just expiring on the field: he mourned over her, raised her tomb, and returned to Morven. Thus is the story handed down by tradition; nor is it given with any material difference in the poem, which opens with Gaul's return to Dunlathmon, after the rape of Oithona.

OITHONA : A POEM.

DARKNESS dwells around Dunlathmon, though the moon shews half her face on the hill. The daughter of night turns her eyes away ; she beholds the approaching grief. The son of Morni is on the plain : there is no sound in the hall. No long-streaming beam of light comes trembling through the gloom. The voice of Oithona is not heard amidst the noise of the streams of Duvranna. “Whither art thou gone in thy beauty, dark-haired daughter of Nuäth ; Lathmon is in the field of the valiant, but thou didst promise to remain in the hall till the son of Morni returned. Till he returned from Strumon, to the maid of his love ! The tear was on thy cheek at his departure ; the sigh rose in secret in thy breast. But thou dost not come forth with songs, with the lightly-trembling sound of the harp !”

Such were the words of Gaul, when he came to Dunlathmon's towers. The gates were open and dark. The winds were blustering in the hall. The trees strowed the threshold with leaves ; the murmur of night was abroad. Sad and silent, at a rock, the son of Morni sat : his soul

trembled for the maid; but he knew not whither to turn his course! The son* of Leth stood at a distance, and heard the winds in his bushy hair. But he did not raise his voice, for he saw the sorrow of Gaul!

Sleep descended on the chiefs. The visions of night arose. Oithona stood, in a dream, before the eyes of Morni's son. Her hair was loose and disordered: her lovely eye rolled deep in tears. Blood stained her snowy arm. The robe half hid the wound of her breast. She stood over the chief, and her voice was feebly heard. "Sleeps the son of Morni, he that was lovely in the eyes of Oithona? Sleeps Gaul at the distant rock, and the daughter of Nuäth low? The sea rolls round the dark isle of Tromáthon. I sit in my tears in the cave! Nor do I sit alone, O Gaul! the dark chief of Cuthal is there. He is there in the rage of his love. What can Oithona do?"

A rougher blast rushed through the oak. The dream of night departed. Gaul took his aspen spear. He stood in the rage of his soul. Often did his eyes turn to the east. He accused the lagging light. At length the morning came forth. The hero lifted up the sail. The winds came rustling from the hill; he bounded on the waves of the deep. On the third day arose Tromáthon, like a blue shield in the midst of the sea. The white wave roared against its rocks; sad Oithona sat on the coast! She looked on the rolling waters, and her tears came down. But when she saw Gaul in his arms,

* Morlo, one of Fingal's most famous heroes.

she started, and turned her eyes away. Her lovely cheek is bent and red ; her white arm trembles by her side. Thrice she strove to fly from his presence : thrice her steps failed her as she went !

“ Daughter of Nuäth,” said the hero, “ why dost thou fly from Gaul ? Do my eyes send forth the flame of death ? Darkens hatred in my soul ? Thou art to me the beam of the east, rising in a land unknown. But thou coverest thy face with sadness, daughter of car-borne Nuäth ! Is the foe of Oithona near ? My soul burns to meet him in fight. The sword trembles by the side of Gaul, and longs to glitter in his hand. Speak, daughter of Nuäth ! Dost thou not behold my tears ? ”

“ Young chief of Strumon,” replied the maid, “ why comest thou over the dark-blue wave, to Nuäth’s mournful daughter ? Why did I not pass away in secret, like the flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unseen, and strows its withered leaves on the blast ? Why didst thou come, O Gaul ! to hear my departing sigh ? I vanish in my youth ; my name shall not be heard. Or it will be heard with grief ; the tears of Nuäth must fall. Thou wilt be sad, son of Morni ! for the departed fame of Oithona. But she shall sleep in the narrow tomb, far from the voice of the mourner. Why didst thou come, chief of Strumon ! to the sea-beat rocks of Tromáthon ? ”

“ I came to meet thy foes, daughter of car-borne Nuäth ! the death of Cuthal’s chief darkens before me ; or Morni’s son shall fall ! Oithona ! when Gaul is low, raise my tomb on that oozy rock. When the dark-

bounding ship shall pass, call the sons of the sea ! call them, and give this sword, to bear it hence to Morni's hall. The grey-haired chief will then cease to look towards the desert for the return of his son ! ”

“ Shall the daughter of Nuäth live ? ” she replied with a bursting sigh. “ Shall I live in Tromáthon, and the son of Morni low ? My heart is not of that rock ; nor my soul careless as that sea ; which lifts its blue waves to every wind, and rolls beneath the storm ! The blast which shall lay thee low, shall spread the branches of Oithona on earth. We shall wither together, son of car-borne Morni ! The narrow house is pleasant to me, and the grey stone of the dead : for never more will I leave thy rocks, O sea-surrounded Tromáthon ! Night* came on with her clouds, after the departure of Lathmon, when he went to the wars of his fathers, to the moss-covered rock of Duthórmóth. Night came on. I sat in the hall, at the beam of the oak ! The wind was abroad in the trees. I heard the sound of arms. Joy rose in my face. I thought of thy return. It was the chief of Cuthal, the red-haired strength of Dunrommath. His eyes rolled in fire : the blood of my people was on his sword. They who defended Oithona fell by the gloomy chief ! What could I do ? My arm was weak. I could not lift the spear. He took me in my grief, amidst my tears he raised the sail. He feared the returning Lathmon, the brother of unhappy Oithona ! But behold he comes with his people ! the dark wave is divided before

* Oithona relates how she was carried away by Dunrommath.

him ! Whither wilt thou turn thy steps, son of Morni ? Many are the warriors of thy foe ! ”

“ My steps never turned from battle,” Gaul said, and unsheathed his sword. “ Shall I then begin to fear, Oithona ! when thy foes are near ? Go to thy cave, my love, till our battle cease on the field. Son of Leth, bring the bows of our fathers ! the sounding quiver of Morni ! Let our three warriors bend the yew. Our-selves will lift the spear. They are an host on the rock ! our souls are strong in war ! ”

Oithona went to the cave. A troubled joy rose on her mind, like the red path of lightning on a stormy cloud ! Her soul was resolved ; the tear was dried from her wildly-looking eye. Dunrommath slowly approached. He saw the son of Morni. Contempt contracted his face, a smile is on his dark-brown cheek ; his red eye rolled, half-concealed beneath his shaggy brows !

“ Whence are the sons of the sea ? ” begun the gloomy chief. “ Have the winds driven you on the rocks of Tromáthon ? Or come you in search of the white-handed maid ? The sons of the unhappy, ye feeble men, come to the hand of Dunrommath ! His eye spares not the weak ; he delights in the blood of strangers. Oithona is a beam of light, and the chief of Cuthal enjoys it in secret ; wouldst thou come on its loveliness, like a cloud, son of the feeble hand ! Thou mayst come, but shalt thou return to the halls of thy fathers ? ” “ Dost thou not know me,” said Gaul, “ red-haired chief of Cuthal ? Thy feet were swift on the heath, in the battle of car-borne Lathmon ; when the sword of Morni’s son pursued

his host, in Morven's woody land. Dunrommath ! thy words are mighty, for thy warriors gather behind thee. But do I fear them, son of pride ? I am not of the race of the feeble ! ”

Gaul advanced in his arms ; Dunrommath shrunk behind his people. But the spear of Gaul pierced the gloomy chief ; his sword lopped off his head, as it bended in death. The son of Morni shook it thrice by the lock ; the warriors of Dunrommath fled. The arrows of Morven pursued them : ten fell on the mossy rocks. The rest lift the sounding sail, and bound on the troubled deep. Gaul advanced towards the cave of Oithona. He beheld a youth leaning on a rock. An arrow had pierced his side ; his eye rolled faintly beneath his helmet. The soul of Morni's son was sad, he came and spoke the words of peace.

“ Can the hand of Gaul heal thee, youth of the mournful brow ? I have searched for the herbs of the mountains ; I have gathered them on the secret banks of their streams. My hand has closed the wound of the brave, their eyes have blessed the son of Morni. Where dwelt thy fathers, warrior ? Were they of the sons of the mighty ? Sadness shall come, like night, on thy native streams. Thou art fallen in thy youth ! ”

“ My fathers,” replied the stranger, “ were of the race of the mighty ; but they shall not be sad ; for my fame is departed like morning mist. High walls rise on the banks of Duvranna ; and see their mossy towers in the stream ; a rock ascends behind them with its bending pines. Thou mayst behold it far distant. There my

brother dwells. He is renowned in battle : give him this glittering helm."

The helmet fell from the hand of Gaul. It was the wounded Oithona ! She had armed herself in the cave, and came in search of death. Her heavy eyes are half closed ; the blood pours from her heaving side. "Son of Morni !" she said, "prepare the narrow tomb. Sleep grows, like darkness, on my soul. The eyes of Oithona are dim ! O had I dwelt at Duvranna, in the bright beam of my fame ! then had my years come on with joy ; the virgins would then bless my steps. But I fall in youth, son of Morni ! my father shall blush in his hall !"

She fell pale on the rock of Tromáthon. The mournful warrior raised her tomb. He came to Morven ; we saw the darkness of his soul. Ossian took the harp in the praise of Oithona. The brightness of the face of Gaul returned. But his sigh rose, at times, in the midst of his friends ; like blasts that shake their unfrequent wings, after the stormy winds are laid !



CROMA: A POEM

ARGUMENT.

MALVINA the daughter of Toscar is overheard by Ossian lamenting the death of Oscar her lover. Ossian, to divert her grief, relates his own actions in an expedition which he undertook at Fingal's command, to aid Crothar the petty king of Croma, a country in Ireland, against Rothmar who invaded his dominions. The story is delivered down thus in tradition. Crothar king of Croma being blind with age, and his son too young for the field, Rothmar the chief of Tromlo resolved to avail himself of the opportunity offered of annexing the dominions of Crothar to his own. He accordingly marched into the country subject to Crothar, but which he held of Arth or Artho, who was, at the time, supreme king of Ireland.

Crothar being, on account of his age and blindness, unfit for action, sent for aid to Fingal king of Scotland; who ordered his son Ossian to the relief of Crothar. But before his arrival Fovargormo, the son of Crothar, attacking Rothmar, was slain himself, and his forces totally defeated. Ossian renewed the war; came to battle, killed Rothmar, and routed his army. Croma being thus delivered of its enemies, Ossian returned to Scotland.

CROMA : A POEM.

“ **I**T was the voice of my love ! seldom art thou in the dreams of Malvina ! Open your airy halls, O fathers of Toscar of shields ! Unfold the gates of your clouds : the steps of Malvina are near. I have heard a voice in my dream. I feel the fluttering of my soul. Why didst thou come, O blast ! from the dark-rolling face of the lake ? Thy rustling wing was in the tree ; the dream of Malvina fled. But she beheld her love, when his robe of mist flew on the wind. A sun-beam was on his skirts, they glittered like the gold of the stranger. It was the voice of my love ! seldom comes he to my dreams ! ”

“ But thou dwellest in the soul of Malvina, son of mighty Ossian ! My sighs arise with the beam of the east ; my tears descend with the drops of night. I was a lovely tree, in thy presence, Oscar, with all my branches around me ; but thy death came like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low. The spring returned with its showers ; no leaf of mine arose ! The virgins saw me silent in the hall ; they touched the harp of joy. The tear was on the cheek of Malvina : the

virgins beheld me in my grief. Why art thou sad? they said; thou first of the maids of Lutha! Was he lovely as the beam of the morning, and stately in thy sight?"

Pleasant is thy song in Ossian's ear, daughter of streamy Lutha! Thou hast heard the music of departed bards, in the dream of thy rest, when sleep fell on thine eyes, at the murmur of Moruth. When thou didst return from the chase, in the day of the sun, thou hast heard the music of bards, and thy song is lovely! It is lovely, O Malvina! but it melts the soul. There is a joy in grief when peace dwells in the breast of the sad. But sorrow wastes the mournful, O daughter of Toscar! and their days are few! They fall away, like the flower on which the sun hath looked in his strength after the mildew has passed over it, when its head is heavy with the drops of night. Attend to the tale of Ossian, O maid! He remembers the days of his youth!

The king commanded; I raised my sails, and rushed into the bay of Croma; into Croma's sounding bay in lovely Inisfail.* High on the coast arose the towers of Crothar king of spears; Crothar renowned in the battles of his youth; but age dwelt then around the chief. Rothmar had raised the sword against the hero; and the wrath of Fingal burned. He sent Ossian to meet Rothmar in war, for the chief of Croma was the friend of his youth. I sent the bard before me with songs. I came into the hall of Crothar. There sat the chief amidst the arms of his fathers, but his eyes had failed. His grey

* One of the ancient names of Ireland.

locks waved around a staff, on which the warrior leaned. He hummed the song of other times, when the sound of our arms reached his ears. Crothar rose, stretched his aged hand, and blessed the son of Fingal.

“Ossian !” said the hero, “the strength of Crothar’s arm has failed, O could I lift the sword, as on the day that Fingal fought at Strutha ! He was the first of men ! but Crothar had also his fame. The king of Morven praised me ; he placed on my arm the bossy shield of Calthar, whom the king had slain in his wars. Dost thou not behold it on the wall ? for Crothar’s eyes have failed. Is thy strength, like thy fathers, Ossian ? let the aged feel thine arm !”

I gave my arm to the king ; he felt it with his aged hands. The sigh rose in his breast, and his tears came down. “Thou art strong, my son,” he said, “but not like the king of Morven ! But who is like the hero among the mighty in war ! let the feast of my hall be spread ; and let my bards exalt the song. Great is he that is within my walls, ye sons of echoing Croma !” The feast is spread. The harp is heard ; and joy is in the hall. But it was joy covering a sigh, that darkly dwelt in every breast. It was like the faint beam of the moon spread on a cloud in heaven. At length the music ceased, and the aged king of Croma spoke ; he spoke without a tear, but sorrow swelled in the midst of his voice.

“Son of Fingal ! behold’st thou not the darkness of Crothar’s joy ? My soul was not sad at the feast, when my people lived before me. I rejoiced in the presence of

strangers, when my son shone in the hall. But, Ossian, he is a beam that is departed. He left no streak of light behind. He is fallen, son of Fingal ! in the wars of his father. Rothmar the chief of grassy Tromlo heard that these eyes had failed ; he heard that my arms were fixed in the hall, and the pride of his soul arose ! He came towards Croma ; my people fell before him. I took my arms in my wrath, but what could sightless Crothar do ? My steps were unequal ; my grief was great. I wished for the days that were past. Days ! wherein I fought ; and won in the field of blood. My son returned from the chase ; the fair-haired Fovar-gormo. He had not lifted his sword in battle, for his arm was young. But the soul of the youth was great ; the fire of valour burnt in his eyes. He saw the disordered steps of his father, and his sigh arose. " King of Croma," he said, " is it because thou hast no son ; is it for the weakness of Fovar-gormo's arm that thy sighs arise ? I begin, my father, to feel my strength ; I have drawn the sword of my youth ; and I have bent the bow. Let me meet this Rothmar, with the sons of Croma : let me meet him, O my father ! I feel my burning soul ! " " And thou shalt meet him," I said, " son of the sightless Crothar ! But let others advance before thee, that I may hear the tread of thy feet at thy return ; for my eyes behold thee not, fair-haired Fovar-gormo ! " He went, he met the foe ; he fell. Rothmar advances to Croma. He who slew my son is near, with all his pointed spears."

" This is no time to fill the shell," I replied, and took

my spear ! My people saw the fire of my eyes ; they all arose around. Through night we strode along the heath. Grey morning rose in the east. A green narrow vale appeared before us ; nor wanting was its winding stream. The dark host of Rothmar are on its banks, with all their glittering arms. We fought along the vale. They fled. Rothmar sunk beneath my sword ! Day had not descended in the west, when I brought his arms to Crothar. The aged hero felt them with his hands ; and joy brightened over all his thoughts.

The people gather to the hall. The shells of the feast are heard. Ten harps are strung ; five bards advance, and sing, by turns,* the praise of Ossian ; they poured forth their burning souls, and the string answered to their voice. The joy of Croma was great : for peace returned to the land. The night came on with silence ; the morning returned with joy. No foe came in darkness, with his glittering spear. The joy of Croma was great ; for the gloomy Rothmar had fallen !

I raised my voice for Fovar-gormo, when they laid the chief in earth. The aged Crothar was there, but his sigh was not heard. He searched for the wound of his son, and found it in his breast. Joy rose in the face of the aged. He came and spoke to Ossian. "King of spears !" he said, "my son has not fallen without his fame. The young warrior did not fly ; but met death, as he went forward in his strength. Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is heard ! The feeble

* Those extempore compositions were in great repute among succeeding bards.

will not behold them in the hall ; or smile at their trembling hands. Their memory shall be honoured in song ; the young tear of the virgin will fall. But the aged wither away, by degrees ; the fame of their youth, while yet they live, is all forgot. They fall in secret. The sigh of their son is not heard. Joy is around their tomb ; the stone of their fame is placed without a tear. Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is around them ! ”

CALTHON and COLMAL: A POEM.

ARGUMENT.

THIS piece, as many more of Ossian's compositions, is addressed to one of the first Christian missionaries. The story of the poem is handed down, by tradition, thus : In the country of the Britons between the walls, two chiefs lived in the days of Fingal, Dunthalmo, lord of Teutha, supposed to be the Tweed; and Rathmor, who dwelt at Clutha, well known to be the river Clyde. Rathmor was not more renowned for his generosity and hospitality, than Dunthalmo was infamous for his cruelty and ambition. Dunthalmo, through envy, or on account of some private feuds, which subsisted between the families, murdered Rathmor at a feast; but being afterwards touched with remorse, he educated the two sons of Rathmor, Calthon and Colmar, in his own house. They growing up to man's estate, dropped some hints that they intended to revenge the death of their father, upon which Dunthalmo shut them up in two caves on the banks of Teutha, intending to take them off privately. Colmal, the daughter of Dunthalmo, who was secretly in love with Calthon, helped him to make his escape from prison, and fled with him to Fingal, disguised in the habit of a young warrior, and implored his aid against Dunthalmo. Fingal sent Ossian with three hundred men to Colmar's relief. Dunthalmo having previously murdered Colmar, came to a battle with Ossian; but he was killed by that hero, and his army totally defeated. Calthon married Colmal, his deliverer; and Ossian returned to Morven.

CALTHON AND COLMAL:

A POEM.

PLEASANT is the voice of thy song, thou lonely dweller of the rock ! It comes on the sound of the stream, along the narrow vale. My soul awakes, O stranger ! in the midst of my hall. I stretch my hand to the spear, as in the days of other years. I stretch my hand, but it is feeble ; and the sigh of my bosom grows. Wilt thou not listen, son of the rock ! to the song of Ossian ? My soul is full of other times ; the joy of my youth returns. Thus the sun appears in the west, after the steps of his brightness have moved behind a storm : the green hills lift their dewy heads ; the blue streams rejoice in the vale. The aged hero comes forth on his staff ; his grey hair glitters in the beam. Dost thou not behold, son of the rock ! a shield in Ossian's hall ? It is marked with the strokes of battle ; and the brightness of its bosses has failed. That shield the great Dunthalgo bore, the chief of streamy Teutha. Dunthalgo bore it in battle, before he fell by Ossian's spear. Listen, son of the rock ! to the tale of other years !

Rathmor was a chief of Clutha. The feeble dwelt in his hall. The gates of Rathmor were never shut ; his

feasts were always spread. The sons of the stranger came. They blessed the generous chief of Clutha. Bards raised the song, and touched the harp : joy brightened on the face of the sad ! Dunthalmo came, in his pride, and rushed into the combat of Rathmor. The chief of Clutha overcame : the rage of Dunthalmo rose. He came, by night, with his warriors ; the mighty Rathmor fell. He fell in his halls, where the feast was often spread for strangers.

Colmar and Calthon were young, the sons of car-borne Rothmar. They came, in the joy of youth, into their father's hall. They behold him in his blood ; their bursting tears descend. The soul of Dunthalmo melted, when he saw the children of youth. He brought them to Alteutha's* walls ; they grew in the house of their foe. They bent the bow in his presence ; and came forth to his wars. They saw the fallen walls of their fathers ; they saw the green thorn in the hall. Their tears rushed forth in secret. At times their faces were sad. Dunthalmo beheld their grief : his darkening soul designed their death. He closed them in two caves, on the echoing banks of Teutha. The sun did not come there with his beams ; nor the moon of heaven by night. The sons of Rathmor remained in darkness, and foresaw their death.

The daughter of Dunthalmo wept in silence, the fair-haired, blue-eyed Colmal. Her eye had rolled in secret on Calthon ; his loveliness swelled in her soul. She

* *The town of Tweed, the name of Dunthalmo's seat.*

trembled for her warrior ; but what could Colmal do ? Her arm could not lift the spear ; nor was the sword formed for her side. Her white breast never rose beneath a mail. Neither was her eye the terror of heroes. What canst thou do, O Colmal ! for the falling chief ? Her steps are unequal ; her hair is loose : her eye looks wildly through her tears. She came, by night, to the hall. She armed her lovely form in steel ; the steel of a young warrior, who fell in the first of his battles. She came to the cave of Calthon, and loosed the thong from his hands.

“ Arise, son of Rathmor,” she said, “ arise, the night is dark ! Let us fly to the king of Selma, chief of fallen Clutha ! I am the son of Lamgal, who dwelt in thy father’s hall. I heard of thy dark dwelling in the cave, and my soul arose. Arise, son of Rathmor, arise, the night is dark ! ” “ Blest voice ! ” replied the chief, “ comest thou from the clouds to Calthon ? The ghosts of his fathers have often descended in his dreams, since the sun has retired from his eyes, and darkness has dwelt around him. Or art thou the son of Lamgal, the chief I often saw in Clutha ? But shall I fly to Fingal, and Colmar my brother low ? Will I fly to Morven, and the hero closed in night ? No ; give me that spear, son of Lamgal, Calthon will defend his brother ! ”

“ A thousand warriors,” replied the maid, “ stretch their spears round car-borne Colmar. What can Calthon do against a host so great ? Let us fly to the king of Morven, he will come with war. His arm is stretched forth to the unhappy ; the lightning of his sword is round

the weak. Arise, thou son of Rathmor ! the shadows will fly away. Arise, or thy steps may be seen, and thou must fall in youth ! ”

The sighing hero rose ; his tears descend for car-borne Colmar. He came with the maid to Selma's hall ; but he knew not that it was Colmal. The helmet covered her lovely face. Her bosom heaved beneath the steel. Fingal returned from the chase, and found the lovely strangers. They were like two beams of light, in the midst of the hall of shells. The king heard the tale of grief ; and turned his eyes around. A thousand heroes half-rose before him ; claiming the war of Teutha. I came with my spear from the hill ; the joy of battle rose in my breast : for the king spoke to Ossian in the midst of a thousand chiefs.

“ Son of my strength,” began the king, “ take thou the spear of Fingal. Go to Teutha's rushing stream, and save the car-borne Colmar. Let thy fame return before thee like a pleasant gale ; that my soul may rejoice over my son, who renews the renown of our fathers. Ossian ! be thou a storm in war ; but mild when the foe is low ! It was thus my fame arose, O my son ! be thou like Selma's chief. When the haughty come to my halls, my eyes behold them not. But my arm is stretched forth to the unhappy. My sword defends the weak.”

I rejoiced in the words of the king. I took my rattling arms. Diaran* rose at my side, and Dargo king of spears. Three hundred youths followed our steps : the

* Diaran, father of that Connal who was unfortunately killed by Crimora, his mistress.

lovely strangers were at my side. Dunthalmo heard the sound of our approach. He gathered the strength of Teutha. He stood on a hill with his host. They were like rocks broken with thunder, when their bent trees are singed and bare, and the streams of their chinks have failed. The stream of Teutha rolled, in its pride, before the gloomy foe. I sent a bard to Dunthalmo, to offer the combat on the plain ; but he smiled in the darkness of his pride. His unsettled host moved on the hill ; like the mountain-cloud, when the blast has entered its womb, and scatters the curling gloom on every side.

They brought Colmar to Teutha's bank, bound with a thousand thongs. The chief is sad, but stately. His eye is on his friends ; for we stood, in our arms, whilst Teutha's waters rolled between. Dunthalmo came with his spear, and pierced the hero's side : he rolled on the bank in his blood. We heard his broken sighs. Calthon rushed into the stream : I bounded forward on my spear. Teutha's race fell before us. Night came rolling down. Dunthalmo rested on a rock, amidst an aged wood. The rage of his bosom burned against the car-borne Calthon. But Calthon stood in his grief ; he mourned the fallen Colmar ; Colmar slain in youth, before his fame arose !

I bade the song of woe to rise, to soothe the mournful chief ; but he stood beneath a tree, and often threw his spear on earth. The humid eye of Colmal rolled near in a secret tear : she foresaw the fall of Dunthalmo, or of Clutha's warlike chief. Now half the night had passed away. Silence and darkness were on the field. Sleep rested on the eyes of the heroes ; Calthon's settling soul

was still. His eyes were half-closed ; but the murmur of Teutha had not yet failed in his ear. Pale, and shewing his wounds, the ghost of Colmar came : he bent his head over the hero, and raised his feeble voice !

“Sleeps the son of Rathmor in his night, and his brother low ? Did we not rise to the chase together ? Pursued we not the dark-brown hinds ? Colmar was not forgot till he fell : till death had blasted his youth. I lie pale beneath the rock of Lona. O let Calthon rise ! the morning comes with its beams ; Dunthalmo will dishonour the fallen.” He passed away in his blast. The rising Calthon saw the steps of his departure. He rushed in the sound of his steel. Unhappy Colmal rose. She followed her hero through night, and dragged her spear behind. But when Calthon came to Lona’s rock, he found his fallen brother. The rage of his bosom rose ; he rushed among the foe. The groans of death ascend. They close around the chief. He is bound in the midst, and brought to gloomy Dunthalmo. The shout of joy arose ; and the hills of night replied.

I started at the sound : and took my father’s spear. Diaran rose at my side ; and the youthful strength of Dargo. We missed the chief of Clutha, and our souls were sad. I dreaded the departure of my fame. The pride of my valour rose ! “Sons of Morven !” I said, “it is not thus our fathers fought. They rested not on the field of strangers, when the foe was not fallen before them. Their strength was like the eagles of heaven ; their renown is in the song. But our people fall by degrees. Our fame begins to depart. What shall the

king of Morven say, if Ossian conquers not at Teutha? Rise in your steel, ye warriors! follow the sound of Ossian's course. He will not return, but renowned, to the echoing walls of Selma."

Morning rose on the blue waters of Teutha. Colmal stood before me in tears. She told of the chief of Clutha: thrice the spear fell from her hand. My wrath turned against the stranger; for my soul trembled for Calthon. "Son of the feeble hand!" I said, "do Teutha's warriors fight with tears? The battle is not won with grief; nor dwells the sigh in the soul of war. Go to the deer of Carmun, to the lowing herds of Teutha. But leave these arms, thou son of fear! A warrior may lift them in fight."

I tore the mail from her shoulders. Her snowy breast appeared. She bent her blushing face to the ground. I looked in silence to the chiefs. The spear fell from my hand; the sigh of my bosom rose! But when I heard the name of the maid, my crowding tears rushed down. I blessed the lovely beam of youth, and bade the battle move!

Why, son of the rock, should Ossian tell how Teutha's warriors died? They are now forgot in their land: their tombs are not found on the heath. Years came on with their storms. The green mounds are mouldered away. Scarce is the grave of Dunthalmo seen, or the place where he fell by the spear of Ossian. Some grey warrior, half blind with age, sitting by night at the flaming oak of the hall, tells now my deeds to his sons, and the fall of the dark Dunthalmo. The faces of youth

bend sidelong towards his voice. Surprise and joy burn in their eyes ! I found Calthon bound to an oak ; my sword cut the thongs from his hands. I gave him the white-bosomed Colmal. They dwelt in the halls of Teutha.

THE WAR OF CAROS: A POEM.

ARGUMENT.

CAROS is probably the noted usurper Carausius, by birth a Menapian, who assumed the purple in 284: and, seizing on Britain, defeated the Emperor Maximian Herculius in several naval engagements, which gives propriety to his being called in this poem *the king of ships*. He repaired Agricola's wall, in order to obstruct the incursions of the Caledonians; and when he was employed in that work, it appears he was attacked by a party under the command of Oscar the son of Ossian. This battle is the foundation of the present poem, which is addressed to Malvina the daughter of Toscar.

THE WAR OF CAROS :

A POEM.

BRING, daughter of Toscar ! bring the harp ! the light of the song rises in Ossian's soul ! It is like the field, when darkness covers the hills around, and the shadow grows slowly on the plain of the sun. I behold my son, O Malvina ! near the mossy rock of Crona. But it is the mist of the desert, tinged with the beam of the west. Lovely is the mist, that assumes the form of Oscar ! turn from it, ye winds, when ye roar on the side of Ardven !

Who comes towards my son, with the murmur of a song ? His staff is in his hand, his grey hair loose on the wind. Surly joy lightens his face. He often looks back to Caros. It is Ryno* of songs, he that went to view the foe. "What does Caros king of ships ?" said the son of the now mournful Ossian, "spreads he the wings† of his pride, bard of the times of old !" "He spreads them, Oscar," replied the bard, "but it is behind his gathered heap.‡ He looks over his stones with fear. He beholds thee terrible, as the ghost of night, that rolls the wave to his ships !"

* A bard.

† The Roman eagle.

‡ Agricola's wall, which Carausius repaired.

“Go, thou first of my bards !” says Oscar, “take the spear of Fingal. Fix a flame on its point. Shake it to the winds of heaven. Bid him, in songs, to advance, and leave the rolling of his wave. Tell to Caros that I long for battle ; that my bow is weary of the chase of Cona. Tell him the mighty are not here ; and that my arm is young.”

He went with the murmur of songs. Oscar reared his voice on high. It reached his heroes on Ardden, like the noise of a cave ; when the sea of Togorma rolls before it ; and its trees meet the roaring winds. They gather round my son like the streams of the hill ; when, after rain, they roll in the pride of their course. Ryno came to the mighty Caros. He struck his flaming spear. Come to the battle of Oscar, O thou that sittest on the rolling of waves ! Fingal is distant far ; he hears the songs of bards in Morven : the wind of his hall is in his hair. His terrible spear is at his side ; his shield that is like the darkened moon ! Come to the battle of Oscar ; the hero is alone.

He came not over the streamy Carun.* The bard returned with his song. Grey night grows dim on Crona. The feast of shells is spread. A hundred oaks burn to the wind ; faint light gleams over the heath. The ghosts of Ardden pass through the beam, and shew their dim and distant forms. Comala† is half unseen on her meteor ; Hidallan is sullen and dim, like the darkened moon behind the mist of night.

“Why art thou sad ?” said Ryno ; for he alone

* The river Carron. † This is the scene of Comala's death

beheld the chief. "Why art thou sad, Hidallan! hast thou not received thy fame? The songs of Ossian have been heard; thy ghost has brightened in wind, when thou didst bend from thy cloud, to hear the song of Morven's bard!" "And do thine eyes," said Oscar, "behold the chief, like the dim meteor of night? Say, Ryno, say, how fell Hidallan, the renowned in the days of my fathers? His name remains on the rocks of Cona. I have often seen the streams of his hills!"

Fingal, replied the bard, drove Hidallan from his wars. The king's soul was sad for Comala, and his eyes could not behold the chief. Lonely, sad along the heath, he slowly moved, with silent steps. His arms hang disordered on his side. His hair flies loose from his brow. The tear is in his downcast eyes; a sigh half-silent in his breast! Three days he strayed unseen, alone, before he came to Lamor's halls: the mossy halls of his fathers, at the stream of Balva. There Lamor sat alone beneath a tree; for he had sent his people with Hidallan to war. The stream ran at his feet, his grey head rested on his staff. Sightless are his aged eyes. He hums the song of other times. The noise of Hidallan's feet came to his ear: he knew the tread of his son.

"Is the son of Lamor returned; or is it the sound of his ghost? Hast thou fallen on the banks of Carun, son of the aged Lamor? Or, if I hear the sound of Hidallan's feet; where are the mighty in the war? where are my people, Hidallan! that were wont to return with their echoing shields? Have they fallen on the banks of Carun?"

"No:" replied the sighing youth, "the people of Lamor live. They are renowned in war, my father! but Hidallan is renowned no more. I must sit alone on the banks of Balva, when the roar of the battle grows."

"But thy fathers never sat alone," replied the rising pride of Lamor. "They never sat alone on the banks of Balva, when the roar of battle rose. Dost thou not behold that tomb? My eyes discern it not; there rests the noble Garmállon, who never fled from war! Come, thou renowned in battle, he says, come to thy father's tomb. How am I renowned, Garmállon? my son has fled from war!"

"King of the streamy Balva!" said Hidallan with a sigh, "why dost thou torment my soul? Lamor, I never fled. Fingal was sad for Comala; he denied his wars to Hidallan. Go to the grey streams of thy land, he said; moulder like a leafless oak, which the winds have bent over Balva, never more to grow!"

"And must I hear," Lamor replied, "the lonely tread of Hidallan's feet? When thousands are renowned in battle, shall he bend over my grey streams? Spirit of the noble Garmállon? carry Lamor to his place; his eyes are dark; his soul is sad; his son has lost his fame!"

"Where," said the youth, "shall I search for fame to gladden the soul of Lamor? From whence shall I return with renown, that the sound of my arms may be pleasant in his ear? If I go to the chase of hinds, my name will not be heard. Lamor will not feel my dogs, with his hands, glad at my arrival from the hill. He will

not inquire of his mountains, or of the dark-brown deer of his deserts !”

“I must fall,” said Lamor, “like a leafless oak ; it grew on a rock ! it was overturned by the winds ! My ghost will be seen on my hills, mournful for my young Hidallan. Will not ye, ye mists ! as ye rise, hide him from my sight ? My son ! go to Lamor’s hall : there the arms of our fathers hang. Bring the sword of Garmállon ; he took it from a foe !”

He went and brought the sword with all its studded thongs. He gave it to his father. The grey-haired hero felt the point with his hand.

“My son ! lead me to Garmállon’s tomb : it rises beside that rustling tree. The long grass is withered ; I hear the breezes whistling there. A little fountain murmurs near, and sends its water to Balva. There let me rest ; it is noon : the sun is on our fields !”

He led him to Garmállon’s tomb. Lamor pierced the side of his son. They sleep together : their ancient halls moulder away. Ghosts are seen there at noon : the valley is silent, and the people shun the place of Lamor.

“Mournful is thy tale,” said Oscar, “son of the times of old ! My soul sighs for Hidallan ; he fell in the days of his youth. He flies on the blast of the desert, his wandering is in a foreign land. Sons of the echoing Morven ! draw near to the foes of Fingal. Send the night away in songs ; watch the strength of Caros. Oscar goes to the people of other times ; to the shades of silent ArIVEN ; where his fathers sit dim in their clouds, and behold the future war. And art thou there, Hidallan,

like a half-extinguished meteor? Come to my sight, in thy sorrow, chief of the winding Balva !”

The heroes move with their songs. Oscar slowly ascends the hill. The meteors of night set on the heath before him. A distant torrent faintly roars. Unfrequent blasts rush through aged oaks. The half-enlightened moon sinks dim and red behind her hill. Feeble voices are heard on the heath. Oscar drew his sword !

“Come,” said the hero, “O ye ghosts of my fathers ! ye that fought against the kings of the world ! Tell me the deeds of future times ; and your converse in your caves ; when you talk together, and behold your sons in the fields of the brave.”

Trenmor came, from his hill, at the voice of his mighty son. A cloud, like the steed of the stranger, supported his airy limbs. His robe is of the mist of Lano, that brings death to the people. His sword is a green meteor half-extinguished. His face is without form, and dark. He sighed thrice over the hero : thrice the winds of night roared around ! Many were his words to Oscar ; but they only came by halves to our ears : they were dark as the tales of other times, before the light of the song arose. He slowly vanished, like a mist that melts on the sunny hill. It was then, O daughter of Toscar ! my son began first to be sad. He foresaw the fall of his race. At times, he was thoughtful and dark ; like the sun when he carries a cloud on his face, but again he looks forth from his darkness on the green hills of Cona.

Oscar passed the night among his fathers, grey morning met him on Carun's banks. A green vale surrounded a

tomb which arose in the times of old. Little hills lift their head at a distance : and stretch their old trees to the wind. The warriors of Caros sat there, for they had passed the stream by night. They appeared, like the trunks of aged pines, to the pale light of the morning. Oscar stood at the tomb, and raised thrice his terrible voice. The rocking hills echoed around ; the starting roes bounded away : And the trembling ghosts of the dead fled, shrieking on their clouds. So terrible was the voice of my son, when he called his friends !

A thousand spears arose around ; the people of Caros rose. Why, daughter of Toscar, why that tear ? My son, though alone, is brave. Oscar is like a beam of the sky ; he turns around, and the people fall. His hand is the arm of a ghost, when he stretches it from a cloud ; the rest of his thin form is unseen ; but the people die in the vale ! My son beheld the approach of the foe ; he stood in the silent darkness of his strength. "Am I alone," said Oscar, "in the midst of a thousand foes ? Many a spear is there ! many a darkly-rolling eye ! Shall I fly to Ardden ? But did my fathers ever fly ? The mark of their arm is in a thousand battles. Oscar too shall be renowned ! Come, ye dim ghosts of my fathers, and behold my deeds in war ! I may fall ; but I will be renowned like the race of the echoing Morven." He stood, growing in his place, like a flood in a narrow vale ! The battle came, but they fell : bloody was the sword of Oscar !

The noise reached his people at Crona ; they came like a hundred streams. The warriors of Caros fled ; Oscar

remained like a rock left by the ebbing sea. Now dark and deep, with all his steeds, Caros rolled his might along : the little streams are lost in his course ; the earth is rocking round. Battle spreads from wing to wing : ten thousand swords gleam at once in the sky. But why should Ossian sing of battles ? For never more shall my steel shine in war. I remember the days of my youth with grief ; when I feel the weakness of my arm. Happy are they who fell in their youth, in the midst of their renown ! They have not beheld the tombs of their friend ; or failed to bend the bow of their strength. Happy art thou, O Oscar, in the midst of thy rushing blast. Thou often goest to the fields of thy fame, where Caros fled from thy lifted sword.

Darkness comes on my soul, O fair daughter of Toscar ! I behold not the form of my son at Carun ; nor the figure of Oscar on Crona. The rustling winds have carried him far away ; and the heart of his father is sad. But lead me, O Malvina ! to the sound of my woods ; to the roar of my mountain streams. Let the chase be heard on Cona ; let me think on the days of other years. And bring me the harp, O maid ! that I may touch it, when the light of my soul shall arise. Be thou near, to learn the song ; future times shall hear of me ! The sons of the feeble hereafter will lift the voice on Cona ; and, looking up to the rocks, say, " Here Ossian dwelt." They shall admire the chiefs of old, the race that are no more ! while we ride on our clouds, Malvina ! on the wings of the roaring winds. Our voices shall be heard, at times, in the desert ; we shall sing on the breeze of the rock.

CATHLIN OF CLUTHA: A POEM.

ARGUMENT.

AN address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar. The poet relates the arrival of Cathlin in Selma, to solicit aid against Duth-carmor of Cluba, who had killed Cathmol, for the sake of his daughter Lanül. Fingal declining to make a choice among his heroes, who were all claiming the command of the expedition; they retired *each to his hill of ghosts*; to be determined by dreams. The spirit of Trenmor appears to Ossian and Oscar: they sail, from the bay of Carmona, and, on the fourth day, appear off the valley of Rathcol, in Inishuna, where Duth-carmor had fixed his residence. Ossian dispatches a bard to Duth-carmor to demand battle. Night comes on. The distress of Cathlin of Clutha. Ossian devolves the command on Oscar, who, according to the custom of the kings of Morven, before battle, retired to a neighbouring hill. Upon the coming on of day, the battle joins. Oscar and Duth-carmor meet. The latter falls. Oscar carries the mail and helmet of Duth-carmor to Cathlin, who had retired from the field. Cathlin is discovered to be the daughter of Cathmol, in disguise, who had been carried off, by force, by, and had made her escape from, Duth-carmor.

CATHLIN OF CLUTHA:

A POEM.

COME,* thou beam that art lonely, from watching in the night ! The squally winds are around thee, from all their echoing hills. Red, over thy hundred streams, are the light-covered paths of the dead. They rejoice, on the eddying winds, in the season of night. Dwells there no joy in song, white hand of the harps of Lutha ? Awake the voice of the string ; roll my soul to me. It is a stream that has failed. Malvina, pour the song.

I hear thee, from thy darkness, in Selma, thou that watchest, lonely, by night ! Why didst thou withhold the song, from Ossian's failing soul ? As the falling brook to the ear of the hunter, descending from his storm-covered hill ; in a sunbeam rolls the echoing stream ; he hears, and shakes his dewy locks : such is the voice of Lutha, to the friend of the spirits of heroes. My swelling bosom beats high. I look back on the days that are past.

The traditions, which accompany this poem, inform us, that it went, of old, under the name of *Laol-Oi-lutha* ; i.e., the *hymn of the maid of Lutha*.

Come, thou beam that art lonely, from watching in the night !

In the echoing bay of Carmona* we saw, one day, the bounding ship. On high, hung a broken shield ; it was marked with wandering blood. Forward came a youth, in arms, and stretched his pointless spear. Long, over his tearful eyes, hung loose his disordered locks. Fingal gave the shell of kings. The words of the stranger arose. " In his hall lies Cathmol of Clutha, by the winding of his own dark streams. Duth-carmor saw white-bosomed Lanul, and pierced her father's side. In the rushy desert were my steps. He fled in the season of night. Give thine aid to Cathlin to revenge his father. I sought thee not as a beam, in a land of clouds. Thou, like the sun, art known, king of echoing Selma ! "

Selma's king looked around. In his presence, we rose in arms. But who should lift the shield ? for all had claimed the war. The night came down ; we strode, in silence ; each to his hill of ghosts : that spirits might descend, in our dreams, to mark us for the field. We struck the shield of the dead : we raised the hum of songs. We thrice called the ghosts of our fathers. We laid us

* Car-mona, *bay of the dark brown hills*, an arm of the sea, in the neighbourhood of Selma. In this paragraph are mentioned the signals presented to Fingal, by those who came to demand his aid. The suppliants held, in one hand, a shield covered with blood, and, in the other, a broken spear ; the first a symbol of the death of their friends, the last an emblem of their own helpless situation. If the king chose to grant succours, which generally was the case, he reached to them *the shell of feasts*, as a token of his hospitality and friendly intentions towards them.

down in dreams. Trenmor came, before mine eyes, the tall form of other years ! His blue hosts were behind him in half-distinguished rows. Scarce seen is their strife in mist, or their stretching forward to deaths. I listened ; but no sound was there. The forms were empty wind !

I started from the dream of ghosts. On a sudden blast flew my whistling hair. Low-sounding, in the oak, is the departure of the dead. I took my shield from its bough. Onward came the rattling of steel. It was Oscar* of Lego. He had seen his fathers. "As rushes forth the blast, on the bosom of whitening waves ; so careless shall my course be, through ocean, to the dwelling of foes. I have seen the dead, my father ! My beating soul is high ! My fame is bright before me, like the streak of light on a cloud, when the broad sun comes forth, red traveller of the sky !"

"Grandson of Branno," I said, "not Oscar alone shall meet the foe. I rush forward, through ocean, to the woody dwelling of heroes. Let us contend, my son, like eagles, from one rock ; when they lift their broad wings, against the stream of winds." We raised our sails in Carmona. From three ships, they marked my shield on the wave, as I looked on nightly Ton-thena,† red traveller between the clouds. Four days came the breeze abroad.

* Oscar is here called *Oscar of Lego*, from his mother being the daughter of Branno, a powerful chief, on the banks of that lake. It is remarkable that Ossian addresses no poem to Malvina, in which her lover Oscar was not one of the principal actors.

† The remarkable star mentioned in the seventh book of Temora, which directed the course of Larthon to Ireland.

Lumon came forward in mist. In winds were its hundred groves. Sunbeams marked, at times, its brown side. White, leapt the foamy streams, from all its echoing rocks.

A green field, in the bosom of hills, winds silent with its own blue stream. Here, midst the waving of oaks, were the dwellings of kings of old. But silence, for many dark-brown years, had settled in grassy Rath-col; for the race of heroes had failed, along the pleasant vale. Duth-carmor was here, with his people, dark rider of the wave. Ton-thena had hid her head in the sky. He bound his white-bosomed sails. His course is on the hills of Rath-col, to the seats of roes. We came. I sent the bard, with songs, to call the foe to fight. Duth-carmor heard him, with joy. The king's soul was like a beam of fire; a beam of fire, marked with smoke, rushing, varied, through the bosom of night. The deeds of Duth-carmor were dark, though his arm was strong.

Night came, with the gathering of clouds. By the beam of the oak we sat down. At a distance stood Cathlin of Clutha. I saw the changeful soul of the stranger. As shadows fly over the field of grass, so various is Cathlin's oheek. It was fair, within locks, that rose on Rath-col's wind. I did not rush, amidst his soul, with my words. I bade the song to rise.

"Oscar of Lego," I said, "be thine the secret hill,"

* This passage alludes to the well-known custom among the ancient kings of Scotland, to retire from their army on the night preceding a battle. The story which Ossian introduces in the next paragraph concerns the fall of the Druids.

to-night. Strike the shield, like Morven's kings. With day, thou shalt lead in war. From my rock, I shall see thee, Oscar, a dreadful form ascending in fight, like the appearance of ghosts, amidst the storms they raise. Why should mine eyes return to the dim times of old, ere yet the song had bursted forth, like the sudden rising of winds? But the years, that are past, are marked with mighty deeds. As the nightly rider of waves looks up to Tonthena of beams; so let us turn our eyes to Trenmor, the father of kings."

"Wide, in Caracha's echoing field, Carmal had poured his tribes. They were a dark ridge of waves. The grey-haired bards were like moving foam on their face. They kindled the strife around, with their red-rolling eyes. Nor alone were the dwellers of rocks; a son of Loda was there; a voice, in his own dark land, to call the ghosts from high. On his hill, he had dwelt, in Lochlin, in the midst of a leafless grove. Five stones lifted, near, their heads. Loud roared his rushing stream. He often raised his voice to the winds, when meteors marked their nightly wings; when the dark-robed moon was rolled behind her hill. Nor unheard of ghosts was he! They came with the sound of eagle wings. They turned battle, in fields, before the kings of men.

"But, Trenmor they turned not from battle. He drew forward that troubled war; in its dark skirt was Trathal, like a rising light. It was dark; and Loda's son poured forth his signs, on night. The feeble were not before thee, son of other lands! Then rose the strife of kings, about the hill of night; but it was soft as two summer

gales, shaking their light wings, on a lake. Trenmor yielded to his son; for the fame of the king had been heard. Trathal came forth before his father, and the foes failed, in echoing Caracha. The years that are past, my son, are marked with mighty deeds."

In clouds rose the eastern light. The foe came forth in arms. The strife is mixed on Rath-col, like the roar of streams. Behold the contending of kings! They meet beside the oak. In gleams of steel the dark forms are lost; such is the meeting of meteors, in a vale by night: red light is scattered round, and men foresee the storm! Duth-carmor is low in blood! The son of Ossian overcame! Not harmless in battle was he, Malvina, hand of harps?

Nor, in the field, were the steps of Cathlin. The stranger stood by a secret stream, where the foam of Rath-col skirted the mossy stones. Above, bends the branchy birch, and strews its leaves, on wind. The inverted spear of Cathlin touched, at times, the stream. Oscar brought Duth-carmor's mail: his helmet with its eagle wing. He placed them before the stranger, and his words were heard. "The foes of thy father have failed. They are laid in the field of ghosts. Renown returns to Morven, like a rising wind. Why art thou dark, chief of Clutha? Is there cause for grief?"

"Son of Ossian of harps, my soul is darkly sad. I behold the arms of Cathmol, which he raised in war. Take the mail of Cathlin, place it high in Selma's hall; that thou mayest remember the hapless in thy distant land." From white breasts descended the mail. It was

the race of kings ; the soft-handed daughter of Cathmol, at the streams of Clutha ! Duth-carmor saw her bright in the hall ; he had come, by night, to Clutha. Cathmol met him, in battle, but the hero fell. Three days dwelt the foe, with the maid. On the fourth she fled in arms. She remembered the race of kings, and felt her bursting soul !

Why, maid of Toscar of Lutha, should I tell how Cathlin failed ? Her tomb is at rushy Lumon, in a distant land.* Near it were the steps of Sul-malla, in the days of grief. She raised the song, for the daughter of strangers, and touched the mournful harp.

Come, from the watching of night, Malvina, lonely beam !

* Mr. Campbell pointed out that the scene of this poem is on the western bank of the river Bann, and that Lumon and Rathcoll are both in the county of Derry.—E.-T.



SUL-MALLA of LUMON: A POEM.

ARGUMENT.

THIS poem, which, properly speaking, is a continuation of the last, opens with an address to Sul-malla, the daughter of the king of Inis-huna, whom Ossian met, at the chase, as he returned from the battle of Rath-col. Sul-malla invites Ossian and Oscar to a feast, at the residence of her father, who was then absent in the wars. Upon hearing their name and family, she relates an expedition of Fingal into Inis-huna. She casually mentioning Cathmor, chief of Atha (who then assisted her father against his enemies), Ossian introduces the episode of Culgorm and Suran-dronlo, two Scandinavian kings, in whose wars Ossian himself and Cathmor were engaged on opposite sides. The story is imperfect, a part of the original being lost. Ossian, warned in a dream, by the ghost of Trenmor, sets sail from Inis-huna.

SUL-MALLA OF LUMON :

A POEM.

WHO moves so stately, on Lumon, at the roar of the foamy waters? Her hair falls upon her heaving breast. White is her arm behind, as slow she bends the bow. Why dost thou wander in deserts, like a light through a cloudy field? The young roes are panting, by their secret rocks. Return, thou daughter of kings! the cloudy night is near! It was the young branch of green Inis-huna, Sul-malla of blue eyes. She sent the bard from her rock, to bid us to her feast. Amidst the song we sat down, in Cluba's echoing hall. White moved the hands of Sul-malla, on the trembling strings. Half-heard amidst the sound, was the name of Atha's king: he that was absent in battle for her own green land. Nor absent from her soul was he; he came midst her thoughts by night. Ton-thena looked in, from the sky, and saw her tossing arms.

The sound of shells had ceased. Amidst long locks, Sul-malla rose. She spoke with bended eyes, and asked of our course through seas; "for of the kings of men are ye, tall riders of the wave." "Not unknown," I said, "at his streams is he, the father of our race.

Fingal has been heard of at Cluba, blue-eyed daughter of kings! Nor only, at Cona's stream, is Ossian and Oscar known. Foes trembled at our voice, and shrunk in other lands."

"Not unmarked," said the maid, "by Sul-malla, is the shield of Morven's king. It hangs high, in my father's hall, in memory of the past; when Fingal came to Cluba, in the days of other years. Loud roared the boar of Culdarnu, in the midst of his rocks and woods. Inis-huna sent her youths, but they failed; and virgins wept over tombs. Careless went Fingal to Culdarnu. On his spear rolled the strength of the woods. He was bright, they said, in his locks, the first of mortal men. Nor at the feast were heard his words. His deeds passed from his soul of fire, like the rolling of vapours from the face of the wandering sun. Not careless looked the blue eyes of Cluba on his stately steps. In white bosoms rose the king of Selma, in the midst of their thoughts by night. But the winds bore the stranger to the echoing vales of his roes. Nor lost to other lands was he, like a meteor that sinks in a cloud. He came forth, at times, in his brightness, to the distant dwelling of foes. His fame came, like the sound of winds, to Cluba's woody vale.

"Darkness dwells in Cluba of harps: the race of kings is distant far; in battle is my father Connor; and Lormar my brother, king of streams. Nor darkening alone are they; a beam from other lands, is nigh; the friend of strangers* in Atha, the troubler of the field.

* Cathmor, the son of Borbar-duthal. It would appear from the partiality with which Sul-malla speaks of that hero, that

High from their misty hills, look forth the blue eyes of Erin ; for he is far away, young dweller of their souls ! Nor, harmless, white hands of Erin ! is Cathmor in the skirts of war ; he rolls ten thousand before him, in his distant field."

"Not unseen by Ossian," I said, "rushed Cathmor from his streams, when he poured his strength on I-thorno,* isle of many waves ! In strife met two kings in I-thorno, Culgorm and Suran-dronlo : each from his echoing isle, stern hunters of the boar !

"They met a boar, at a foamy stream : each pierced him with his spear. They strove for the fame of the deed ; and gloomy battle rose. From isle to isle they sent a spear, broken and stained with blood, to call the friends of their fathers, in their sounding arms. Cathmor came, from Erin, to Culgorm, red-eyed king : I aided Suran-dronlo, in his land of boars.

"We rushed on either side of a stream, which roared through a blasted heath. High broken rocks were round, with all their bending trees. Near were two circles of Loda, with the stone of power ; where spirits descended, by night, in dark-red streams of fire. There, mixed with the murmur of waters, rose the voice of aged men ; they called the forms of night, to aid them in their war.

"Heedless I stood, with my people, where fell the foamy stream from rocks. The moon moved red from

she had seen him, previous to his joining her father's army ; though tradition positively asserts, that it was after his return that she fell in love with him.

* I-thorno, says tradition, was an island of Scandinavia.

the mountain. My song, at times, arose. Dark, on the other side, young Cathmor heard my voice ; for he lay, beneath the oak, in all his gleaming arms. Morning came ; we rushed to fight : from wing to wing is the rolling of strife. They fell like the thistle's head, beneath autumnal winds.

"In armour came a stately form : I mixed my strokes with the chief. By turns our shields are pierced : loud rung our steelly mails. His helmet fell to the ground. In brightness shone the foe. His eyes, two pleasant flames, rolled between his wandering locks. I knew Cathmor of Atha, and threw my spear on earth. Dark, we turned, and silent passed to mix with other foes.

"Not so passed the striving kings.* They mixed in echoing fray : like the meeting of ghosts, in the dark wing of winds. Through either breast rushed the spears ; nor yet lay the foes on earth ! A rock received their fall ; half-reclined they lay in death. Each held the lock of his foe ; each grimly seemed to roll his eyes. The stream of the rock leapt on their shields, and mixed below with blood.

"The battle ceased in I-thorno. The strangers met in peace : Cathmor from Atha of streams, and Ossian, king of harps. We placed the dead in earth. Our steps were by Runar's bay. With the bounding boat, afar, advanced a ridgy wave. Dark was the rider of seas, but a beam of light was there, like the ray of the sun, in

* Culgorm and Suran-dronlo. The combat of the kings and their attitude in death are highly picturesque, and expressive of that ferocity of manners which distinguished the northern nations.

Stromlo's rolling smoke. It was the daughter of Suran-dronlo, wild in brightened looks. Her eyes were wandering flames, amidst disordered locks. Forward is her white arm, with the spear; her high heaving breast is seen, white as foamy waves that rise, by turns, amidst rocks. They are beautiful, but terrible, and mariners call the winds!

“‘Come, ye dwellers of Loda!’ she said, ‘come Carchar, pale in the midst of clouds! Sluthmor that stridest in airy halls! Corchtur, terrible in winds! Receive, from his daughter’s spear, the foes of Suran-dronlo. No shadow, at his roaring streams; no mildly-looking form was he! When he took up his spear, the hawks shook their sounding wings: for blood was poured around the steps of dark-eyed Suran-dronlo. He lighted me, no harmless beam, to glitter on his streams. Like meteors, I was bright, but I blasted the foes of Suran-dronlo.’”

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Nor unconcerned heard Sul-malla, the praise of Cathmor of shields. He was within her soul, like a fire in secret heath, which awakes at the voice of the blast, and sends its beam abroad. Amidst the song removed the daughter of kings, like the voice of a summer-breeze; when it lifts the heads of flowers, and curls the lakes and streams. The rustling sound gently spreads o’er the vale, softly-pleasing as it saddens the soul.

By night came a dream to Ossian; formless stood the shadow of Trenmor. He seemed to strike the dim

shield, on Selma's streamy rock. I rose, in my rattling steel ; I knew that war was near, before the winds our sails were spread ; when Lumon shewed its streams to the morn.

Come from the watching of night, Malvina, lonely beam !

THE WAR OF INIS-THONA:
A POEM.

ARGUMENT.

REFLECTIONS on the poet's youth. An apostrophe to Selma. Oscar obtains leave to go to Inis-thona, an island of Scandinavia. The mournful story of Argon and Ruro, the two sons of the king of Inis-thona. Oscar revenges their death, and returns in triumph to Selma. A soliloquy by the poet himself.

THE WAR OF INIS-THONA:

A POEM.

OUR youth is like the dream of the hunter on the hill of heath. He sleeps in the mild beams of the sun; he awakes amidst a storm; the red lightning flies around: trees shake their heads to the wind! He looks back with joy, on the day of the sun; and the pleasant dreams of his rest! When shall Ossian's youth return? When his ear delight in the sound of arms? When shall I, like Oscar, travel in the light of my steel? Come, with your streams, ye hills of Cona! listen to the voice of Ossian. The song rises, like the sun, in my soul. I feel the joys of other times!

I behold thy towers, O Selma! the oaks of thy shaded wall: thy streams sound in my ear; thy heroes gather around. Fingal sits in the midst. He leans on the shield of Trenmor: his spear stands against the wall; he listens to the song of his bards. The deeds of his arm are heard; the actions of the king in his youth! Oscar had returned from the chase, and heard the hero's praise. He took the shield of Branno* from the wall; his eyes were filled with tears. Red was the cheek of

* Grandfather to Oscar.

youth. His voice was trembling low. My spear shook its bright head in his hand : he spoke to Morven's king.

"Fingal ! thou king of heroes ! Ossian, next to him in war ! ye have fought in your youth ; your names are renowned in song. Oscar is like the mist of Cona ; I appear and I vanish away. The bard will not know my name. The hunter will not search in the heath for my tomb. Let me fight, O heroes, in the battles of Inis-thona. Distant is the land of my war ! ye shall not hear of Oscar's fall ! Some bard may find me there ; some bard may give my name to song. The daughter of the stranger shall see my tomb, and weep over the youth, that came from afar. The bard shall say, at the feast, ' Hear the song of Oscar from the distant land ! ' "

"Oscar," replied the king of Morven ; "thou shalt fight, son of my fame ! Prepare my dark-bosomed ship to carry my hero to Inis-thona. Son of my son, regard our fame ; thou art of the race of renown ! Let not the children of strangers say, feeble are the sons of Morven ! Be thou, in battle, a roaring storm : mild as the evening sun in peace ! Tell, Oscar, to Inis-thona's king, that Fingal remembers his youth ; when we strove in the combat together, in the days of Agandecca."

They lifted up the sounding sail ; the wind whistled through the thongs* of their masts. Waves lash the oozy rocks : the strength of ocean roars. My son beheld, from the wave, the land of groves. He rushed into Runa's sounding bay, and sent his sword to Annir of

* Leather thongs were used among the Celtic nations instead of ropes.

spears. The grey-haired hero rose, when he saw the sword of Fingal. His eyes were full of tears; he remembered his battles in youth. Twice had they lifted the spear, before the lovely Agandecca: heroes stood far distant, as if two spirits were striving in winds.

"But now," began the king, "I am old; the sword lies useless in my hall. Thou, who art of Morven's race! Annir has seen the battle of spears; but now he is pale and withered, like the oak of Lano. I have no son to meet thee, with joy, to bring thee to the halls of his fathers. Argon is pale in the tomb, and Ruro is no more. My daughter is in the hall of strangers: she longs to behold my tomb. Her spouse shakes ten thousand spears; he comes a cloud of death from Lano. Come, to share the feast of Annir, son of echoing Morven!"

Three days they feasted together; on the fourth, Annir heard the name of Oscar. They rejoiced in the shell.* They pursued the boars of Runa. Beside the fount of mossy stones, the weary heroes rest. The tear steals in secret from Annir: he broke the rising sigh. "Here darkly rest," the hero said, "the children of my youth. This stone is the tomb of Ruro; that tree sounds over the grave of Argon. Do ye hear my voice, O my sons, within your narrow house? Or do ye speak in these rustling leaves, when the winds of the desert rise?"

"King of Inis-thona," said Oscar, "how fell the children of youth? The wild boar rushes over their

† *To rejoice in the shell*, is a phrase for feasting sumptuously and drinking freely.

tombs, but he does not disturb their repose. They pursue deer formed of clouds, and bend their airy bow. They still love the sport of their youth ; and mount the wind with joy."

"Cormalo," replied the king, "is a chief of ten thousand spears. He dwells at the waters of Lano,* which sends forth the vapour of death. He came to Runa's echoing halls, and sought the honour of the spear.† The youth was lovely as the first beam of the sun ; few were they who could meet him in fight ! My heroes yielded to Cormalo : my daughter was seized in his love. Argon and Ruro returned from the chase ; the tears of their pride descend : they roll their silent eyes on Runa's heroes, who had yielded to a stranger. Three days they feasted with Cormalo : on the fourth young Argon fought. But who could fight with Argon ! Cormalo is overcome. His heart swelled with the grief of pride ; he resolved, in secret, to behold the death of my sons. They went to the hills of Runa : they pursued the dark-brown hinds. The arrow of Cormalo flew in secret ; my children fell in blood. He came to the maid of his love ; to Inis-thona's long-haired maid. They fled over the desert. Annir remained alone. Night came on, and day appeared : nor Argon's voice,

* A lake of Scandinavia, remarkable, in the days of Ossian, for emitting a pestilential vapour in autumn. *And thou, O valiant Duchomar ! like the mist of marshy Lano ; when it sails over the plains of autumn, and brings death to the host.*—Fingal, B. i.

† The tournament practised among the ancient northern nations.

nor Ruro's came. At length their much-loved dog was seen ; the fleet and bounding Runar. He came into the hall and howled ; and seemed to look towards the place of their fall. We followed him : we found them here : we laid them by this mossy stream. This is the haunt of Annir, when the chase of the hinds is past. I bend like the trunk of an aged oak ; my tears for ever flow ! ”

“ O Ronnan ! ” said the rising Oscar, “ Ogar king of spears ! call my heroes to my side, the sons of streamy Morven. To-day we go to Lano's water, that sends forth the vapour of death. Cormalo will not long rejoice : death is often at the point of our swords ! ”

They came over the desert like stormy clouds, when the winds roll them along the heath : their edges are tinged with lightning ; the echoing groves foresee the storm ! The horn of Oscar's battle is heard ; Lano shook over all its waves. The children of the lake convened around the sounding shield of Cormalo. Oscar fought, as he was wont in war. Cormalo fell beneath his sword : the sons of dismal Lano fled to their secret vales ! Oscar brought the daughter of Inis-thona to Annir's echoing halls. The face of age is bright with joy ; he blest the king of swords !

How great was the joy of Ossian, when he beheld the distant sail of his son ! it was like a cloud of light that rises in the east, when the traveller is sad in a land unknown ; and dismal night, with her ghosts, is sitting around in shades ! We brought him with songs to Selma's halls. Fingal spread the feast of shells. A thousand bards raised the name of Oscar : Morven answered to the

sound. The daughter of Toscar was there ; her voice was like the harp ; when the distant sound comes, in the evening, on the soft-rustling breeze of the vale !

O lay me, ye that see the light, near some rock of my hills ! let the thick hazels be around, let the rustling oak be near. Green be the place of my rest ; let the sound of the distant torrent be heard. Daughter of Toscar, take the harp, and raise the lovely song of Selma ; that sleep may overtake my soul in the midst of joy ; that the dreams of my youth may return, and the days of the mighty Fingal. Selma ! I behold thy towers, thy trees, thy shaded wall ! I see the heroes of Morven ; I hear the song of bards ; Oscar lifts the sword of Cormalo ; a thousand youths admire its studded thongs. They look with wonder on my son : They admire the strength of his arm. They mark the joy of his father's eyes ; they long for an equal fame. And ye shall have your fame, O sons of streamy Morven ! My soul is often brightened with song ; I remember the friends of my youth. But sleep descends in the sound of the harp ! pleasant dreams begin to rise ! Ye sons of the chase stand far distant, nor disturb my rest. The bard of other times holds discourse with his fathers, the chiefs of the days of old ! Sons of the chase, stand far distant ! disturb not the dreams of Ossian !

THE SONGS OF SELMA.

ARGUMENT.

ADDRESS to the evening star. Apostrophe to Fingal and his times. Minona sings before the king the song of the unfortunate Colma ; and the bards exhibit other specimens of their poetical talents ; according to an annual custom established by the monarchs of the ancient Caledonians.

THE SONGS OF SELMA.

STAR of descending night ! fair is thy light in the west ! thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud : thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain ? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings ; the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light ? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee : they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam ! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise !

And it does arise in its strength ! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist ; his heroes are around : And see the bards of song, grey-haired Ullin ! stately Ryno ! Alpin, with the tuneful voice ! the soft complaint of Minona ! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast ? When we contended, like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly-whistling grass.

Minona came forth in her beauty : with down-cast look

and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song ! Salgar promised to come : but the night descended around. I hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill !

COLMA.

It is night ; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain ; forlorn on the hill of winds !

Rise, moon ! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night arise ! Lead me, some light, to the place, where my love rests from the chase alone ! his bow near him, unstrung : his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love ! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill, his promise ? Here is the rock, and here the tree ! here is the roaring stream ! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah ! whither is my Salgar gone ? With thee I would fly, from my father ; with thee, from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes ; we are not foes, O Salgar !

Cease a little while, O wind ! stream, be thou silent a while ! let my voice be heard around. Let my wanderer hear me ! Salgar ! it is Colma who calls. Here is the

tree, and the rock. Salgar, my love ! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming ? Lo ! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are grey on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him, with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone !

Who lie on the heath beside me ? Are they my love and my brother ? Speak to me, O my friends ! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me : I am alone ! My soul is tormented with fears ! Ah ! they are dead ! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother ! my brother ! why hast thou slain my Salgar ? why, O Salgar ! hast thou slain my brother ? Dear were ye both to me ! what shall I say in your praise ? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands ! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me ; hear my voice ; hear me, sons of my love ! They are silent ; silent for ever ! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay ! Oh ! from the rock on the hill ; from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead ! speak, I will not be afraid ! Whither are ye gone to rest ? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed ? No feeble voice is on the gale : no answer half-drowned in the storm !

I sit in my grief ! I wait for morning in my tears ! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream : why should I stay behind ? Here shall I rest with my friends, by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill ; when the loud winds arise ; my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my

friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear but love my voice ! For sweet shall my voice be for my friends : pleasant were her friends to Colma !

Such was thy song, Minona, softly-blushing daughter of Torman. Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad ! Ullin came with his harp ; he gave the song of Alpin. The voice of Alpin was pleasant : the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire ! But they had rested in the narrow house : their voice had ceased in Selma. Ullin had returned, one day, from the chase, before the heroes fell. He heard their strife on the hill ; their song was soft but sad ! They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men ! His soul was like the soul of Fingal ; his sword like the sword of Oscar. But he fell, and his father mourned : his sister's eyes were full of tears. Minona's eyes were full of tears, the sister of car-borne Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. I touched the harp, with Ullin ; the song of morning rose !

RYNO.

The wind and the rain are past : calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream ! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead ! Bent is his head of age ; red

his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood; as a wave on the lonely shore?

ALPIN.

My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar; the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in thy hall, unstrung!

Thou wert swift; O Morar! as a roe on the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now! dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before. Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass, which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar, Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is

she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this? who is this, whose head is white with age? whose eyes are red with tears? who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's renown; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar!

The grief of all arose, but most the bursting sigh of Armin. He remembers the death of his son, who fell in the days of his youth. Carmor was near the hero, the chief of the echoing Galmal. Why bursts the sigh of Armin? he said. Is there a cause to mourn? The song comes, with its music, to melt and please the soul. It is like soft mist, that, rising from a lake, pours on the silent vale; the green flowers are filled with dew, but the sun returns in his strength, and the mist is gone. Why art thou sad, O Armin! chief of sea-surrounded Gorma?

Sad! I am! nor small is my cause of woe! Carmor, thou hast lost no son; thou hast lost no daughter of

beauty. Colgar the valiant lives ; and Annira fairest maid. The boughs of thy house ascend, O Carmor ! but Armin is the last of his race. Dark is thy bed, O Daura ! deep thy sleep in the tomb ! When shalt thou awake with thy songs ? with all thy voice of music ?

Arise, winds of autumn, arise ; blow along the heath ! streams of the mountains roar ! roar, tempests, in the groves of my oaks ! walk through broken clouds, O moon ! show thy pale face, at intervals ! bring to my mind the night, when all my children fell ; when Arindal the mighty fell ; when Daura the lovely failed ! Daura, my daughter ! thou wert fair ; fair as the moon on Fura ; white as the driven snow ; sweet as the breathing gale. Arindal, thy bow was strong. Thy spear was swift in the field. Thy look was like mist on the wave : thy shield, a red cloud in a storm. Armar, renowned in war, came, and sought Daura's love. He was not long refused : fair was the hope of their friends !

Erath, son of Odgal, repined : his brother had been slain by Armar. He came disguised like a son of the sea : fair was his skiff on the wave ; white his locks of age ; calm his serious brow. Fairest of women, he said, lovely daughter of Armin ! a rock not distant in the sea, bears a tree on its side ; red shines the fruit afar ! There Armar waits for Daura. I come to carry his love ! She went ; she called on Armar. Nought answered, but the son* of the rock, Armar, my love ! my love ! why

* The vulgar were of opinion, that echo was made by a spirit within the rock ; and they, on that account, called it *mac talla* ; the son who dwells in the rock.

tormentest thou me with fear ? hear, son of Arnart, hear : it is Daura who calleth thee ! Erath the traitor fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice ; she called for her brother and her father. Arindal ! Armin ! none to relieve your Daura !

Her voice came over the sea. Arindal my son descended from the hill ; rough in the spoils of the chase. His arrows rattled by his side ; his bow was in his hand : five dark grey dogs attend his steps. He saw fierce Erath on the shore : he seized and bound him to an oak. Thick wind the thongs of the hide around his limbs ; he loads the wind with his groans. Arindal ascends the deep in his boat, to bring Daura to land. Armar came in his wrath, and let fly the grey-feathered shaft. It sung ; it sunk in thy heart, O Arindal my son ! for Erath the traitor thou diedst. The oar is stopped at once ; he panted on the rock and expired. What is thy grief, O Daura, when round thy feet is poured thy brother's blood ! The boat is broken in twain. Armar plunges into the sea, to rescue his Daura, or die. Sudden a blast from the hill came over the waves. He sunk, and he rose no more.

Alone, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries. What could her father do ? All night I stood on the shore. I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind ; the rain beat hard on the hill. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening-breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief she expired ; and

left thee Armin alone. Gone is my strength in war !
fallen my pride among women ! When the storms aloft
arise ; when the north lifts the wave on high ; I sit by
the sounding shore, and look on the fatal rock. Often
by the setting moon, I see the ghosts of my children.
Half-viewless, they walk in mournful conference together.
Will none of you speak in pity ? They do not regard
their father. I am sad, O Carmor, nor small is my cause
of woe !

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song ;
when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of
other times ! The chiefs gathered from all their hills,
and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice* of
Cona ! the first among a thousand bards ! But age is
now on my tongue ; my soul has failed ! I hear, at
times, the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song.
But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years !
They say, as they pass along, why does Ossian sing ?
Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall
raise his fame ! Roll on, ye dark-brown years ; ye bring
no joy on your course ! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for
his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to
rest. My voice remains, like a blast, that roars, lonely,
on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The
dark moss whistles there ; the distant mariner sees the
waving trees !

* Ossian is sometimes poetically called *the voice of Cona*.



FINGAL:
AN ANCIENT EPIC POEM.
IN SIX BOOKS.

Book I.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK I.

CUTHULLIN (general of the Irish tribes, in the minority of Cormac, king of Ireland) sitting alone beneath a tree, at the gate of Tura, a castle of Ulster (the other chiefs having gone on a hunting party to Cromla, a neighbouring hill), is informed of the landing of Swaran, king of Lochlin, by Moran, the son of Fithil, one of his scouts. He convenes the chiefs; a council is held, and disputes run high about giving battle to the enemy. Connal, the petty king of Togorma, and an intimate friend of Cuthullin, was for retreating, till Fingal, king of those Caledonians who inhabited the north-west coast of Scotland, whose aid had been previously solicited, should arrive; but Calmar, the son of Matha, lord of Lara, a country in Connaught, was for engaging the enemy immediately. Cuthullin, of himself willing to fight, went into the opinion of Calmar. Marching towards the enemy, he missed three of his bravest heroes, Fergus, Duchomar, and Cathba. Fergus arriving, tells Cuthullin of the death of the two other chiefs; which introduces the affecting episode of Morna, the daughter of Cormac. The army of Cuthullin is descried at a distance by Swaran, who sent the son of Arno to observe the motions of the enemy, while he himself ranged his forces in order of battle. The son of Arno returning to Swaran, describes to him Cuthullin's chariot, and the terrible appearance of that hero. The armies engage, but night coming on, leaves the victory undecided. Cuthullin, according to the hospitality of the times, sends to Swaran a formal invitation to a feast, by his bard Carril, the son of Kinfena. Swaran refuses to come. Carril relates to Cuthullin the story of Grudar and Brassolis. A party, by Connal's advice, is sent to observe the enemy: which closes the action of the first day.

FINGAL: AN ANCIENT EPIC POEM.

IN SIX BOOKS.

Book I.

CUTHULLIN* sat by Tura's wall : by the tree of the rustling sound. His spear leaned against a rock. His shield lay on grass by his side. Amid his thoughts

* Cuthullin the son of Semo and grandson to Caithbat, a druid celebrated in tradition for his wisdom and valour. Cuthullin when very young married Bragela the daughter of Sorglan, and passing over into Ireland, lived some time with Connal, grandson by a daughter to Congal the petty king of Ulster. His wisdom and valour in a short time gained him such reputation, that in the minority of Cormac the supreme king of Ireland, he was chosen guardian to the young king, and sole manager of the war against Swaran king of Lochlin. After a series of great actions he was killed in battle somewhere in Connaught, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. He was so remarkable for his strength, that to describe a strong man it has passed into a proverb, "He has the strength of Cuthullin. They show the remains of his palace at Dunscaich in the Isle of Skye ; and a stone to which he bound his dog Luath, goes still by his name.

of mighty Carbar, a hero slain by the chief in war ; the scout* of ocean comes, Moran the son of Fithil !

“ Arise,” says the youth, “ Cuthullin, arise. I see the ships of the north ! Many, chief of men, are the foe. Many the heroes of the sea-borne Swaran !” “ Moran !” replied the blue-eyed chief, “ thou ever tremblest, son of Fithil ! Thy fears have increased the foe. It is Fingal, king† of deserts, with aid to green Erin of streams.” “ I beheld their chief,” says Moran, “ tall as a glittering rock. His spear is a blasted pine. His shield the rising moon ! He sat on the shore ! like a cloud of mist on the silent hill ! Many, chief of heroes ! I said, many are our hands of war. Well art thou named, the Mighty Man ; but many mighty men are seen from Tura’s windy walls.”

“ He spoke, like a wave on a rock, who in this land appears like me ? Heroes stand not in my presence : they fall to earth from my hand. Who can meet Swaran in fight ? Who but Fingal, king of Selma of storms ? Once we wrestled on Malmor ; our heels overturned the woods. Rocks fell from their place ; rivulets, changing their

* Outhullin having previous intelligence of the invasion intended by Swaran, sent scouts all over the coast of Ullin or Ulster, to give early notice of the first appearance of the enemy, at the same time that he sent Munan the son of Stirmal to implore the assistance of Fingal. He himself collected the flower of the Irish youth to Tura, a castle on the coast, to stop the progress of the enemy till Fingal should arrive from Scotland.

† Fingal the son of Comhal and Morna the daughter of Thaddu. His grandfather was Trathal, and great grandfather Trenmor, both of whom are often mentioned in the poem.

course, fled murmuring from our side. Three days we renewed the strife ; heroes stood at a distance and trembled. On the fourth, Fingal says, that the king of the ocean fell ! but Swaran says, he stood ! Let dark Cuthullin yield to him, that is strong as the storms of his land ! ”

“ No,” replied the blue-eyed chief, “ I never yield to mortal man ! Dark Cuthullin shall be great or dead ! Go, son of Fithil, take my spear. Strike the sounding shield of Semo. It hangs at Tura’s rustling gate. The sound of peace is not its voice ! My heroes shall hear and obey.” He went. He struck the bossy shield. The hills, the rocks reply. The sound spreads along the wood : deer start by the lake of roes. Curach leaps from the sounding rock ; and Connal of the bloody spear ! Crugal’s breast of snow beats high. The son of Favi leaves the dark-brown hind. It is the shield of war, said Ronnar ! the spear of Cuthullin, said Lugar ! son of the sea put on thy arms ! Calmar lift thy sounding steel ! Puno ! dreadful hero, arise ! Cairbar from thy red tree of Cromla ! Bend thy knee, O Eth ! descend from the streams of Lenna. Ca-olt stretch thy side as thou movest along the whistling heath of Mora : thy side that is white as the foam of the troubled sea, when the dark winds pour it on rocky Cuthon.

Now I behold the chiefs, in the pride of their former deeds ! Their souls are kindled at the battles of old ; at the actions of other times. Their eyes are flames of fire. They roll in search of the foes of the land. Their mighty hands are on their swords. Lightning pours from their sides of steel. They come like streams from the

mountains ; each rushes roaring from his hill. Bright are the chiefs of battle, in the armour of their fathers. Gloomy and dark their heroes follow, like the gathering of the rainy clouds behind the red meteors of heaven. The sounds of crashing arms ascend. The grey dogs howl between. Unequal bursts the song of battle. Rocking Cromla* echoes round. On Lena's dusky heath they stand, like mist that shades the hills of autumn : when broken and dark it settles high, and lifts its head to heaven !

"Hail," said Cuthullin, "sons of the narrow vales ! hail, hunters of the deer ! Another sport is drawing near : It is like the dark rolling of that wave on the coast ! Or shall we fight, ye sons of war ! or yield green Erin to Lochlin ! O Connal† speak, thou first of men ! thou breaker of the shields ! thou hast often fought with Lochlin : wilt thou lift thy father's spear ?"

"Cuthullin !" calm the chief replied, "the spear of Connal is keen. It delights to shine in battle ; to mix with the blood of thousands. But though my hand is bent on fight, my heart is for the peace of Erin.‡ Behold, thou first in Cormac's war, the sable fleet of Swaran. His masts are many on our coast, like reeds in the lake

* A hill on the coast of Ulster.—M. Now the Cave Hill, near Belfast.—C.

† Connal, the friend of Cuthullin, was the son of Caith-bait prince of the Tongorma, or the *island of blue waves*. For his services in the war against Swaran he had lands conferred on him, which, from his name, were called Tir-chonnuil or Tir-connel—*i.e.*, the land of Connal.

‡ Erin, a name of Ireland ; from *ear* or *iar* West, and *in* an island.

of Lego. His ships are forests clothed with mist, when the trees yield by turns to the squally wind. Many are his chiefs in battle. Connal is for peace ! Fingal would shun his arm the first of mortal men ! Fingal, who scatters the mighty, as stormy winds the heath ; when streams roar through echoing Cona : and night settles with all her clouds on the hill !

“Fly, thou man of peace,” said Calmar, “fly,” said the son of Matha ; “go, Connal, to thy silent hills, where the spear never brightens in war ! Pursue the dark-brown deer of Cromla : stop with thine arrows the bounding roes of Lena. But, blue-eyed son of Semo, Cuthullin, ruler of the field, scatter thou the sons of Lochlin !* roar through the ranks of their pride. Let no vessel of the kingdom of Snow bound on the dark-rolling waves of Inistore.† Rise, ye dark winds of Erin rise ! roar whirlwinds of Lara of hinds ! Amid the tempest let me die, torn, in a cloud, by angry ghosts of men ; amid the tempest let Calmar die, if ever chase was sport to him, so much as the battle of shields !”

“Calmar !” Connal slow replied, “I never fled, young son of Matha ! I was swift with my friends in fight ; but small is the fame of Connal ! The battle was won in my presence ; the valiant overcame ! But, son of Semo, hear my voice, regard the ancient throne of Cormac. Give wealth and half the land for peace, till Fingal shall arrive on our coast. Or, if war be thy choice, I lift the sword and spear. My joy shall be in the midst of

* The Galic name of Scandinavia in general.

† The Orkney islands.

thousands ; my soul shall lighten through the gloom of the fight ! ”

“ To me,” Cuthullin replies, “ pleasant is the noise of arms ! pleasant as the thunder of heaven, before the shower of spring ! But gather all the shining tribes, that I may view the sons of war ! Let them pass along the heath, bright as the sunshine before a storm ; when the west wind collects the clouds, and Morven echoes over all her oaks ! But where are my friends in battle ? The supporters of my arm in danger ? Where art thou, white-bosomed Câthba ? Where is that cloud in war, Duchômar ? Hast thou left me, O Fergus ! in the day of the storm ? Fergus, first in our joy at the feast ! son of Rossa ! arm of death ! comest thou like a roe from Malmor ? Like a hart from thy echoing hills ? Hail, thou son of Rossa ! what shades the soul of war ? ”

“ Four stones,” replied the chief, “ rise on the grave of Câthba. These hands have laid in earth Duchômar, that cloud in war ! Câthba, son of Torman ! thou wert a sunbeam in Erin. And thou, O valiant Duchômar ! a mist of the marshy Lano ; when it moves on the plains of autumn, bearing the death of thousands along. Morna ! fairest of maids ! calm is thy sleep in the cave of the rock ! Thou hast fallen in darkness, like a star, that shoots across the desert ; when the traveller is alone, and mourns the transient beam ! ”

“ Say,” said Semo’s blue-eyed son, “ say how fell the chiefs of Erin ? Fell they by the sons of Lochlin, striving in the battle of heroes ? Or what confines the strong in arms to the dark and narrow house ? ”

“Câthba,” replied the hero, “fell by the sword of Duchômar at the oak of the noisy streams. Duchômar came to Tura’s cave; he spoke to the lovely Morna. Morna, fairest among women, lovely daughter of strong-armed Cormac! Why in the circle of stones? in the cave of the rock alone? The stream murmurs along. The old tree groans in the wind. The lake is troubled before thee; dark are the clouds of the sky! But thou art snow on the heath; thy hair is the mist of Cromla; when it curls on the hill; when it shines to the beam of the west! Thy breasts are two smooth rocks seen from Branno of streams. Thy arms, like two white pillars, in the halls of the great Fingal.”

“From whence,” the fair-haired maid replied, “from whence, Duchômar, most gloomy of men? Dark are thy brows and terrible! Red are thy rolling eyes! Does Swaran appear on the sea? What of the foe, Duchômar?” “From the hill I return, O Morna, from the hill of the dark-brown hinds. Three have I slain with my bended yew. Three with my long-bounding dogs of the chase. Lovely daughter of Cormac, I love thee as my soul! I have slain one stately deer for thee. High was his branchy head; and fleet his feet of wind.” “Duchômar!” calm the maid replied, “I love thee not, thou gloomy man! hard is thy heart of rock; dark is thy terrible brow. But Câthba, young son of Torman, thou art the love of Morna. Thou art a sunbeam, in the day of the gloomy storm. Sawest thou the son of Torman, lovely on the hill of his hinds? Here the daughter of Cormac waits the coming of Câthba!”

“Long shall Morna wait,” Duchômar said, “long shall Morna wait for Câthba! Behold this sword unsheathed! Here wanders the blood of Câthba. Long shall Morna wait. He fell by the stream of Branno! On Croma I will raise his tomb, daughter of blue-shielded Cormac! Turn on Duchômar thine eyes; his arm is strong as a storm.” “Is the son of Torman fallen?” said the wildly-bursting voice of the maid. “Is he fallen on his echoing hills, the youth with the breast of snow? The first in the chase of hinds? The foe of the strangers of ocean? Thou art dark* to me, Duchômar, cruel is thine arm to Morna! Give me that sword, my foe! I love the wandering blood of Câthba!”

He gave the sword to her tears. She pierced his manly breast! He fell, like the bank of a mountain-stream, and stretching forth his hand, he spoke: “Daughter of blue-shielded Cormac! Thou hast slain me in youth! The sword is cold in my breast: Morna, I feel it cold. Give me to Moina the maid. Duchômar was the dream of her night! She will raise my tomb; the hunter shall raise my fame. But draw the sword from my breast. Morna, the steel is cold!” She came, in all her tears, she came; she drew the sword from his breast. He pierced her white side! He spread her fair locks on the ground! Her bursting blood sounds from her side: her white arm is stained with red. Rolling in death she lay. The cave re-echoed to her sighs.

“Peace,” said Cuthullin, “to the souls of the heroes! their deeds were great in fight. Let them ride around

* She alludes to his name, *the dark man*.

me on clouds. Let them shew their features of war. My soul shall then be firm in danger ; mine arm like the thunder of heaven ! But be thou on a moonbeam, O Morna ! near the window of my rest ; when my thoughts are of peace ; when the din of arms is past. Gather the strength of the tribes ! Move to the wars of Erin ! Attend the car of my battles ! Rejoice in the noise of my course ! Place three spears by my side : follow the bounding of my steeds ! That my soul may be strong in my friends, when battle darkens round the beams of my steel !”

As rushes a stream of foam from the dark shady deep of Cromla ; when the thunder is travelling above, and dark-brown night sits on half the hill. Through the breaches of the tempest look forth the dim faces of ghosts. So fierce, so vast, so terrible rushed on the sons of Erin. The chief like a whale of ocean, whom all his billows pursue, poured valour forth, as a stream, rolling his might along the shore. The sons of Lochlin heard the noise, as the sound of a winter-storm. Swaran struck his bossy shield : he called the son of Arno, “ What murmur rolls along the hill, like the gathering flies of the eve ? The sons of Erin descend, or rustling winds roar in the distant wood ! Such is the noise of Gormal, before the white tops of my waves arise. O son of Arno ascend the hill ; view the dark face of the heath ! ”

He went. He, trembling, swift returned. His eyes rolled wildly round. His heart beat high against his side. His words were faltering, broken, slow. “ Arise, son of ocean, arise, chief of the dark-brown shields ! I see the dark, the mountain-stream of battle ! The deep-

moving strength of the sons of Erin ! The car, the car of war comes on, like the flame of death ! the rapid car of Cuthullin, the noble son of Semo ! It bends behind like a wave near a rock ; like the sun-streaked mist of the heath. Its sides are embossed with stones, and sparkle like the sea round the boat of night. Of polished yew is its beam ; its seat of the smoothest bone. The sides are replenished with spears ; the bottom is the footstool of heroes ! Before the right side of the car is seen the snorting horse ! The high-maned, broad breasted, proud, wide-leaping, strong steed of the hill. Loud and resounding is his hoof ; the spreading of his mane above is like a stream of smoke on a ridge of rocks. Bright are the sides of the steed ! his name is Sulin-Sifadda !

“ Before the left side of the car is seen the snorting horse ! The thin-maned, high-headed, strong-hoofed, fleet, bounding son of the hill : his name is Dusronnal, among the stormy sons of the sword ! A thousand thongs bind the car on high. Hard polished bits shine in a wreath of foam. Thin thongs, bright studded with gems, bend on the stately necks of the steeds. The steeds that like wreaths of mists fly over the streamy vales ! The wildness of deer is in their course, the strength of eagles descending on their prey. Their noise is like the blast of winter, on the sides of the snow-headed Gormal.

“ Within the car is seen the chief ; the strong-armed son of the sword. The hero's name is Cuthullin, son of Semo, king of shells. His red cheek is like my polished

yew. The look of his blue-rolling eye is wide, beneath the dark arch of his brow. His hair flies from his head like a flame, as bending forward he wields the spear. Fly, king of ocean, fly! He comes, like a storm, along the streamy vale!"

"When did I fly?" replied the king. "When fled Swaran from the battle of spears? When did I shrink from danger, chief of the little soul? I met the storm of Gormal, when the foam of my waves beat high. I met the storm of the clouds; shall Swaran fly from a hero? Were Fingal himself before me, my soul should not darken with fear. Arise to battle, my thousands! pour round me like the echoing main. Gather round the bright steel of your king; strong as the rocks of my land; that meet the storm with joy, and stretch their dark pines to the wind!"

Like autumn's dark storms, pouring from two echoing hills, towards each other approached the heroes. Like two deep streams from high rocks meeting, mixing, roaring on the plain; loud, rough and dark in battle meet Lochlin and Innis-fail. Chief mixes his strokes with chief, and man with man; steel, clanging, sounds on steel. Helmets are cleft on high. Blood bursts and smokes around. Strings murmur on the polished yews. Darts rush along the sky. Spears fall like the circles of light, which gild the face of night. As the noise of the troubled ocean, when roll the waves on high. As the last peal of thunder in heaven, such is the din of war! Though Cormac's hundred bards were there to give the fight to song; feeble was the voice of a hundred bards to

send the deaths to future times ! For many were the deaths of heroes ; wide poured the blood of the brave !

Mourn, ye sons of song, mourn the death of the noble Sithallin. Let the sighs of Fiōna rise, on the lone plains of her lovely Ardan. They fell, like two hinds of the desert, by the hands of the mighty Swaran ; when, in the midst of thousands, he roared ; like the shrill spirit of a storm. He sits dim, on the clouds of the north, and enjoys the death of the mariner. Nor slept thy hand by thy side, chief of the isle of mist !* many were the deaths of thine arm, Cuthullin, thou son of Semo ! His sword was like the beam of heaven when it pierces the sons of the vale ; when the people are blasted and fall, and all the hills are burning around. Dusronnal snorted over the bodies of heroes. Sifadda bathed his hoof in blood. The battle lay behind them, as groves overturned on the desert of Cromla ; when the blast has passed the heath, laden with the spirits of night !

Weep on the rocks of roaring winds, O maid of Inistore ! Bend thy fair head over the waves, thou lovelier than the ghost of the hills ; when it moves, in a sunbeam, at noon, over the silence of Morven ! He is fallen ! thy youth is low ! pale beneath the sword of Cuthullin ! No more shall valour raise thy love to match the blood of kings. Trenar, graceful Trenar died, O maid of Inistore ! His grey dogs are howling at home ! they see his passing ghost. His bow is in the hall unstrung. No sound is in the hill of his hinds !

* The Isle of Sky.

As roll a thousand waves to the rocks, so Swaran's host came on. As meets a rock a thousand waves, so Erin met Swaran of spears. Death raises all his voices around, and mixes with the sounds of shields. Each hero is a pillar of darkness; the sword a beam of fire in his hand. The field echoes from wing to wing, as a hundred hammers that rise, by turns, on the red son of the furnace. Who are these on Lená's heath, these so gloomy and dark? Who are these like two clouds and their swords like lightning above them? The little hills are troubled around; the rocks tremble with all their moss. Who is it but Ocean's son and the car-borne chief of Erin? Many are the anxious eyes of their friends, as they see them dim on the heath. But night conceals the chiefs in clouds, and ends the dreadful fight!

It was on Cromla's shaggy side that Dorglas had placed the deer; the early fortune of the chase, before the heroes left the hill. A hundred youths collect the heath; ten warriors wake the fire; three hundred choose the polish'd stones. The feast is smoking wide! Cuthullin, chief of Erin's war, resumed his mighty soul. He stood upon his beamy spear, and spoke to the son of songs; to Carril of other times, the grey-haired son of Kinfena. "Is this feast spread for me alone and the king of Lochlin on Erin's shore; far from the deer of his hills, and sounding halls of his feasts? Rise, Carril of other times; carry my words to Swaran. Tell him from the roaring of waters, that Cuthullin gives his feast. Here let him listen to the sound of my groves, amidst

the clouds of night. For cold and bleak the blustering winds rush over the foam of his seas. Here let him praise the trembling harp, and hear the songs of heroes !”

Old Carril went, with softest voice. He called the king of dark-brown shields ! “Rise from the skins of thy chase, rise, Swaran king of groves ! Cuthullin gives the joy of shells. Partake the feast of Erin’s blue-eyed chief !” He answered like the sullen sound of Cromla before a storm. “Though all thy daughters, Inis-fail ! should stretch their arms of snow ; should raise the heavings of their breasts, and softly roll their eyes of love ; yet, fixed as Lochlin’s thousand rocks, here Swaran should remain ; till morn, with the young beams of the east, shall light me to the death of Cuthullin. Pleasant to my ear is Lochlin’s wind ! It rushes over my seas ! It speaks aloft in all my shrouds, and brings my green forests to my mind : The green forests of Gormal, which often echoed to my winds, when my spear was red in the chase of the boar. Let dark Cuthullin yield to me the ancient throne of Cormac ; or Erin’s torrents shall show from their hills the red foam of the blood of his pride !”

“Sad is the sound of Swaran’s voice,”* said Carril of other times ! “Sad to himself alone,” said the blue-eyed son of Semo. “But, Carril, raise the voice on high ; tell the deeds of other times. Send thou the night away in song ; and give the joy of grief. For many heroes and maids of love, have moved on Inis-fail : And lovely are the songs of woe that are heard in

* Carril has now returned to Cuthullin.—E.T.

Albion's rocks ; when the noise of the chase is past, and the streams of Cona answer to the voice of Ossian."*

"In other days," Carril replies, "came the sons of Ocean to Erin ! a thousand vessels bounded on waves to Ullin's lovely plains. The sons of Inis-fail arose, to meet the race of dark-brown shields. Cairbar, first of men, was there, and Grudar, stately youth ! Long had they strove for the spotted bull, that lowed on Golbun's echoing heath. Each claimed him as his own. Death was often at the point of their steel ! Side by side the heroes fought ; the strangers of Ocean fled. Whose name was fairer on the hill, than the name of Cairbar and Grudar ! But ah ! why ever lowed the bull, on Golbun's echoing heath. They saw him leaping like snow. The wrath of the chiefs returned !

"On Lubar's† grassy banks they fought ; Grudar fell in his blood. Fierce Cairbar came to the vale, where Brassolis, fairest of his sisters, all alone, raised the song of grief. She sung of the actions of Grudar, the youth of her secret soul ! She mourned him in the field of blood ; but still she hoped for his return. Her white bosom is seen from her robe, as the moon from the clouds of night, when its edge heaves white on the view, from the darkness which covers its orb. Her voice was softer than the harp to raise the song of grief. Her soul was fixed on

* The Cona here mentioned is that small river that runs through Glenco in Argyleshire. One of the hills which environ that romantic valley is still called Scornafena, or the hill of Fingal's people.

† Lubar, a river in Ulster. *Labhar*, loud, noisy.

Grudar. The secret look of her eye was his. 'When shalt thou come in thine arms, thou mighty in the war?'

"'Take, Brassolis,' Cairbar came and said, 'take, Brassolis, this shield of blood. Fix it on high within my hall, the armour of my foe!' Her soft heart beat against her side. Distracted, pale, she flew. She found her youth in all his blood; she died on Cromla's heath. Here rests their dust, Cuthullin! these lonely yews sprung from their tombs, and shade them from the storm. Fair was Brassolis on the plain! Stately was Grudar on the hill! The bard shall preserve their names, and send them down to future times!"*

"Pleasant is thy voice, O Carril," said the blue-eyed chief of Erin. "Pleasant are the words of other times! They are like the calm shower of spring; when the sun looks on the field, and the light cloud flies over the hills. O strike the harp in praise of my love, the lonely sunbeam of Dunscaith! Strike the harp in the praise of Bragéla; she that I left in the Isle of Mist, the spouse of Semo's son! Dost thou raise thy fair face from the rock to find the sails of Cuthullin? The sea is rolling distant far; its white foam deceives thee for my sails. Retire, for it is night, my love; the dark winds sing in thy hair.

* This episode is introduced with propriety. Calmar and Connal, two of the Irish heroes, had disputed warmly before the battle about engaging the enemy. Carril endeavours to reconcile them with the story of Cairbar and Grudar; who, though enemies before, fought *side by side* in the war. The poet obtained his aim, for we find Calmar and Connal perfectly reconciled in the third book.

Retire to the halls of my feasts ; think of the times that are past. I will not return till the storm of war is ceased. O Connal ! speak of war and arms, and send her from my mind. Lovely with her flowing hair is the white-bosomed daughter of Sorglan."

Connal, slow to speak, replied, "Guard against the race of Ocean. Send thy troop of night abroad, and watch the strength of Swaran. Cuthullin ! I am for peace till the race of Selma come ; till Fingal come, the first of men, and beam, like the sun, on our fields !" The hero struck the shield of alarms, the warriors of the night moved on ! The rest lay in the heath of the deer, and slept beneath the dusky wind. The ghosts* of the lately dead were near, and swam on the gloomy clouds : And far distant, in the dark silence of Lena, the feeble voices of death were faintly heard.

* It was long the opinion of the ancient Scots that a ghost was heard shrieking near the place where a death was to happen soon after.

Book II.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK II.

THE ghost of Crugal, one of the Irish heroes who was killed in battle, appearing to Connal, foretells the defeat of Cuthullin in the next battle; and earnestly advises him to make peace with Swaran. Connal communicates the vision; but Cuthullin is inflexible; from a principle of honour he would not be the first to sue for peace, and he resolved to continue the war. Morning comes; Swaran proposes dishonourable terms to Cuthullin, which are rejected. The battle begins, and is obstinately fought for some time, until, upon the flight of Grumal, the whole Irish army give way. Cuthullin and Connal cover their retreat; Carril leads them to a neighbouring hill, whither they are soon followed by Cuthullin himself, who descries the fleet of Fingal making towards the coast; but, night coming on, he lost sight of it again. Cuthullin, dejected after his defeat, attributes his ill success to the death of Ferda his friend, whom he had killed some time before. Carril, to shew that ill success did not always attend those who innocently killed their friends, introduces the episode of Comal and Galvina.

BOOK II.

CONNAL lay by the sound of the mountain stream, beneath the aged tree. A stone, with its moss, supported his head. Shrill through the heath of Lena he heard the voice of night. At distance from the heroes he lay ; the son of the sword feared no foe ! The hero beheld, in his rest, a dark-red stream of fire rushing down from the hill. Crugal sat upon the beam, a chief who fell in fight. He fell by the hand of Swaran, striving in the battle of heroes. His face is like the beam of the setting moon. His robes are of the clouds of the hill. His eyes are two decaying flames. Dark is the wound of his breast ! “ Crugal,” said the mighty Connal, son of Dedgal famed on the hill of hinds ! “ Why so pale and sad, thou breaker of the shields ? Thou hast never been pale for fear ! What disturbs the departed Crugal ? ” Dim, and in tears, he stood and stretched his pale hand over the hero. Faintly he raised his feeble voice, like the gale of the reedy Lego !

“ My spirit, Connal, is on my hills : my corse on the sands of Erin.* Thou shalt never talk with Crugal, nor find his lone steps in the heath. I am light as the blast

* From this Campbell infers that Cuthullin attacked Swaran immediately he landed on the beach—a fine sandy one—of Belfast Lough.—E.-T.

of Cromla. I move like the shadow of mist ! Connal, son of Colgar, I see a cloud of death : it hovers dark over the plains of Lena. The sons of green Erin must fall. Remove from the field of ghosts." Like the darkened moon he retired, in the midst of the whistling blast. "Stay," said the mighty Connal, "stay, my dark-red friend. Lay by that beam of heaven, son of the windy Cromla ! What cave is thy lonely house ? What green-headed hill the place of thy repose ? Shall we not hear thee in the storm ? In the noise of the mountain-stream ? When the feeble sons of the wind come forth, and scarcely seen, pass over the desert ?"

The soft-voiced Connal rose, in the midst of his sounding arms. He struck his shield above Cuthullin. The son of battle waked. "Why," said the ruler of the car, "comes Connal through my night ? My spear might turn against the sound ; and Cuthullin mourn the death of his friend. Speak, Connal ; son of Colgar, speak, thy counsel is the sun of heaven !" "Son of Semo !" replied the chief, "the ghost of Crugal came from his cave. The stars dim-twinkled through his form. His voice was like the sound of a distant stream. He is a messenger of death ! He speaks of the dark and narrow house ! Sue for peace, O chief of Erin ! or fly over the heath of Lena."

"He spoke to Connal," replied the hero, "though stars dim-twinkled through his form ! Son of Colgar, it was the wind that murmured across thy ear. Or if it was the form of Crugal, why didst thou not force him to my fight ? Hast thou inquired where is his cave ? The

house of that son of wind? My sword might find that voice, and force his knowledge from Crugal. But small is his knowledge, Connal; he was here to-day. He could not have gone beyond our hills! who could tell him there of our fall?" "Ghosts fly on clouds, and ride on winds," said Connal's voice of wisdom. "They rest together in their caves, and talk of mortal men."

"Then let them talk of mortal men; of every man but Erin's chief. Let me be forgot in their cave. I will not fly from Swaran! If fall I must, my tomb shall rise, amidst the fame of future times. The hunter shall shed a tear on my stone; sorrow shall dwell round the high-bosomed Bragéla. I fear not death, to fly I fear! Fingal has seen me victorious! Thou dim phantom of the hill, shew thyself to me! come on thy beam of heaven, shew me my death in thine hand; yet I will not fly, thou feeble son of the wind! Go, son of Colgar, strike the shield. It hangs between the spears. Let my warriors rise to the sound, in the midst of the battles of Erin. Though Fingal delays his coming with the race of his stormy isles; we shall fight, O Colgar's son, and die in the battle of heroes!"

The sound spreads wide. The heroes rise, like the breaking of a blue-rolling wave. They stood on the heath, like oaks with all their branches round them; when they echo to the stream of frost, and their withered leaves are rustling to the wind! High Cromla's head of clouds is grey. Morning trembles on the half-enlightened ocean. The blue mist swims slowly by, and hides the sons of Inis-fail!

“Rise ye,” said the king of the dark-brown shields, “ye that came from Lochlin’s waves. The sons of Erin have fled from our arms ; pursue them over the plains of Lena ! Morla, go to Cormac’s hall. Bid them yield to Swaran ; before his people sink to the tomb ; and silence spread over his isle.” They rose rustling like a flock of sea-fowl, when the waves expel them from the shore. Their sound was like a thousand streams that meet in Cona’s vale, when, after a stormy night, they turn their dark eddies beneath the pale light of the morn.

As the dark shades of autumn fly over hills of grass : so gloomy, dark, successive came the chiefs of Lochlin’s echoing woods. Tall as the stag of Morven, moved stately before them the king. His shining shield is on his side, like a flame on the heath at night ; when the world is silent and dark, and the traveller sees some ghost sporting in the beam ! Dimly gleam the hills around, and shew indistinctly their oaks ! A blast from the troubled ocean removed the settled mist. The sons of Erin appear, like a ridge of rocks on the coast ; when mariners, on shores unknown, are trembling at veering winds !

“Go, Morla, go,” said the king of Lochlin, “offer peace to these ! Offer the terms we give to kings, when nations bow down to our swords. When the valiant are dead in war ; when virgins weep on the field !” Tall Morla came, the son of Swarth, and stately strode the youth along ! He spoke to Erin’s blue-eyed chief, among the lesser heroes. “Take Swaran’s peace,” the warrior spoke, “the peace he gives to kings, when

nations bow to his sword. Leave Erin's streamy plains to us, and give thy spouse and dog. Thy spouse high-bosom'd, heaving fair ! Thy dog that overtakes the wind ! Give these to prove the weakness of thine arm ; live then beneath our power ! ”

“ Tell Swaran, tell that heart of pride, Cuthullin never yields. I give him the dark-rolling sea ; I give his people graves in Erin. But never shall a stranger have the pleasing sunbeam of my love. No deer shall fly on Lochlin's hills, before swift-footed Luäth.” “ Vain ruler of the car,” said Morla, “ wilt thou then fight the king ? The king whose ships of many groves could carry off thine isle ? So little is thy green-hilled Erin to him who rules the stormy waves ! ” “ In words I yield to many, Morla. My sword shall yield to none. Erin shall own the sway of Cormac, while Connal and Cuthullin live ! O Connal, first of mighty men, thou hear'st the words of Morla. Shall thy thoughts then be of peace, thou breaker of the shields ? Spirit of fallen Crugal ! why didst thou threaten us with death ? The narrow house shall receive me, in the midst of the light of renown. Exalt, ye sons of Erin, exalt the spear and bend the bow : rush on the foe in darkness, as the spirits of stormy nights ! ”

Then dismal, roaring, fierce, and deep the gloom of battle poured along ; as mist that is rolled on a valley, when storms invade the silent sunshine of heaven ! Cuthullin moves before in arms, like an angry ghost before a cloud ; when meteors inclose him with fire ; when the dark winds are in his hand. Carril, far on the

heath, bids the horn of battle sound. He raises the voice of song, and pours his soul into the minds of the brave.

“Where,” said the mouth of the song, “where is the fallen Crugal? He lies forgot on earth; the hall of shells* is silent. Sad is the spouse of Crugal! She is a strangert† in the hall of her grief. But who is she, that, like a sunbeam, flies before the ranks of the foe? It is Degrena, lovely fair, the spouse of fallen Crugal. Her hair is on the wind behind. Her eye is red; her voice is shrill. Pale, empty is thy Crugal now! His form is in the cave of the hill. He comes to the ear of rest; he raises his feeble voice; like the humming of the mountain-bee; like the collected flies of the eve! But Degrena falls like a cloud of the morn; the sword of Lochlin is in her side. Cairbar, she is fallen, the rising thought of thy youth. She is fallen, O Cairbar, the thought of thy youthful hours!”

Fierce Cairbar heard the mournful sound. He rushed along like ocean’s whale. He saw the death of his daughter: He roared in the midst of thousands. His spear met a son of Lochlin! battle spreads from wing to wing! As a hundred winds in Lochlin’s groves; as fire in the pines of a hundred hills; so loud, so ruinous, so vast the ranks of men are hewn down. Cuthullin cut off heroes like thistle; Swaran wasted Erin. Curach

* The ancient Scots, as well as the present Highlanders, drunk in shells; hence it is that we so often meet, in the old poetry, with *the chief of shells*, and *the halls of shells*.

† Crugal had married Degrena but a little time before the battle.

fell by his hand, Cairbar of the bossy shield !
Morglan dies in lasting rest ! Ca-olt trembles as he dies !
His white breast is stained with blood ; his yellow hair
stretched in the dust of his native land ! He often had
spread the feast where he fell. He often there had
raised the voice of the harp : when his dogs leaped
around for joy ; and the youths of the chase prepared the
bow !

Still Swaran advanced, as a stream, that bursts from
the desert. The little hills are rolled in its course ; the
rocks are half-sunk by its side ! But Cuthullin stood
before him, like a hill, that catches the clouds of heaven.
The winds contend on its head of pines ; the hail rattles
on its rocks. But, firm in its strength, it stands and
shades the silent vale of Cona ! So Cuthullin shaded the
sons of Erin, and stood in the midst of thousands. Blood
rises like the fount of a rock, from panting heroes around.
But Erin falls on either wing, like snow in the day of the
sun.

“ O sons of Erin,” said Grumal, “ Lochlin conquers on
the field. Why strive we as reeds against the wind ?
Fly to the hill of dark-brown hinds.” He fled like the
stag of Morven ; his spear is a trembling beam of light
behind him. Few fled with Grumal, chief of the little
soul : they fell in the battle of heroes, on Lena’s echoing
heath. High on his car, of many gems, the chief of
Erin stood. He slew a mighty son of Lochlin, and
spoke, in haste, to Connal. “ O Connal, first of mortal
men, thou hast taught this arm of death ! Though Erin’s
sons have fled, shall we not fight the foe ? Carril, son of

other times, carry my friends to that bushy hill. Here, Connal, let us stand, like rocks, and save our flying friends."

Connal mounts the car of gems. They stretch their shields, like the darkened moon, the daughter of the starry skies, when she moves, a dun circle through heaven; and dreadful change is expected by men. Sithfadda panted up the hill, and Sronnal haughty steed. Like waves behind a whale behind them rushed the foe. Now on the rising side of Cromla stood Erin's few sad sons; like a grove through which the flame had rushed, hurried on by the winds of the stormy night; distant, withered, dark they stand, with not a leaf to shake in the gale.

Cuthullin stood beside an oak. He rolled his red eye in silence, and heard the wind in his bushy hair; the scout of ocean came, Moran the son of Fithil. "The ships," he cried, "the ships of the lonely isles. Fingal comes, the first of men, the breaker of the shields! The waves foam before his black prows! His masts with sails are like groves in clouds!" "Blow," said Cuthullin, "blow ye winds that rush along my isle of mist. Come to the death of thousands, O king of resounding Selma! Thy sails, my friend, are to me the clouds of the morning; thy ships the light of heaven; and thou thyself a pillar of fire that beams on the world by night. O Connal, first of men, how pleasing, in grief, are our friends! But the night is gathering around! Where now are the ships of Fingal? Here let us pass the hours of darkness; here wish for the moon of heaven."

The winds come down on the woods. The torrents rush from the rocks. Rain gathers round the head of Cromla. The red stars tremble between the flying clouds. Sad, by the side of a stream whose sound is echoed by a tree, sad by the side of a stream the chief of Erin sits. Connal son of Colgar is there, and Carril of other times. "Unhappy is the hand of Cuthullin," said the son o Semo, "unhappy is the hand of Cuthullin, since he slew his friend ! Ferda, son of Damman, I loved thee as myself !"

"How, Cuthullin, son of Semo ! how fell the breaker of the shields ? Well I remember," said Connal, "the son of the noble Damman. Tall and fair he was like the rainbow of heaven." Ferda, from Albion came, the chief of a hundred hills. In Muri's * hall he learned the sword, and won the friendship of Cuthullin. We moved to the chase together : one was our bed in the heath !

Deugala was the spouse of Cairbar, chief of the plains of Ullin. She was covered with the light of beauty, but her heart was the house of pride. She loved that sun-beam of youth, the son of noble Damman. "Cairbar," said the white-armed Deugala, "give me half of the herd. No more I will remain in your halls. Divide the herd, dark Cairbar !" "Let Cuthullin," said Cairbar, "divide my herd on the hill. His breast is the seat of justice. Depart, thou light of beauty !" I went and divided the herd. One snow-white bull remained. I gave that bull to Cairbar. The wrath of Deugala rose !

"Son of Damman," begun the fair, "Cuthullin hath

* A place in Ulster.

pained my soul. I must hear of his death, or Lubar's stream shall roll over me. My pale ghost shall wander near thee, and mourn the wound of my pride. Pour out the blood of Cuthullin, or pierce this heaving breast." "Deugala," said the fair-haired youth, "how shall I slay the son of Semo? He is the friend of my secret thoughts. Shall I then lift the sword?" She wept three days before the chief, on the fourth he said he would fight. "I will fight my friend, Deugala! but may I fall by his sword! Could I wander on the hill alone? Could I behold the grave of Cuthullin?" We fought on the plain of Muri. Our swords avoid a wound. They slide on the helmets of steel; or sound on the slippery shields. Deugala was near with a smile, and said to the son of Damman: "Thine arm is feeble, sunbeam of youth! Thine years are not strong for steel. Yield to the son of Semo. He is a rock on Malmor."

The tear is in the eye of youth. He faltering said to me: "Cuthullin, raise thy bossy shield. Defend thee from the hand of thy friend. My soul is laden with grief: for I must slay the chief of men!" I sighed as the wind in the cleft of a rock. I lifted high the edge of my steel. The sunbeam of battle fell: the first of Cuthullin's friends! Unhappy is the hand of Cuthullin since the hero fell!

"Mournful is thy tale, son of the car," said Carril of other times. "It sends my soul back to the ages of old, to the days of other years. Often have I heard of Comal, who slew the friend he loved; yet victory attended his steel: the battle was consumed in his presence!"

Comal was a son of Albion ; the chief of an hundred hills ! His deer drunk of a thousand streams. A thousand rocks replied to the voice of his dogs. His face was the mildness of youth. His hand the death of heroes. One was his love, and fair was she ! the daughter of mighty Conloch. She appeared like a sunbeam among women. Her hair was the wing of the raven. Her dogs were taught to the chase. Her bowstring sounded on the winds. Her soul was fixed on Comal. Often met their eyes of love. Their course in the chase was one. Happy were their words in secret. But Grumal loved the maid, the dark chief of the gloomy Ardven. He watched her lone steps in the heath ; the foe of unhappy Comal !

One day, tired of the chase, when the mist had concealed their friends, Comal and the daughter of Conloch met, in the cave of Ronan. It was the wonted haunt of Comal. Its sides were hung with his arms. A hundred shields of thongs were there ; a hundred helms of sounding steel. " Rest here," he said, " my love, Galbina : thou light of the cave of Ronan ! A deer appears on Mora's brow. I go ; but I will soon return." " I fear," she said, " dark Grumal my foe : he haunts the cave of Ronan ! I will rest among the arms ; but soon return, my love."

He went to the deer of Mora. The daughter of Conloch would try his love. She clothed her fair sides with his armour ; she strode from the cave of Ronan ! He thought it was his foe. His heart beat high. His colour changed, and darkness dimmed his eyes. He

drew the bow. The arrow flew. Galbina fell in blood ! He ran with wildness in his steps : he called the daughter of Conloch. No answer in the lonely rock. Where art thou, O my love ? He saw, at length, her heaving heart, beating around the arrow he threw. “ O Conloch’s daughter, is it thou ? ” He sunk upon her breast ! The hunters found the hapless pair ; he afterwards walked the hill. But many and silent were his steps round the dark dwelling of his love. The fleet of the ocean came. He fought, the strangers fled. He searched for death along the field. But who could slay the mighty Comal ! He threw away his dark-brown shield. An arrow found his manly breast. He sleeps with his loved Galbina at the noise of the sounding surge ! Their green tombs are seen by the mariner, when he bounds on the waves of the north.

Book III.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK III.

CUTHULLIN, pleased with the story of Carril, insists with that bard for more of his songs. He relates the actions of Fingal in Lochlin, and death of Agandecca the beautiful sister of Swaran. He had scarce finished when Calmar the son of Matha, who had advised the first battle, came wounded from the field, and told them of Swaran's design to surprise the remains of the Irish army. He himself proposes to withstand singly the whole force of the enemy, in a narrow pass, till the Irish should make good their retreat. Cuthullin, touched with the gallant proposal of Calmar, resolves to accompany him, and orders Carril to carry off the few that remained of the Irish. Morning comes, Calmar dies of his wounds; and, the ships of the Caledonians appearing, Swaran gives over the pursuit of the Irish, and returns to oppose Fingal's landing. Cuthullin ashamed, after his defeat, to appear before Fingal, retires to the cave of Tura. Fingal engages the enemy, puts them to flight; but the coming on of night makes the victory not decisive. The king, who had observed the gallant behaviour of his grandson Oscar, gives him advices concerning his conduct in peace and war. He recommends him to place the example of his fathers before his eyes, as the best model for his conduct; which introduces the episode concerning Fainasollis, the daughter of the king of Craca, whom Fingal had taken under his protection, in his youth. Fillan and Oscar are dispatched to observe the motions of the enemy by night; Gaul the son of Morni desires the command of the army, in the next battle; which Fingal promises to give him. Some general reflections of the poet close the third day.

BOOK III.

“PLEASANT are the words of the song,” said Cuthullin ! “lovely the tales of other times ! They are like the calm dew of the morning on the hill of roes ; when the sun is faint on its side, and the lake is settled and blue in the vale. O Carril, raise again thy voice ! let me hear the song of Selma : which was sung in my halls of joy, when Fingal king of shields was there, and glowed at the deeds of his fathers.”

“Fingal ! thou dweller of battle,” said Carril, “early were thy deeds in arms. Lochlin was consumed in thy wrath, when thy youth strove with the beauty of maids. They smiled at the fair-blooming face of the hero ; but death was in his hands. He was strong as the waters of Lora. His followers were the roar of a thousand streams. They took the king of Lochlin in war ; they restored him to his ships. His big heart swelled with pride ; the death of the youth was dark in his soul. For none ever, but Fingal, had overcome the strength of the mighty Starno. He sat in the hall of his shells in Lochlin’s woody land. He called the grey-haired Snivan, that often sung round the circle* of Loda :

* This passage most certainly alludes to the religion of Lochlin, and the *stone of power* here mentioned is the image of one of the deities of Scandinavia.

when the stone of power heard his voice, and battle turned in the field of the valiant !”

“Go ; grey-haired Snivan,” Starno said, “go to Ardven’s sea-surrounded rocks. Tell to the king of Selma ; he the fairest among his thousands, tell him I give him my daughter, the loveliest maid that ever heaved a breast of snow. Her arms are white as the foam of my waves. Her soul is generous and mild. Let him come with his bravest heroes, to the daughter of the secret hall !” Snivan came to Selma’s hall : Fair-haired Fingal attended his steps. His kindled soul flew to the maid, as he bounded on the waves of the north. “Welcome,” said the dark-browed Starno, “welcome, king of rocky Morven : welcome his heroes of might, sons of the distant isle ! Three days within my halls shall ye feast ; three days pursue my boars ; that your fame may reach the maid who dwells in the secret hall.”

Starno designed their death. He gave the feast of shells. Fingal, who doubted the foe, kept on his arms of steel. The sons of death were afraid : They fled from the eyes of the king. The voice of sprightly mirth arose. The trembling harps of joy were strung. Bards sung the battle of heroes : They sung the heaving breast of love. Ullin, Fingal’s bard, was there : the sweet voice of resounding Cona. He praised the daughter of Lochlin ; and Morven’s* high-descended chief. The daughter of Lochlin overheard. She left the hall of her secret sigh ! She came in all her beauty, like the moon

* Morven, (perhaps otherwise Ardven,) part of Argyle.

from the cloud of the east. Loveliness was around her as light. Her steps were the music of songs. She saw the youth and loved him. He was the stolen sigh of her soul. Her blue eye rolled on him in secret : she blest the chief of resounding Morven.

The third day, with all its beams, shone bright on the wood of boars. Forth moved the dark-browed Starno ; and Fingal, king of shields. Half the day they spent in the chase ; the spear of Selma was red in blood. It was then the daughter of Starno, with blue eyes rolling in tears ; it was then she came with her voice of love, and spoke to the king of Morven. “ Fingal, high-descended chief, trust not Starno’s heart of pride. Within that wood he has placed his chiefs. Beware of the wood of death. But, remember, son of the isle, remember Agandecca : save me from the wrath of my father, king of the windy Morven ! ”

The youth, with unconcern, went on ; his heroes by his side. The sons of death fell by his hand ; and Gormal echoed around ! Before the halls of Starno the sons of the chase convened. The king’s dark brows were like clouds. His eyes like meteors of night. “ Bring hither,” he said, “ Agandecca to her lovely king of Morven ! His hand is stained with the blood of my people ; her words have not been in vain ! ” She came with the red eye of tears. She came with loosely flowing locks. Her white breast heaved with broken sighs, like the foam* of the streamy Lubar. Starno

* A characteristic of the Six-mile Water—E.-T

pierced her side with steel. She fell, like a wreath of snow, which slides from the rocks of Ronan ; when the woods are still, and echo deepens in the vale ! Then Fingal eyed his valiant chiefs, his valiant chiefs took arms. The gloom of battle roared ; Lochlin fled or died. Pale, in his bounding ship he closed the maid of the softest soul. Her tomb ascends on Ardden ; the sea roars round her narrow dwelling.

“Blessed be her soul,” said Cuthullin ; “blessed be the mouth of the song. Strong was the youth of Fingal ; strong is his arm of age. Lochlin shall fall again before the king of echoing Morven. Shew thy face from a cloud, O moo ! light his white sails on the wave : and if any strong spirit of heaven sits on that low-hung cloud ; turn his dark ships from the rock, thou rider of the storm ! ”

Such were the words of Cuthullin at the sound of the mountain-stream ; when Calmar ascended the hill, the wounded son of Matha. From the field he came in his blood. He leaned on his bending spear. Feeble is the arm of battle ! but strong the soul of the hero ! “Welcome ! O son of Matha,” said Connal, “welcome art thou to thy friends ! Why bursts that broken sigh, from the breast of him who never feared before ? And never, Connal, will he fear, chief of the pointed steel ! My soul brightens in danger : in the noise of arms. I am of the race of battle. My fathers never feared.

“Cormar was the first of my race. He sported through the storms of waves. His black skiff bounded on ocean ; he travelled on the wings of the wind. A

spirit once embroiled the night. Seas swell, and rocks resound. Winds drive along the clouds. The lightning flies on wings of fire. He feared, and came to land : then blushed that he feared at all. He rushed again among the waves to find the son of the wind. Three youths guide the bounding bark ; he stood with sword unsheathed. When the low-hung vapour passed, he took it by the curling head. He searched its dark womb with his steel. The son of the wind forsook the air. The moon and stars returned ! Such was the boldness of my race. Calmar is like his fathers. Danger flies from the lifted sword. They best succeed who dare !

“ But now, ye sons of green Erin, retire from Lena’s bloody heath. Collect the sad remnant of our friends, and join the sword of Fingal. I heard the sound of Lochlin’s advancing arms ! Calmar will remain and fight. My voice shall be such, my friends, as if thousands were behind me. But, son of Semo, remember me. Remember Calmar’s lifeless corse. When Fingal shall have wasted the field, place me by some stone of remembrance, that future times may hear my fame ; that the mother of Calmar may rejoice in my renown.”

“ No : son of Matha,” said Cuthullin, “ I will never leave thee here. My joy is in unequal fight : my soul increases in danger. Connal, and Carril of other times, carry off the sad sons of Erin. When the battle is over, search for us in this narrow way. For near this oak we shall fall, in the stream of the battle of thousands !”

“ O Fithil’s son, with flying speed rush over the heath of Lena. Tell to Fingal that Erin is fallen. Bid the king

of Morven come. O let him come, like the sun in a storm, to lighten, to restore the isle !”

Morning is grey on Cromla. The sons of the sea ascend. Calmar stood forth to meet them in the pride of his kindling soul. But pale was the face of the chief. He leaned on his father's spear. That spear which he brought from Lara, when the soul of his mother was sad ; the soul of the lonely Alclétha, waning in the sorrow of years. But slowly now the hero falls, like a tree on the plain. Dark Cuthullin stands alone like a rock in a sandy vale. The sea comes with its waves, and roars on its hardened sides. Its head is covered with foam ; the hills are echoing around.

Now from the grey mist of the ocean, the white-sailed ships of Fingal appear. High is the grove of their masts, as they nod, by turns, on the rolling wave. Swaran saw them from the hill. He returned from the sons of Erin. As ebbs the resounding sea, through the hundred isles of Inistore ; so loud, so vast, so immense returned the sons of Lochlin against the king. But bending, weeping, sad, and slow, and dragging his long spear behind, Cuthullin sunk in Cromla's wood, and mourned his fallen friends. He feared the face of Fingal, who was wont to greet him from the fields of renown !

“How many lie there of my heroes ! the chiefs of Erin's race ! they that were cheerful in the hall, when the sound of the shells arose ! No more shall I find their steps in the heath. No more shall I hear their voice in the chase. Pale, silent, low on bloody beds, are they who were my friends ! O spirits of the lately dead, meet

Cuthullin on his heath ! Speak to him on the wind, when the rustling tree of Tura's cave resounds. There, far remote, I shall lie unknown. No bard shall hear of me. No grey stone shall rise to my renown. Mourn me with the dead, O Bragela ! departed is my fame." Such were the words of Cuthullin, when he sunk in the woods of Cromla !

Fingal, tall in his ship, stretched his bright lance before him. Terrible was the gleam of the steel : it was like the green meteor of death, setting in the heath of Malmor, when the traveller is alone, and the broad moon is darkened in heaven.

"The battle is past," said the king. "I behold the blood of my friends. Sad is the heath of Lena ! mournful the oaks of Cromla ! The hunters have fallen in their strength : the son of Semo is no more. Ryno and Fillan, my sons, sound the horn of Fingal. Ascend that hill on the shore ; call the children of the foe. Call them from the grave of Lamdarg, the chief of other times. Be your voice like that of your father, when he enters the battles of his strength. I wait for the mighty stranger. I wait on Lena's shore for Swaran. Let him come with all his race ; strong in battle are the friends of the dead !"

Fair Ryno as lightning gleamed along : Dark Fillan rushed like the shade of autumn. On Lena's heath their voice is heard. The sons of ocean heard the horn of Fingal. As the roaring eddy of ocean returning from the kingdom of snows ; so strong, so dark, so sudden came down the sons of Lochlin. The king in their front appears, in the dismal pride of his arms ! Wrath burns

on his dark-brown face : his eyes roll in the fire of his valour. Fingal beheld the son of Starno : he remembered Agandecca. For Swaran with the tears of youth had mourned his white-bosomed sister. He sent Ullin of songs to bid him to the feast of shells : For pleasant on Fingal's soul returned the memory of the first of his loves !

Ullin came with aged steps, and spoke to Starno's son. " O thou that dwellest afar, surrounded like a rock, with thy waves ! come to the feast of the king, and pass the day in rest. To-morrow let us fight, O Swaran, and break the echoing shields." " To-day," said Starno's wrathful son, " we break the echoing shields : to-morrow my feast shall be spread ; but Fingal shall lie on earth." " To-morrow let his feast be spread," said Fingal with a smile. " To-day, O my sons ! we shall break the echoing shields. Ossian, stand thou near my arm. Gaul, lift thy terrible sword. Fergus, bend thy crooked yew. Throw, Fillan, thy lance through heaven. Lift your shields, like the darkened moon. Be your spears the meteors of death. Follow me in the path of my fame. Equal my deeds in battle."

As a hundred winds on Morven ; as the streams of a hundred hills ; as clouds fly successive over heaven ; as the dark ocean assails the shore of the desert ; so roaring, so vast, so terrible, the armies mixed on Lena's echoing heath. The groan of the people spread over the hills : it was like the thunder of night, when the cloud bursts on Cona ; and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind. Fingal rushed on in his strength, terrible as the spirit of Trenmor ; when, in a whirlwind, he comes

to Morven, to see the children of his pride. The oaks resound on their mountains, and the rocks fall down before him. Dimly seen, as lightens the night, he strides largely from hill to hill. Bloody was the hand of my father, when he whirled the gleam of his sword. He remembers the battles of his youth. The field is wasted in his course !

Ryno went on like a pillar of fire. Dark is the brow of Gaul. Fergus rushed forward with feet of wind. Fillan like the mist of the hill. Ossian, like a rock, came down. I exulted in the strength of the king. Many were the deaths of my arm ! dismal the gleam of my sword ! My locks were not then so grey ; nor trembled my hands with age. My eyes were not closed in darkness ; my feet failed not in the race !

Who can relate the deaths of the people ? Who the deeds of mighty heroes ? when Fingal, burning in his wrath, consumed the sons of Lochlin ? groans swelled on groans from hill to hill, till night had covered all. Pale, staring like a herd of deer, the sons of Lochlin convene on Lena.* We sat and heard the sprightly harp, at Lubar's gentle stream. Fingal himself was next to the foe. He listened to the tales of his bards. His godlike race were in the song, the chiefs of other times. Attentive, leaning on his shield, the king of Morven sat. The wind whistled through his locks ; his thoughts are of the days of other years. Near him on his bending spear, my

* Fingal apparently had driven his foes "from hill to hill" over some five miles of country from Carnona (Belfast) to the banks of Lubar (Six-mile Water).—C. and E.-T.

young, my valiant Oscar stood. He admired the king of Morven : his deeds were swelling in his soul !

“ Son of my son,” begun the king, “ O Oscar, pride of youth ! I saw the shining of thy sword. I gloried in my race. Pursue the fame of our fathers ; be thou what they have been, when Trenmor lived, the first of men, and Trathal the father of heroes ! They fought the battle in their youth. They are the song of bards. O Oscar ! bend the strong in arm : but spare the feeble hand. Be thou a stream of many tides against the foes of thy people ; but like the gale, that moves the grass, to those who ask thine aid. So Trenmor lived ; such Trathal was ; and such has Fingal been. My arm was the support of the injured ; the weak rested behind the lightning of my steel.

“ Oscar ! I was young like thee, when lovely Fainasóllis came : that sunbeam ! that mild light of love ! the daughter of Craca’s* king ! I then returned from Cona’s heath, and few were in my train. A white-sailed boat appeared far off ; we saw it like a mist, that rode on ocean’s wind. It soon approached. We saw the fair. Her white breast heaved with sighs. The wind was in her loose dark hair : her rosy cheek had tears. “ Daughter of beauty,” calm I said, “ what sigh is in thy breast ? Can I, young as I am, defend thee, daughter of the sea ? My sword is not unmatched in war, but dauntless is my heart.”

“ To thee I fly,” with sighs she said, “ O prince

* Probably one of the Shetland Isles.

of mighty men ! To thee I fly, chief of the generous shells, supporter of the feeble hand ! The king of Craca's echoing isle owned me the sunbeam of his race. Cromala's hills have heard the sighs of love for unhappy Fainasóllis ! Sora's chief beheld me fair ; he loved the daughter of Craca. His sword is a beam of light upon the warrior's side. But dark is his brow ; and tempests are in his soul. I shun him, on the roaring sea ; but Sora's chief pursues."

"Rest thou," I said, "behind my shield ; rest in peace, thou beam of light ! The gloomy chief of Sora will fly, if Fingal's arm is like his soul. In some lone cave I might conceal thee, daughter of the sea ! But Fingal never flies. Where the danger threatens, I rejoice in the storm of spears." I saw the tears upon her cheek. I pitied Craca's fair. Now, like a dreadful wave afar, appeared the ship of stormy Borbar. His masts high-bended over the sea behind their sheets of snow. White roll the waters on either side. The strength of ocean sounds. "Come thou," I said, "from the roar of ocean, thou rider of the storm ! Partake the feast within my hall. It is the house of strangers."

The maid stood trembling by my side. He drew the bow. She fell. "Unerring is thy hand," I said, "but feeble was the foe !" We fought, nor weak the strife of death ! He sunk beneath my sword. We laid them in two tombs of stone ; the hapless lovers of youth ! Such have I been in my youth, O Oscar ! be thou like the age of Fingal. Never search thou for battle ; nor shun it when it comes,

“Fillan and Oscar of the dark-brown hair ! ye, that are swift in the race ! fly over the heath in my presence. View the sons of Lochlin. Far off I hear the noise of their feet, like distant sounds in woods. Go : that they may not fly from my sword, along the waves of the north. For many chiefs of Erin’s race lie here on the dark bed of death. The children of war are low ; the sons of echoing Cromla.”

The heroes flew like two dark clouds : two dark clouds that are the chariots of ghosts ; when air’s dark children come forth to frighten hapless men. It was then that Gaul,* the son of Morni, stood like a rock in night. His spear is glittering to the stars ; his voice like many streams.

“Son of battle,” cried the chief, “O Fingal, king of shells ! let the bards of many songs soothe Erin’s friends to rest. Fingal, sheath thou thy sword of death ; and let thy people fight. We wither away without our fame ; our king is the only breaker of shields ! When morning rises on our hills, behold, at a distance, our deeds. Let Lochlin feel the sword of Morni’s son ; that bards may sing of me. Such was the custom heretofore of Fingal’s noble race. Such was thine own, thou king of swords, in battles of the spear.”

* Gaul, the son of Morni, was chief of a tribe that disputed long the pre-eminence with Fingal himself. They were reduced at last to obedience, and Gaul, from an enemy, turned Fingal’s best friend and greatest hero. His character is something like that of Ajax in the *Iliad* ; a hero of more strength than conduct in battle.

“O son of Morni,” Fingal replied, “I glory in thy fame. Fight ; but my spear shall be near, to aid thee in the midst of danger. Raise, raise the voice, ye sons of song ! and lull me into rest. Here will Fingal lie, amidst the wind of night. And if thou, Agandecca, art near, among the children of thy land ; if thou sittest on a blast of wind, among the high-shrouded masts of Lochlin ; come to my dreams, my fair one. Shew thy bright face to my soul.”

Many a voice and many a harp, in tuneful sounds arose. Of Fingal's noble deeds they sung ; of Fingal's noble race : And sometimes, on the lovely sound, was heard the name of Ossian. I often fought, and often won, in battles of the spear. But blind, and tearful, and forlorn I walk with little men ! O Fingal, with thy race of war I now behold thee not ! The wild roes feed on the green tomb of the mighty king of Morven ! Blest be thy soul, thou king of swords, thou most renowned on the hills of Cona !

Book IV.

ARGUMENT to BOOK IV.

THE action of the poem being suspended by night, Ossian takes that opportunity to relate his own actions at the lake of Lego, and his courtship of Everallin, who was the mother of Oscar, and had died some time before the expedition of Fingal into Ireland. Her ghost appears to him, and tells him that Oscar, who had been sent, the beginning of the night, to observe the enemy, was engaged with an advanced party, and almost overpowered. Ossian relieves his son; and an alarm is given to Fingal of the approach of Swaran. The king rises, calls his army together, and, as he had promised the preceding night, devolves the command on Gaul the son of Morni, while he himself, after charging his sons to behave gallantly and defend his people, retires to a hill, from whence he could have a view of the battle. The battle joins; the poet relates Oscar's great actions. But when Oscar, in conjunction with his father, conquered in one wing, Gaul, who was attacked by Swaran in person, was on the point of retreating in the other. Fingal sends Ullin his bard to encourage him with a war song, but notwithstanding Swaran prevails; and Gaul and his army are obliged to give way. Fingal, descending from the hill, rallies them again: Swaran desists from the pursuit, possesses himself of a rising ground, restores the ranks, and waits the approach of Fingal. The king, having encouraged his men, gives the necessary orders, and renews the battle. Cuthullin, who, with his friend Connal, and Carril his bard, had retired to the cave of Tura, hearing the noise, came to the brow of the hill, which overlooked the field of battle, where he saw Fingal engaged with the enemy. He, being hindered by Connal from joining Fingal, who was himself upon the point of obtaining a complete victory, sends Carril to congratulate that hero on his success.

BOOK IV.*

WHO comes with her songs from the hill, like the
bow of the showery Lena? It is the maid of the
voice of love! The white-armed daughter of Toscar!
Often hast thou heard my song; often given the tear of
beauty. Dost thou come to the wars of thy people? to
hear the actions of Oscar? When shall I cease to
mourn, by the streams of resounding Cona? My years
have passed away in battle. My age is darkened with
grief!

“ Daughter of the hand of snow! I was not so mourn-
ful and blind. I was not so dark and forlorn, when
Everallin loved me! Everallin with the dark-brown
hair, the white-bosomed daughter of Branno! A thou-
sand heroes sought the maid, she refused her love to a
thousand. The sons of the sword were despised: for
graceful in her eyes was Ossian! I went, in suit of the
maid, to Lego's sable surge.† Twelve of my people were

* This book, as many of Ossian's other compositions, is
addressed to the beautiful Malvina, the daughter of Toscar.
She appears to have been in love with Oscar, and to have
affected the company of the father after the death of the son.

† Campbell observes that the Legon has no *sable surge* until
one arrives near Lisburn, between which place and Belfast it
glides along oozy and reedy shores. Here therefore probably
was the seat of Branno.—E.-T.

there, the sons of streamy Morven ! We came to Branno, friend of strangers ! Branno of the sounding mail ! "From whence," he said, "are the arms of steel ? Not easy to win is the maid, who has denied the blue-eyed sons of Erin ! But blest be thou, O son of Fingal ! Happy is the maid that waits thee ! Though twelve daughters of beauty were mine, thine were the choice, thou son of fame !"

"He opened the hall of the maid, the dark-haired Everallin. Joy kindled in our manly breasts. We blest the maid of Branno. Above us on the hill appeared the people of stately Cormac. Eight were the heroes of the chief. The heath flamed wide with their arms. There Colla ; there Durra of wounds, there mighty Toscar, and Tago, there Frestal the victorious stood ; Dairo of the happy deeds : Dala the battle's bulwark in the narrow way ! The sword flamed in the hand of Cormac. Graceful was the look of the hero ! Eight were the heroes of Ossian. Ullin stormy son of war. Mullo of the generous deeds. The noble, the graceful Scelacha. Oglan, and Cerdal the wrathful. Dumariccan's brows of death ! And why should Ogar be the last ; so wide renowned on the hills of Ardven ?

"Ogar met Dala the strong, face to face, on the field of heroes. The battle of the chiefs was, like wind, on ocean's foamy waves. The dagger is remembered by Ogar ; the weapon which he loved. Nine times he drowned it in Dala's side. The stormy battle turned. Three times I broke on Cormac's shield : three times he broke his spear. But, unhappy youth of love ! I cut

his head away. Five times I shook it by the lock. The friends of Cormac fled. Whoever would have told me, lovely maid, when then I strove in battle; that blind, forsaken, and forlorn I now should pass the night; firm ought his mail to have been; unmatched his arm in war!"

On* Lena's gloomy heath, the voice of music died away. The unconstant blast blew hard. The high oak shook its leaves around. Of Everallin were my thoughts, when in all the light of beauty she came. Her blue eyes rolling in tears. She stood on a cloud before my sight, and spoke with feeble voice! "Rise, Ossian, rise, and save my son; save Oscar, prince of men. Near the red oak of Luba's stream, he fights with Lochlin's sons." She sunk into her cloud again. I covered me with steel. My spear supported my steps; my rattling armour rung. I hummed, as I was wont in danger, the songs of heroes of old. Like distant thunder Lochlin heard. They fled; my son pursued.

I called him like a distant stream. "Oscar return over Lena. No further pursue the foe," I said, "though Ossian is behind thee." He came! and pleasant to my ear was Oscar's sounding steel. "Why didst thou stop my hand," he said, "till death had covered all? For dark and dreadful by the stream they met thy son and Fillan! They watched the terrors of the night. Our swords have conquered some. But as the winds of night pour the ocean over the white sands of Mora, so dark advance the sons of Lochlin, over Lena's rustling heath!

* The poet returns to his subject.

The ghosts of night shriek afar : I have seen the meteors of death. Let me awake the king of Morven, he that smiles in danger ! He that is like the sun of heaven, rising in a storm !”

Fingal had started from a dream, and leaned on Trenmor’s shield ; the dark-brown shield of his father’s ; which they had lifted of old in war. The hero had seen, in his rest, the mournful form of Agandecca. She came from the way of the ocean. She slowly, lonely, moved over Lena. Her face was pale like the mist of Cromla. Dark were the tears of her cheek. She often raised her dim hand from her robe : her robe which was of the clouds of the desert : she raised her dim hand over Fingal, and turned away her silent eyes ! “Why weeps the daughter of Starno ?” said Fingal with a sigh ; “why is thy face so pale, fair wanderer of the clouds ?” She departed on the wind of Lena. She left him in the midst of the night. She mourned the sons of her people, that were to fall by the hand of Fingal.

The hero started from rest. Still he beheld her in his soul. The sound of Oscar’s steps approached. The king saw the grey shield on his side : For the faint beam of the morning came over the waters of Ullin. “What do the foes in their fear ?” said the rising king of Morven ; “or fly they through ocean’s foam, or wait they the battle of steel ? But why should Fingal ask ? I hear their voice on the early wind ! Fly over Lena’s heath : O Oscar, awake our friends !”

The king stood by the stone of Lubar. Thrice he reared his terrible voice. The deer started from the

fountains of Cromla. The rocks shook on all their hills. Like the noise of a hundred mountain-streams, that burst, and roar, and foam ! like the clouds, that gather to a tempest on the blue face of the sky ! so met the sons of the desert, round the terrible voice of Fingal. Pleasant was the voice of the king of Morven to the warriors of his land. Often had he led them to battle ; often returned with the spoils of the foe !

“Come to battle,” said the king, “ye children of echoing Selma ! Come to the death of thousands. Comhal’s son will see the fight. My sword shall wave on the hill the defence of my people in war. But never may you need it, warriors : while the son of Morni fights, the chief of mighty men ! He shall lead my battle ; that his fame may rise in song ! O ye ghosts of heroes dead ! ye riders of the storm of Cromla ! receive my falling people with joy, and bear them to your hills. And may the blast of Lena carry them over my seas, that they may come to my silent dreams, and delight my soul in rest ! Fillan and Oscar, of the dark-brown hair ! fair Ryno, with the pointed steel ! advance with valour to the fight. Behold the son of Morni ! Let your swords be like his in strife : behold the deeds of his hands. Protect the friends of your father. Remember the chiefs of old. My children, I will see you yet, though here you should fall in Erin. Soon shall our cold, pale ghosts meet in a cloud on Cona’s eddying winds !”

Now like a dark and stormy cloud, edged round with the red lightning of heaven ; flying westward from the morning’s beam, the king of Selma removed. Terrible

is the light of his armour ; two spears are in his hand. His grey hair falls on the wind. He often looks back on the war. Three bards attend the son of fame, to bear his words to the chiefs. High on Cromla's side he sat, waving the lightning of his sword, and as he waved we moved.

Joy rises in Óscar's face. His cheek is red. His eye sheds tears. The sword is a beam of fire in his hand. He came, and smiling, spoke to Ossian. "O ruler of the fight of steel ! my father, hear thy son ! Retire with Morven's mighty chief. Give me the fame of Ossian. If here I fall : O chief, remember that breast of snow, the lonely sunbeam of my love, the white-handed daughter of Toscar ! For, with red cheek from the rock, bending over the stream, her soft hair flies about her bosom, as she pours the sigh for Oscar. Tell her I am on my hills, a lightly-bounding son of the wind ; tell her, that in a cloud, I may meet the lovely maid of Toscar." "Raise, Oscar, rather raise my tomb. I will not yield the war to thee. The first and bloodiest in the strife, my arm shall teach thee how to fight. But, remember, my son, to place this sword, this bow, the horn of my deer, within that dark and narrow house, whose mark is one grey stone ! Oscar, I have no love to leave to the care of my son. Everallin is no more, the lovely daughter of Branno !"

Such were our words, when Gaul's loud voice came growing on the wind. He waved on high the sword of his father. We rushed to death and wounds. As waves, white-bubbling over the deep, come swelling, roaring on ;

as rocks of ooze meet roaring waves ; so foes attacked and fought. Man met with man, and steel with steel. Shields sound, and warriors fall. As a hundred hammers on the red son of the furnace, so rose, so rung their swords !

Gaul rushed on, like a whirlwind in Ardven. The destruction of heroes is on his sword. Swaran was like the fire of the desert in the echoing heath of Gormal ! How can I give to the song the death of many spears ? My sword rose high, and flamed in the strife of blood. Oscar, terrible wert thou, my best, my greatest son ! I rejoiced in my secret soul, when his sword flamed over the slain. They fled amain through Lena's heath. We pursued and slew. As stones that bound from to rock to rock ; as axes in echoing woods ; as thunder rolls from hill to hill, in dismal broken peals ; so blow succeeded to blow, and death to death, from the hand of Oscar and mine.

But Swaran closed round Morni's son, as the strength of the tide of Inistore. The king half-rose from his hill at the sight. He half-assumed the spear. "Go, Ullin, go, my aged bard," begun the king of Morven. "Remind the mighty Gaul of war. Remind him of his fathers. Support the yielding fight with song ; for song enlivens war." Tall Ullin went, with step of age, and spoke to the king of swords. "Son of the chief of generous steeds ! high-bounding king of spears. Strong arm in every perilous toil. Hard heart that never yields ; chief of the pointed arms of death. Cut down the foe ; let no white sail bound round dark Inistore. Be thine

arm like thunder, thine eyes like fire, thy heart of solid rock. Whirl round thy sword as a meteor at night ; lift thy shield like the flame of death. Son of the chief of generous steeds, cut down the foe. Destroy !” The hero’s heart beat high. But Swaran came with battle. He cleft the shield of Gaul in twain. The sons of Selma fled.

Fingal at once arose in arms. Thrice he reared his dreadful voice. Cromla answered around. The sons of the desert stood still. They bent their blushing faces to earth, ashamed at the presence of the king. He came, like a cloud of rain in the day of the sun, when slow it rolls on the hill, and fields expect the shower. Silence attends its slow progress aloft ; but the tempest is soon to arise. Swaran beheld the terrible king of Morven. He stopped in the midst of his course. Dark he leaned on his spear, rolling his red eyes around. Silent and tall he seemed as an oak on the banks of Lubar, which had its branches blasted of old by the lightning of heaven. It bends over the stream : the grey moss whistles in the wind : so stood the king. Then slowly he retired to the rising heath of Lena. His thousands pour around the hero. Darkness gathers on the hill !

Fingal, like a beam from heaven, shone in the midst of his people. His heroes gather around him. He sends forth the voice of his power. “ Raise my standards on high ; spread them on Lena’s wind, like the flames of an hundred hills ! Let them sound on the winds of Erin, and remind us of the fight. Ye sons of the roaring streams, that pour from a thousand hills, be near the

king of Morven ! attend to the words of his power ! Gaul, strongest arm of death ! O Oscar, of the future fights ! Connal, son of the blue shields of Sora ! Dermid, of the dark-brown hair ! Ossian, king of many songs, be near your father's arm ! " We reared the sun-beam* of battle ; the standard of the king ! Each hero exulted with joy, as, waving, it flew on the wind. It was studded with gold above, as the blue wide shell of the nightly sky. Each hero had his standard too ; and each his gloomy men !

" Behold," said the king of generous shells, " how Lochlin divides on Lena ! They stand like broken clouds on a hill ; or an half-consumed grove of oaks ; when we see the sky through its branches, and the meteor passing behind ! Let every chief among the friends of Fingal take a dark troop of those that frown so high : Nor let a son of the echoing groves bound on the waves of Inistore ! "

" Mine," said Gaul, " be the seven chiefs, that came from Lano's lake." " Let Inistore's dark king," said Oscar, " come to the sword of Ossian's son." " To mine the king of Iniscon," said Connal, " heart of steel ! " " Or Mudan's chief or I," said brown-haired Dermid, " shall sleep on clay-cold earth." My choice, though now so weak and dark, was Terman's battling king ; I promised with my hand to win the hero's dark-brown shield. " Blest and victorious be my chiefs,"

* Fingal's standard. To begin a battle is expressed, in old composition, by *lifting of the sunbeam*.

said Fingal of the mildest look. "Swaran, king of roaring waves, thou art the choice of Fingal!"

Now, like an hundred different winds, that pour through many vales; divided, dark the sons of Selma advanced. Cromla echoed around! "How can I relate the deaths, when we closed in the strife of arms! O daughter of Toscar! bloody were our hands! The gloomy ranks of Lochlin fell, like the banks of the roaring Cona! Our arms were victorious on Lena: each chief fulfilled his promise! Beside the murmur of Branno thou didst often sit, O maid! thy white bosom rose frequent, like the down of the swan when slow she swims on the lake, and sidelong winds blow on her ruffled wing. Thou hast seen the sun retire, red and slow behind his cloud: night gathering round on the mountain, while the unfrequent blast roared in the narrow vales. At length the rain beats hard: thunder rolls in peals. Lightning glances on the rocks! Spirits ride on beams of fire! The strength of the mountain-streams comes roaring down the hills. Such was the noise of battle, maid of the arms of snow! Why, daughter of Toscar, why that tear? The maids of Lochlin have cause to weep! The people of their country fell. Bloody were the blue swords of the race of my heroes! But I am sad, forlorn, and blind: no more the companion of heroes! Give, lovely maid, to me thy tears. I have seen the tombs of all my friends!"

It was then, by Fingal's hand, a hero fell, to his grief! Grey-haired he rolled in the dust. He lifted his faint eyes to the king; "And is it by me thou hast fallen,"

said the son of Comhal, "thou friend of Agandecca ! I have seen thy tears for the maid of my love in the halls of the bloody Starno ! Thou hast been the foe of the foes of my love, and hast thou fallen by my hand ? Raise, Ullin, raise the grave of Mathon ; and give his name to Agandecca's song. Dear to my soul hast thou been, thou darkly-dwelling maid of Ardven !"

Cuthullin, from the cave of Cromla,* heard the noise of the troubled war. He called to Connal chief of swords ; to Carril of other times. The grey-haired heroes heard his voice. They took their pointed spears. They came, and saw the tide of battle, like ocean's crowded waves : when the dark wind blows from the deep, and rolls the billows through the sandy vale ! Cuthullin kindled at the sight. Darkness gathered on his brow. His hand is on the sword of his fathers : his red rolling eyes on the foe. He thrice attempted to rush to battle. He thrice was stopt by Connal. "Chief of the isle of mist," he said, "Fingal subdues the foe. Seek not a part of the fame of the king ; himself is like the storm !"

"Then, Carril, go," replied the chief, "go, greet the king of Morven. When Lochlin falls away like a stream after rain : when the noise of the battle is past. Then be thy voice sweet in his ear to praise the king of Selma ! Give him the sword of Caithbat. Cuthullin is not worthy to lift the arms of his fathers ! Come, O ye ghosts of the lonely Cromla ! ye souls of chiefs that are no more ! be

* In the craggy south side of the Cave-hill there still remain three caves, the highest, however, now inaccessible.—E.-T.

near the steps of Cuthullin ; talk to him in the cave of his grief. Never more shall I be renowned, among the mighty in the land. I am a beam that has shone ; a mist that has fled away : when the blast of the morning came, and brightened the shaggy side of the hill : Connal ! talk of arms no more : departed is my fame. My sighs shall be on Cromla's wind ; till my footsteps cease to be seen. And thou, white-bosomed Bragela, mourn over the fall of my fame : vanquished, I will never return to thee, thou sunbeam of my soul ! ”

Book V.

ARGUMENT to Book V.

CUTHULLIN and Connal still remain on the hill. Fingal and Swaran meet; the combat is described. Swaran is overcome, bound, and delivered over as a prisoner to the care of Ossian and Gaul the son of Morni; Fingal, his younger sons, and Oscar, still pursue the enemy. The episode of Orla, a chief of Lochlin, who was mortally wounded in the battle, is introduced. Fingal, touched with the death of Orla, orders the pursuit to be discontinued; and calling his sons together, he is informed that Ryno, the youngest of them, was slain. He laments his death, hears the story of Lamderg and Gelchossa, and returns towards the place where he had left Swaran. Carril, who had been sent by Cuthullin to congratulate Fingal on his victory, comes in the meantime to Ossian. The conversation of the two poets closes the action of the fourth day.

Book V.

ON Cromla's resounding side, Connal spoke to the chief of the noble car. "Why that gloom, son of Semo? Our friends are the mighty in fight. Renowned art thou, O warrior! many were the deaths of thy steel. Often has Bragela met, with blue-rolling eyes of joy: often has she met her hero, returning in the midst of the valiant; when his sword was red with slaughter; when his foes were silent in the fields of the tomb. Pleasant to her ears were thy bards, when thy deeds arose in song.

"But behold the king of Morven! He moves, below, like a pillar of fire. His strength is like the stream of Lubar, or the wind of the echoing Cromla; when the branchy forests of night are torn from all their rocks! Happy are thy people, O Fingal! thine arm shall finish their wars. Thou art the first in their dangers: the wisest in the days of their peace. Thou speakest, and thy thousands obey: armies tremble at the sound of thy steel. Happy are thy people, O Fingal! king of resounding Selma! Who is that so dark and terrible coming in the thunder of his course? who but Starno's son to meet the king of Morven? Behold the battle of the chiefs! it is the storm of the ocean, when two spirits

meet far distant, and contend for the rolling of waves. The hunter hears the noise on his hill. He sees the high billows advancing to Ardven's shore !”

Such were the words of Connal, when the heroes met, in fight. There was the clang of arms ! there every blow, like the hundred hammers of the furnace ! Terrible is the battle of the kings ; dreadful the look of their eyes. Their dark-brown shields are cleft in twain. Their steel flies, broken, from their helms. They fling their weapons down. Each rushes to his hero's grasp ; their sinewy arms bend round each other : they turn from side to side, and strain and stretch their large spreading limbs below. But when the pride of their strength arose, they shook the hill with their heels. Rocks tumble from their places on high ; the green-headed bushes are overturned. At length the strength of Swaran fell : the king of the groves is bound. Thus have I seen on Cona ; but Cona I behold no more ! thus have I seen two dark hills, removed from their place, by the strength of the bursting stream. They turn from side to side in their fall ; their tall oaks meet one another on high. Then they tumble together with all their rocks and trees. The streams are turned by their side. The red ruin is seen afar.

“Sons of distant Morven,” said Fingal : “guard the king of Lochlin ! He is strong as his thousand waves. His hand is taught to war. His race is of the times of old. Gaul, thou first of my heroes ; Ossian, king of songs, attend. He is the friend of Agandecca ; raise to joy his grief. But, Oscar, Fillan, and Ryno, ye children of the race ! pursue Lochlin over Lena ; that no vessel

may hereafter bound, on the dark-rolling waves of Inistore !”

They flew sudden across the heath. He slowly moved, like a cloud of thunder, when the sultry plain of summer is silent and dark ! His sword is before him as a sun-beam ; terrible as the streaming meteor of night. He came toward a chief of Lochlin. He spoke to the son of the wave. “ Who is that so dark and sad, at the rock of the roaring stream ? He cannot bound over its course : How stately is the chief ! His bossy shield is on his side ; his spear, like the tree of the desert ! Youth of the dark-red hair, art thou of the foes of Fingal ? ”

“ I am a son of Lochlin,” he cries, “ strong is my arm in war. My spouse is weeping at home. Orla shall never return ! ” “ Or fights or yields the hero ? ” said Fingal of the noble deeds ; “ foes do not conquer in my presence : my friends are renowned in the hall. Son of the wave, follow me, partake the feast of my shells : pursue the deer of my desert : be thou the friend of Fingal.” “ No : ” said the hero, “ I assist the feeble. My strength is with the weak in arms. My sword has been always unmatched, O warrior ! let the king of Morven yield ! ” “ I never yielded, Orla ! Fingal never yielded to man. Draw thy sword and choose thy foe. Many are my heroes ! ”

“ Does then the king refuse the fight ? ” said Orla of the dark-brown shield. “ Fingal is a match for Orla : and he alone of all his race ! ” “ But king of Morven, if I shall fall ; as one time the warrior must die ; raise my tomb in the midst : let it be the greatest on Lena. Send,

over the dark-blue wave, the sword of Orla to the spouse of his love ; that she may shew it to her son, with tears, to kindle his soul to war." "Son of the mournful tale," said Fingal, "why dost thou awaken my tears? One day the warriors must die, and the children see their useless arms in the hall. But, Orla ! thy tomb shall rise. Thy white-bosomed spouse shall weep over thy sword."

They fought on the heath of Lena. Feeble was the arm of Orla. The sword of Fingal descended, and cleft his shield in twain. It fell and glittered on the ground, as the moon on the ruffled stream. "King of Morven," said the hero, "lift thy sword and pierce my breast. Wounded and faint from battle, my friends have left me here. The mournful tale shall come to my love, on the banks of the streamy Lota ; when she is alone in the wood ; and the rustling blast in the leaves !"

"No ;" said the king of Morven, "I will never wound thee, Orla. On the banks of Lota let her see thee, escaped from the hands of war. Let thy grey-haired father, who, perhaps, is blind with age ; let him hear the sound of thy voice, and brighten within his hall. With joy let the hero rise, and search for his son with his hands !" "But never will he find him, Fingal ;" said the youth of the streamy Lota. "On Lena's heath I must die : foreign bards shall talk of me. My broad belt covers my wound of death. I give it to the wind !"

The dark blood poured from his side, he fell pale on the heath of Lena. Fingal bent over him as he dies, and called his younger chiefs. "Oscar and Fillan, my sons,

raise high the memory of Orla. Here let the dark-haired hero rest, far from the spouse of his love. Here let him rest in his narrow house far from the sound of Lota. The feeble will find his bow at home; but will not be able to bend it. His faithful dogs howl on his hills; his boars, which he used to pursue, rejoice. Fallen is the arm of battle! the mighty among the valiant is low! Exalt the voice, and blow the horn, ye sons of the king of Morven! Let us go back to Swaran, to send the night away on song. Fillan, Oscar, and Ryno, fly over the heath of Lena. Where, Ryno, art thou, young son of fame? Thou art not wont to be the last to answer thy father's voice!"

"Ryno," said Ullin, first of bards, "is with the awful forms of his fathers. With Trathal, king of shields; with Trenmor of mighty deeds. The youth is low, the youth is pale, he lies on Lena's heath!" "Fell the swiftest in the race," said the king, "the first to bend the bow? Thou scarce hast been known to me! why did young Ryno fall? But sleep thou softly on Lena, Fingal shall soon behold thee. Soon shall my voice be heard no more, and my footsteps cease to be seen. The bards will tell of Fingal's name. The stones will talk of me. But, Ryno, thou art low indeed! thou hast not received thy fame. Ullin, strike the harp for Ryno; tell what the chief would have been. Farewell, thou first in every field! No more shall I direct thy dart! Thou that hast been so fair! I behold thee not. Farewell." The tear is on the cheek of the king, for terrible was his son in war. His son! that was like a beam of

fire by night on a hill ; when the forests sink down in its course, and the traveller trembles at the sound ! But the winds drive it beyond the steep. It sinks from sight, and darkness prevails.

“ Whose fame is in that dark-green tomb ? ” begun the king of generous shells ; “ four stones with their heads of moss stand there ! They mark the narrow house of death. Near it let Ryno rest. A neighbour to the brave let him lie. Some chief of fame is here, to fly, with my son, on clouds. O Ullin ! raise the songs of old. Awake their memory in their tomb. If in the field they never fled, my son shall rest by their side. He shall rest, far distant from Morven, on Lena’s resounding plains ! ”

“ Here,” said the bard of song, “ here rest the first of heroes. Silent is Lamderg in this place : dumb is Ullin king of swords : And who, soft smiling from her cloud, shews me her face of love ? Why, daughter, why so pale art thou, first of the maids of Cromla ? Dost thou sleep with the foes in battle, white-bosomed daughter of Tuathal ? Thou hast been the love of thousands, but Lamderg was thy love. He came to Tura’s mossy towers, and, striking his dark buckler, spoke : ‘ Where is Gelchossa, my love, the daughter of the noble Tuathal ? I left her in the hall of Tura, when I fought with great Ulfada.’ ‘ Return soon, O Lamderg ! ’ she said, ‘ for here I sit in grief.’ Her white breast rose with sighs. Her cheek was wet with tears. But I see her not coming to meet me ; to sooth my soul after war. Silent is the hall of my joy ! I hear not the voice of the bard.

Bran does not shake his chains at the gate, glad at the coming of Lamderg. Where is Gelchossa, my love, the mild daughter of the generous Tuathal ?'

" 'Lamderg !' says Ferchios, son of Aidon, 'Gelchossa moves stately on Cromla. She and the maids of the bow pursue the flying deer !' 'Ferchios !' replied the chief of Cromla, 'no noise meets the ear of Lamderg ! No sound is in the woods of Lena. No deer fly in my sight. No panting dog pursues. I see not Gelchossa, my love, fair as the full moon setting on the hills. Go, Ferchios, go to Allad, the grey-haired son of the rock. His dwelling is in the circle of stones. He may know of the bright Gelchossa !'

"The son of Aidon went. He spoke to the ear of age. 'Allad ! dweller of rocks : thou that tremblest alone ! what saw thine eyes of age ?' 'I saw,' answered Allad the old, 'Ullin the son of Cairbar. He came, in darkness, from Cromla. He hummed a surly song, like a blast in a leafless wood, He entered the hall of Tura. "Lamderg," he said, "most dreadful of men, fight, or yield to Ullin." "Lamderg ?" replied Gelchossa, "the son of battle is not here. He fights Ulfada mighty chief. He is not here, thou first of men ! But Lamderg never yields. He will fight the son of Cairbar !" "Lovely art thou," said terrible Ullin, "daughter of the generous Tuathal. I carry thee to Cairbar's halls. The valiant shall have Gelchossa. Three days I remain on Cromla, to wait that son of battle, Lamderg. On the fourth Gelchossa is mine ; if the mighty Lamderg flies."

“ ‘Allad !’ said the chief of Cromla, ‘peace to thy dreams in the cave. Ferchois, sound the horn of Lamderg, that Ullin may hear in his halls.’ Lamderg, like a roaring storm, ascended the hill from Tura. He hummed a surly song as he went, like the noise of a falling stream. He darkly stood upon the hill, like a cloud varying its form to the wind. He rolled a stone, the sign of war. Ullin heard in Cairbar’s hall. The hero heard, with joy, his foe. He took his father’s spear. A smile brightens his dark-brown cheek, as he places his sword by his side. The dagger glittered in his hand. He whistled as he went.

“ Gelchossa saw the silent chief, as a wreath of mist ascending the hill. She struck her white and heaving breast ; and silent, tearful, feared for Lamderg. ‘Cairbar, hoary chief of shells,’ said the maid of the tender hand, ‘I must bend the bow on Cromla. I see the dark-brown hinds !’ She hasted up the hill. In vain ! the gloomy heroes fought. Why should I tell to Selma’s king, how wrathful heroes fight ? Fierce Ullin fell. Young Lamderg came, all pale to the daughter of generous Tuathal ! ‘What blood, my love ?’ she trembling said : ‘what blood runs down my warrior’s side ?’ ‘It is Ullin’s blood,’ the chief replied, ‘thou fairer than the snow ! Gelchossa, let me rest here a little while.’ The mighty Lamderg died ! ‘And sleepest thou so soon on earth, O chief of shady Tura ?’ Three days she mourned beside her love. The hunters found her cold. They raised this tomb above the three. Thy son, O king of Morven, may rest here with heroes !”

“ And here my son shall rest,” said Fingal. “ The voice of their fame is in mine ears. Fillan and Fergus ! bring hither Orla ; the pale youth of the stream of Lota ! Not unequalled shall Ryno lie in earth, when Orla is by his side. Weep, ye daughters of Morven ! ye maids of the streamy Lota weep ! Like a tree they grew on the hills. They have fallen like the oak of the desert ; when it lies across a stream, and withers in the wind. Oscar ! chief of every youth ! thou seest how they have fallen. Be thou like them, on earth renowned. Like them the song of bards. Terrible were their forms in battle ; but calm was Ryno in the days of peace. He was like the bow of the shower seen far distant on the stream ; when the sun is setting on Mora ; when silence dwells on the hill of deer. Rest, youngest of my sons ! rest, O Ryno ! on Lena. We too shall be no more. Warriors one day must fall ! ”

Such was thy grief, thou king of swords, when Ryno lay on earth. What must the grief of Ossian be, for thou thyself art gone ! I hear not thy distant voice on Cona. My eyes perceive thee not. Often forlorn and dark I sit at thy tomb ; and feel it with my hands. When I think I hear thy voice, it is but the passing blast. Fingal has long since fallen asleep, the ruler of the war !

Then Gaul and Ossian sat with Swaran, on the soft green banks of Lubar. I touched the harp to please the king. But gloomy was his brow. He rolled his red eyes towards Lena. The hero mourned his host. I raised mine eyes to Cromla's brow. I saw the son of generous Semo. Sad and slow, he retired, from his hill, towards

the lonely cave of Tura. He saw Fingal victorious, and mixed his joy with grief. The sun is bright on his armour. Connal slowly strode behind. They sunk behind the hill, like two pillars of the fire of night : when winds pursue them over the mountain, and the flaming heath resounds ! Beside a stream of roaring foam his cave is in a rock. One tree bends above it. The rushing winds echo against its sides. Here rests the chief of Erin, the son of generous Semo. His thoughts are on the battles he lost. The tear is on his cheek. He mourned the departure of his fame, that fled like the mist of Cona. O Bragela ! thou art too far remote, to cheer the soul of the hero. But let him see thy bright form in his mind : that his thoughts may return to the lonely sunbeam of his love !

Who comes with the locks of age ? It is the son of songs. "Hail, Carril of other times ! Thy voice is like the harp in the halls of Tura. Thy words are pleasant as the shower which falls on the sunny field. Carril of the times of old, why comest thou from the son of the generous Semo ?"

"Ossian, king of swords," replied the bard, "thou best can raise the song. Long hast thou been known to Carril, thou ruler of war ! Often have I touched the harp to lovely Everallin. Thou too hast often joined my voice, in Branno's hall of generous shells. And often, amidst our voices, was heard the mildest Everallin. One day she sung of Cormac's fall, the youth who died for her love. I saw the tears on her cheek, and on thine, thou chief of men ! Her soul was touched for the

unhappy, though she loved him not. How fair among a thousand maids was the daughter of generous Branno !”

“Bring not, Carril,” I replied, “bring not her memory to my mind. My soul must melt at the remembrance. My eyes must have their tears. Pale in the earth is she, the softly-blushing fair of my love ! But sit thou on the heath, O bard ! and let us hear thy voice. It is pleasant as the gale of spring, that sighs on the hunter’s ear ; when he awakens from dreams of joy, and has heard the music of the spirits of the hill !”

Book VI

ARGUMENT TO BOOK VI.

NIGHT comes on. Fingal gives a feast to his army, at which Swaran is present. The king commands Ullin his bard to give the *song of peace*; a custom always observed at the end of a war. Ullin relates the actions of Trenmor, great grandfather to Fingal, in Scandinavia, and his marriage with Inibaca, the daughter of a king of Lochlin who was ancestor to Swaran; which consideration, together with his being brother to Agandecca, with whom Fingal was in love in his youth, induced the king to release him, and permit him to return with the remains of his army into Lochlin, upon his promise of never returning to Ireland in a hostile manner. The night is spent in settling Swaran's departure, in songs of bards, and in a conversation in which the story of Grumal is introduced by Fingal. Morning comes, Swaran departs; Fingal goes on a hunting party, and finding Cuthullin in the cave of Tura, comforts him, and sets sail the next day for Scotland; which concludes the poem.

BOOK VI.

THE clouds of night come rolling down. Darkness rests on the steeps of Cromla. The stars of the north arise over the rolling of Erin's waves : they shew their heads of fire, through the flying mist of heaven. A distant wind roars in the wood. Silent and dark is the plain of death ! Still on the dusky Lena arose in my ears the voice of Carril. He sung of the friends of our youth ; the days of former years ; when we met on the banks of Lego : when we sent round the joy of the shell. Cromla answered to his voice. The ghosts of those he sung came in their rustling winds. They were seen to bend with joy, towards the sound of their praise !

Be thy soul blest, O Carril ! in the midst of thy eddying winds. O that thou wouldst come to my hall, when I am alone by night ! And thou dost come, my friend. I hear often thy light hand on my harp ; when it hangs, on the distant wall, and the feeble sound touches my ear. Why dost thou not speak to me in my grief, and tell when I shall behold my friends ? But thou passest away in thy murmuring blast ; the wind whistles through the grey hair of Ossian !

Now, on the side of Mora, the heroes gathered to the feast. A thousand aged oaks are burning to the wind.

The strength* of the shells goes round. The souls of warriors brighten with joy. But the king of Lochlin is silent. Sorrow reddens in the eyes of his pride. He often turned toward Lena. He remembered that he fell. Fingal leaned on the shield of his fathers. His grey locks slowly waved on the wind, and glittered to the beam of night. He saw the grief of Swaran, and spoke to the first of bards.

“Raise, Ullin, raise the song of peace. O soothe my soul from war ! Let mine ear forget, in the sound, the dismal noise of arms. Let a hundred harps be near to gladden the king of Lochlin. He must depart from us with joy. None ever went sad from Fingal. Oscar ! the lightning of my sword is against the strong in fight. Peaceful it lies by my side when warriors yield in war.”

“Trenmor,”† said the mouth of songs, “lived in the days of other years. He bounded over the waves of the north : companion of the storm ! The high rocks of the land of Lochlin ; its groves of murmuring sounds appeared to the hero through mist ; he bound his white-bosomed sails. Trenmor pursued the boar, that roared through the woods of Gormal. Many had fled from its presence : but it rolled in death on the spear of Trenmor. Three chiefs, who beheld the deed, told of the mighty stranger. They told that he stood, like a pillar of fire, in the bright arms of his valour. The king of Lochlin

* The ancient Celtæ brewed beer, and they were no strangers to mead.

† Great grandfather to Fingal.

prepared the feast. He called the blooming Trenmor. Three days he feasted at Gormal's windy towers ; and received his choice in the combat. The land of Lochlin had no hero, that yielded not to Trenmor. The shell of joy went round with songs, in praise of the king of Morven. He that came over the waves, the first of mighty men !”

Now when the fourth grey morn arose, the hero launched his ship. He walked along the silent shore, and called for the rushing wind : for loud and distant he heard the blast murmuring behind the groves. Covered over with arms of steel, a son of the woody Gormal appeared. Red was his cheek and fair his hair. His skin like the snow of Morven. Mild rolled his blue and smiling eye, when he spoke to the king of swords.

“ Stay, Trenmor, stay, thou first of men, thou hast not conquered Lonval's son. My sword has often met the brave. The wise shun the strength of my bow.”

“ Thou fair-haired youth,” Trenmor replied, “ I will not fight with Lonval's son. Thine arm is feeble, sun-beam of youth ! Retire to Gormal's dark-brown hinds.”

“ But I will retire,” replied the youth, “ with the sword of Trenmor ; and exult in the sound of my fame. The virgins shall gather with smiles, around him who conquered mighty Trenmor. They shall sigh with the sighs of love, and admire the length of thy spear ; when I shall carry it among thousands ; when I lift the glittering point to the sun.”

“ Thou shalt never carry my spear,” said the angry

king of Morven. "Thy mother shall find thee pale on the shore ; and, looking over the dark-blue deep, see the sails of him that slew her son !" "I will not lift the spear," replied the youth, "my arm is not strong with years. But, with the feathered dart, I have learned to pierce a distant foe. Throw down that heavy mail of steel. Trenmor is covered from death. I, first, will lay my mail on earth. Throw now thy dart, thou king of Morven !" He saw the heaving of her breast. It was the sister of the king. She had seen him in the hall : and loved his face of youth. The spear dropt from the hand of Trenmor : he bent his red cheek to the ground. She was to him a beam of light that meets the sons of the cave ; when they revisit the fields of the sun, and bend their aching eyes !

"Chief of the windy Morven," begun the maid of the arms of snow, "let me rest in thy bounding ship, far from the love of Corlo. For he, like the thunder of the desert, is terrible to Inibaca. He loves me in the gloom of pride. He shakes ten thousand spears !" "Rest thou in peace," said the mighty Trenmor, "rest behind the shield of my fathers. I will not fly from the chief, though he shakes ten thousand spears !" Three days he waited on the shore. He sent his horn abroad. He called Corlo to battle, from all his echoing hills. But Corlo came not to battle. The king of Lochlin descends from his hall. He feasted on the roaring shore. He gave the maid to Trenmor !

"King of Lochlin," said Fingal, "thy blood flows in the veins of thy foe. Our fathers met in battle, because

they loved the strife of spears. But often did they feast in the hall : and send round the joy of the shell. Let thy face brighten with gladness, and thine ear delight in the harp. Dreadful as the storm of thine ocean, thou hast poured thy valour forth ; thy voice has been like the voice of thousands when they engage in war. Raise, to-morrow, raise thy white sails to the wind, thou brother of Agandecca ! Bright as the beam of noon, she comes on my mournful soul. I have seen thy tears for the fair one. I spared thee in the halls of Starno ; when my sword was red with slaughter ; when my eye was full of tears for the maid. Or dost thou choose the fight ? The combat which thy fathers gave to Trenmor is thine ! that thou mayest depart renowned, like the sun setting in the west ! ”

“ King of the race of Morven ! ” said the chief of resounding Lochlin, “ never will Swaran fight with thee, first of a thousand heroes ! I have seen thee in the halls of Starno : few were thy years beyond my own. When shall I, I said to my soul, lift the spear like the noble Fingal ? We have fought heretofore, O warrior, on the side of the shaggy Malmor ; after my waves had carried me to thy halls, and the feast of a thousand shells was spread. Let the bards send his name who overcame to future years, for noble was the strife of Malmor ! But many of the ships of Lochlin have lost their youths on Lena. Take these, thou king of Morven, and be the friend of Swaran ! When thy sons shall come to Gormal, the feast of shells shall be spread, and the combat offered on the vale.”

“ Nor ship,” replied the king, “ shall Fingal take, nor

land of many hills. The desert is enough to me, with all its deer and woods. Rise on thy waves again, thou noble friend of Agandecca ! Spread thy white sails to the beam of the morning ; return to the echoing hills of Gormal." "Blest be thy soul, thou king of shells," said Swaran of the dark-brown shield. "In peace thou art the gale of spring. In war the mountain-storm. Take now my hand in friendship, king of echoing Selma ! Let thy bards mourn those who fell. Let Erin give the sons of Lochlin to earth. Raise high the mossy stones of their fame : that the children of the north hereafter may behold the place where their fathers fought. The hunter may say, when he leans on a mossy tomb, here Fingal and Swaran fought, the heroes of other years. Thus hereafter shall he say, and our fame shall last for ever !"

"Swaran," said the king of hills, "to-day our fame is greatest. We shall pass away like a dream. No sound will remain in our fields of war. Our tombs will be lost in the heath. The hunter shall not know the place of our rest. Our names may be heard in song. What avails it when our strength hath ceased ? O Ossian, Carril, and Ullin ! you know of heroes that are no more. Give us the song of other years. Let the night pass away on the sound, and morning return with joy."

We gave the song to the kings. An hundred harps mixed their sound with our voice. The face of Swaran brightened, like the full moon of heaven ; when the clouds vanish away, and leave her calm and broad in the midst of the sky !

“Where, Carril,” said the great Fingal, “Carril of other times ! Where is the son of Semo, the king of the isle of mist ? has he retired like the meteor of death, to the dreary cave of Tura ? ” “Cuthullin,” said Carril of other times ! “lies in the dreary cave of Tura. His hand is on the sword of his strength. His thoughts on the battles he lost. Mournful is the king of spears ; till now unconquered in war. He sends his sword to rest on the side of Fingal : for, like the storm of the desert, thou hast scattered all his foes. Take, O Fingal ! the sword of the hero. His fame is departed like mist, when it flies, before the rustling wind, along the brightening vale.”

“No :” replied the king, “Fingal shall never take his sword. His arm is mighty in war : his fame shall never fail. Many have been overcome in battle ; whose renown arose from their fall. O Swaran ! king of resounding woods, give all thy grief away. The vanquished, if brave, are renowned. They are like the sun in a cloud, when he hides his face in the south, but looks again on the hills of grass !

“Grumal was a chief of Cona. He fought the battle on every coast. His soul rejoiced in blood ; his ear in the din of arms. He poured his warriors on Craca ; Craca’s king met him from his grove : for then, within the circle of Brumo,* he spoke to the stone of power. Fierce was the battle of the heroes, for the maid of the breast of snow. The fame of the daughter of Craca had

* This passage alludes to the religion of the King of Craca.

reached Grumal at the streams of Cona : he vowed to have the white-bosomed maid, or die on echoing Craca. Three days they strove together, and Grumal on the fourth was bound. Far from his friends they placed him in the horrid circle of Brumo ; where often, they said, the ghosts of the dead howled round the stone of their fear. But he afterwards shone, like a pillar of the light of heaven. They fell by his mighty hand. Grumal had all his fame ! ”

“ Raise, ye bards of other times,” continued the great Fingal, “ raise high the praise of heroes : that my soul may settle on their fame ; that the mind of Swaran may cease to be sad.” They lay in the heath of Mora. The dark winds rustled over the chiefs. A hundred voices, at once, arose ; a hundred harps were strung. They sung of other times ; the mighty chiefs of former years ! When now shall I hear the bard ? When rejoice at the fame of my fathers ? The harp is not strung on Morven. The voice of music ascends not on Cona. Dead, with the mighty, is the bard. Fame is in the desert no more.

Morning trembles with the beam of the east ; it glimmers on Cromla’s side. Over Lena is heard the horn of Swaran. The sons of the ocean gather around. Silent and sad they rise on the wave. The blast of Erin is behind their sails. White, as the mist of Morven, they float along the sea. “ Call,” said Fingal, “ call my dogs, the long-bounding sons of the chase. Call white-breasted Bran, and the surly strength of Luath ! Fillan, and Ryno ; but he is not here ! My son rests on the bed of death. Fillan and Fergus, blow the horn, that the joy

of the chase may arise : that the deer of Cromla may hear and start at the lake of roes."

The shrill sound spreads along the wood. The sons of heathy Cromla* arise. A thousand dogs fly off at once, grey-bounding through the heath. A deer fell by every dog ; three by the white-breasted Bran. He brought them, in their flight, to Fingal, that the joy of the king might be great ! One deer fell at the tomb of Ryno. The grief of Fingal returned. He saw how peaceful lay the stone of him, who was the first at the chase ! " No more shalt thou rise, O my son ! to partake of the feast of Cromla. Soon will thy tomb be hid, and the grass grow rank on thy grave. The sons of the feeble shall pass along. They shall not know where the mighty lie.

" Ossian and Fillan, sons of my strength ! Gaul, chief of the blue steel of war ! let us ascend the hill to the cave of Tura. Let us find the chief of the battles of Erin. Are these the walls of Tura ? grey and lonely they rise on the heath. The chief of shells is sad, and the halls are silent and lonely. Come, let us find Cuthullin, and give him all our joy. But is that Cuthullin, O Fillan, or a pillar of smoke on the heath ? The wind of Cromla is on my eyes. I distinguish not my friend."

" Fingal ! " replied the youth, " it is the son of Semo ! Gloomy and sad is the hero ! his hand is on his sword. Hail to the son of battle, breaker of the shields ! " " Hail to thee," replied Cuthullin, " hail to all the sons of Morven ! Delightful is thy presence, O Fingal ! it is

* Ridge of hills near Lough Larne.—E. T.

the sun on Cromla ; when the hunter mourns his absence for a season, and sees him between the clouds. Thy sons are like stars that attend thy course. They give light in the night. It is not thus thou hast seen me, O Fingal ! returning from the wars of thy land : when the kings of the world* had fled, and joy returned to the hill of hinds ! ” “ Many are thy words, Cuthullin,” said Connan of small renown. “ Thy words are many, son of Semo, but where are thy deeds in arms ? Why did we come, over ocean, to aid thy feeble sword ? Thou flyest to thy cave of grief, and Connan fights thy battles. Resign to me these arms of light. Yield them, thou chief of Erin.” “ No hero,” replied the chief, “ ever sought the arms of Cuthullin ! and had a thousand heroes sought them, it were in vain, thou gloomy youth ! I fled not to the cave of grief, till Erin failed at her streams.”

“ Youth of the feeble arm,” said Fingal, “ Connan, cease thy words ! Cuthullin is renowned in battle ; terrible over the world. Often have I heard thy fame, thou stormy chief of Inis-fail. Spread now thy white sails for the isle of mist. See Bragela leaning on her rock. Her tender eye is in tears ; the winds lift her long hair from her heaving breast. She listens to the breeze of night, to hear the voice of thy rowers ; † to hear the song of the sea ! the sound of thy distant harp ! ”

* The Roman Emperor is distinguished in old compositions by the title of *king of the world*.

† The practice of singing when they row is universal among the inhabitants of the north-west coast of Scotland and the isles. It deceives time, and inspirits the rowers.

“Long shall she listen in vain. Cuthullin shall never return ! How can I behold Bragela, to raise the sigh of her breast ? Fingal, I was always victorious, in battles of other spears !” “And hereafter thou shalt be victorious,” said Fingal of generous shells. “The fame of Cuthullin shall grow, like the branchy tree of Cromla. Many battles await thee, O chief ! Many shall be the wounds of thy hand ! Bring hither, Oscar, the deer ! Prepare the feast of shells. Let our souls rejoice after danger, and our friends delight in our presence !”

We sat. We feasted. We sung. The soul of Cuthullin rose. The strength of his arm returned. Gladness brightened along his face. Ullin gave the song ; Carril raised the voice. I joined the bards, and sung of battles of the spear. Battles ! where I often fought. Now I fight no more ! The fame of my former deeds is ceased. I sit forlorn at the tombs of my friends !

Thus the night passed away in song. We brought back the morning with joy. Fingal arose on the heath, and shook his glittering spear. He moved first toward the plains of Lena. We followed in all our arms.

“Spread the sail,” said the king, “seize the winds as they pour from Lena.” We rose on the wave with songs. We rushed, with joy, through the foam of the deep.

LATHMON: A POEM.

ARGUMENT.

LATHMON, a British prince, taking advantage of Fingal's absence on an expedition in Ireland, made a descent on Morven, and advanced within sight of Selma, the royal residence. Fingal arrived in the meantime, and Lathmon retreated to a hill, where his army was surprised by night, and himself taken prisoner by Ossian and Gaul the son of Morm. The poem opens, with the first appearance of Fingal on the coast of Morven, and ends, it may be supposed, about noon the next day.

LATHMON : A POEM.

SELMA, thy halls are silent. There is no sound in the woods of Morven. The wave tumbles alone on the coast. The silent beam of the sun is on the field. The daughters of Morven come forth, like the bow of the shower ; they look towards green Erin for the white sails of the king. He had promised to return, but the winds of the north arose !

Who pours from the eastern hill, like a stream of darkness ? It is the host of Lathmon. He has heard of the absence of Fingal. He trusts in the wind of the north. His soul brightens with joy. Why dost thou come, O Lathmon ? The mighty are not in Selma. Why comest thou with thy forward spear ? Will the daughters of Morven fight ? But stop, O mighty stream, in thy course ! Does not Lathmon behold these sails ? Why dost thou vanish, Lathmon, like the mist of the lake ? But the squally storm is behind thee ; Fingal pursues thy steps !

The king of Morven had started from sleep, as we rolled on the dark-blue wave. He stretched his hand to his spear, his heroes rose around. We knew that he had

seen his fathers, for they often descended to his dreams, when the sword of the foe rose over the land; and the battle darkened before us. "Whither hast thou fled, O wind!" said the king of Morven. "Dost thou rustle in the chambers of the south, pursuest thou the shower in other lands? Why dost thou not come to my sails? to the blue face of my seas? The foe is in the land of Morven, and the king is absent far. But let each bind on his mail, and each assume his shield. Stretch every spear over the wave; let every sword be unsheathed. Lathmon* is before us with his host: he that fled from Fingal on the plains of Lona. But he returns, like a collected stream, and his roar is between our hills."

Such were the words of Fingal. We rushed into Carmona's bay.† Ossian ascended the hill: he thrice struck his bossy shield. The rock of Morven replied: the bounding roes came forth. The foe was troubled in my presence: he collected his darkened host. I stood, like a cloud on the hill, rejoicing in the arms of my youth.

Morni sat beneath a tree, at the roaring waters of Strumon: his locks of age are grey: he leans forward on his staff; young Gaul is near the hero, hearing the battles of his father. Often did he rise, in the fire of his

* It is said by tradition, that it was the intelligence of Lathmon's invasion that occasioned Fingal's return from Ireland; though Ossian, more poetically, ascribes the cause of Fingal's knowledge to his dream.

† Here, says Campbell, a fragment of the poem appears lost—the passage from Carmona (Carrickfergus) to Morven.—E.-T.

soul, at the mighty deeds of Morni. The aged heard the sound of Ossian's shield : he knew the sign of war. He started at once from his place. His grey hair parted on his back. He remembered the deeds of other years.

“My son,” he said to fair-haired Gaul, “I hear the sound of war. The king of Morven is returned, his signals are spread on the wind. Go to the halls of Strumon ; bring his arms to Morni. Bring the shield of my father's latter years, for my arm begins to fail. Take thou thy armour, O Gaul ! and rush to the first of thy battles. Let thine arm reach to the renown of thy fathers. Be thy course in the field, like the eagle's wing. Why shouldst thou fear death, my son ? the valiant fall with fame ; their shields turn the dark stream of danger away ; renown dwells on their aged hairs. Dost thou not see, O Gaul ! how the steps of my age are honoured ? Morni moves forth, and the young meet him, with awe, and turn their eyes, with silent joy, on his course. But I never fled from danger, my son ! my sword lightened through the darkness of war. The stranger melted before me ; the mighty were blasted in my presence.”

Gaul brought the arms to Morni : the aged warrior is covered with steel. He took the spear in his hand, which was stained with the blood of the valiant. He came towards Fingal, his son attended his steps. The son of Comhal arose before him with joy, when he came in his locks of age.

“Chief of roaring Strumon !” said the rising soul of Fingal ; “do I behold thee in arms, after thy strength has failed ? Often has Morni shone in fight, like the

beam of the ascending sun ; when he disperses the storms of the hill, and brings peace to the glittering fields. But why didst thou not rest in thine age ? Thy renown is in the song. The people behold thee, and bless the departure of mighty Morni. Why didst thou not rest in thine age ? The foe will vanish before Fingal ! ”

“ Son of Comhal,” replied the chief, “ the strength of Morni’s arm has failed. I attempt to draw the sword of my youth, but it remains in its place. I throw the spear, but it falls short of the mark. I feel the weight of my shield. We decay like the grass of the hill : our strength returns no more. I have a son, O Fingal ! his soul has delighted in Morni’s deeds ; but his sword has not been lifted against a foe, neither has his fame begun. I come with him to war ; to direct his arm in fight. His renown will be a light to my soul, in the dark hour of my departure. O that the name of Morni were forgot among the people ! that the heroes would only say, ‘ Behold the father of Gaul ! ’ ”

“ King of Strumon,” Fingal replied, “ Gaul shall lift the sword in fight. But he shall lift it before Fingal ; my arm shall defend his youth. But rest thou in the halls of Selma ; and hear of our renown. Bid the harp to be strung, and the voice of the bard to arise, that those who fall may rejoice in their fame ; and the soul of Morni brighten with joy. Ossian ! thou hast fought in battles : the blood of strangers is on thy spear : thy course be with Gaul, in the strife ; but depart not from the side of Fingal ! lest the foe should find you alone, and your fame fail in my presence.

"I saw Gaul in his arms ; my soul was mixed with his. The fire of the battle was in his eyes ! he looked to the foe with joy. We spoke the words of friendship in secret ; the lightning of our swords poured together ; for we drew them behind the wood, and tried the strength of our arms on the empty air."

Night came down on Morven. Fingal sat at the beam of the oak. Morni sat by his side with all his grey waving locks. Their words were of other times, of the mighty deeds of their fathers. Three bards, at times, touched the harp : Ullin was near with his song. He sung of the mighty Comhal ; but darkness gathered on Morni's brow. He rolled his red eye on Ullin : at once ceased the song of the bard. Fingal observed the aged hero, and he mildly spoke. "Chief of Strumon, why that darkness ? Let the days of other years be forgot. Our fathers contended in war ; but we meet together, at the feast. Our swords are turned on the foe of our land : he melts before us on the field. Let the days of our fathers be forgot, hero of mossy Strumon !"

"King of Morven," replied the chief, "I remember thy father with joy. He was terrible in battle ; the rage of the chief was deadly. My eyes were full of tears, when the king of heroes fell. The valiant fall, O Fingal ! the feeble remain on the hills ! How many heroes have passed away, in the days of Morni ! Yet I did not shun the battle ; neither did I fly from the strife of the valiant. Now let the friends of Fingal rest ; for the night is around ; that they may rise, with strength, to battle against car-borne Lathmon. I hear the sound of

his host, like thunder moving on the hills. Ossian ! and fair-haired Gaul ! ye are young and swift in the race. Observe the foes of Fingal from that woody hill. But approach them not, your fathers are not near to shield you. Let not your fame fall at once. The valour of youth may fail ! ”

We heard the words of the chief with joy. We moved in the clang of our arms. Our steps are on the woody hill. Heaven burns with all its stars. The meteors of death fly over the field. The distant noise of the foe reached our ears. It was then Gaul spoke, in his valour : his hand half-unsheathed the sword.

“ Son of Fingal ! ” he said, “ why burns the soul of Gaul ? My heart beats high. My steps are disordered ; my hand trembles on my sword. When I look towards the foe, my soul lightens before me. I see their sleeping host. Tremble thus the souls of the valiant in battles of the spear ? How would the soul of Morni rise if we should rush on the foe ! Our renown would grow in song ; our steps would be stately in the eyes of the brave.”

“ Son of Morni,” I replied, “ my soul delights in war. I delight to shine in battle alone, to give my name to the bards. But what if the foe should prevail ; can I behold the eyes of the king ? They are terrible in his displeasure, and like the flames of death. But I will not behold them in his wrath ! Ossian shall prevail or fall. But shall the fame of the vanquished rise ? They pass like a shade away. But the fame of Ossian shall rise ! His deeds shall be like his father’s. Let us rush in

our arms ; son of Morni, let us rush to fight. Gaul ! if thou shouldst return, go to Selma's lofty hall. Tell to Everallin that I fell with fame ; carry this sword to Branno's daughter. Let her give it to Oscar, when the years of his youth shall arise."

"Son of Fingal," Gaul replied with a sigh ; "shall I return after Ossian is low ? What would my father say, what Fingal, the king of men ? The feeble would turn their eyes and say, 'Behold Gaul, who left his friend in his blood !' Ye shall not behold me, ye feeble, but in the midst of my renown ! Ossian ! I have heard from my father the mighty deeds of heroes ; their mighty deeds when alone ; for the soul increases in danger."

"Son of Morni," I replied, and strode before him on the heath, "our fathers shall praise our valour when they mourn our fall. A beam of gladness shall rise on their souls, when their eyes are full of tears. They will say, 'Our sons have not fallen unknown : they spread death around them.' But why should we think of the narrow house ? The sword defends the brave. But death pursues the flight of the feeble ; their renown is never heard."

We rushed forward through night ; we came to the roar of a stream, which bent its blue course round the foe, through trees that echoed to its sound. We came to the bank of the stream, and saw the sleeping host. Their fires were decayed on the plain ; the lonely steps of their scouts were distant far. I stretched my spear before me to support my steps over the stream. But Gaul took my hand, and spoke the words of the brave.

“Shall the son of Fingal rush on the sleeping foe? Shall he come like a blast by night, when it overturns the young trees in secret? Fingal did not thus receive his fame, nor dwells renown on the grey hairs of Morni, for actions like these. Strike, Ossian, strike the shield, and let their thousands rise! Let them meet Gaul in his first battle, that he may try the strength of his arm.”

My soul rejoiced over the warrior: my bursting tears came down. “And the foe shall meet thee, Gaul!” I said: “the fame of Morni’s son shall arise. But rush not too far, my hero: let the gleam of thy steel be near to Ossian. Let our hands join in slaughter. Gaul! dost thou not behold that rock? Its grey side dimly gleams to the stars. Should the foe prevail, let our back be towards the rock. Then shall they fear to approach our spears; for death is in our hands!”

I struck thrice my echoing shield. The starting foe arose. We rushed on in the sound of our arms. Their crowded steps fly over the heath. They thought that the mighty Fingal was come. The strength of their arms withered away. The sound of their flight was like that of flame, when it rushes through the blasted groves. It was then the spear of Gaul flew in its strength; it was then his sword arose. Cremor fell; and mighty Leth. Dunthormo struggled in his blood. The steel rushed through Crotho’s side, as bent, he rose on his spear; the black stream poured from the wound, and hissed on the half-extinguished oak. Cathmin saw the steps of the hero behind him, he ascended a blasted tree; but the spear pierced him from behind. Shrieking, panting, he

fell. Moss and withered branches pursue his fall, and strew the blue arms of Gaul.

Such were thy deeds, son of Morni, in the first of thy battles. Nor slept the sword by thy side, thou last of Fingal's race ! Ossian rushed forward in his strength ; the people fell before him ; as the grass by the staff of the boy, when he whistles along the field, and the grey beard of the thistle falls. But careless the youth moves on ; his steps are towards the desert. Grey morning rose around us ; the winding streams are bright along the heath. The foe gathered on a hill ; and the rage of Lathmon rose. He bent the red eye of his wrath : he is silent in his rising grief. He often struck his bossy shield ; and his steps are unequal on the heath. I saw the distant darkness of the hero, and I spoke to Morni's son.

“Car-borne chief of Strumon, dost thou behold the foe ? They gather on the hill in their wrath. Let our steps be towards the king.* He shall rise in his strength, and the host of Lathmon vanish. Our fame is around us, warrior, the eyes of the aged† will rejoice. But let us fly, son of Morni, Lathmon descends the hill.” “Then let our steps be slow,” replied the fair-haired Gaul ; “lest the foe say, with a smile, ‘Behold the warriors of night. They are, like ghosts, terrible in darkness ; they melt away before the beam of the east.’ Ossian, take the shield of Gormar who fell beneath thy spear. The aged heroes will rejoice beholding the deeds of their sons.”

* Fingal.

† Fingal and Morni.

Such were our words on the plain, when Sulmath came to car-borne Lathmon : Sulmath, chief of Dutha at the dark-rolling stream of Duvranna.* “Why dost thou not rush, son of Nuäth, with a thousand of thy heroes? Why dost thou not descend with thy host, before the warriors fly? Their blue arms are beaming to the rising light, and their steps are before us on the heath !”

“Son of the feeble hand,” said Lathmon, “shall my host descend ! They are but two, son of Dutha ! shall a thousand lift their steel ! Nuäth would mourn, in his hall, for the departure of his fame. His eyes would turn from Lathmon, when the tread of his feet approached. Go thou to the heroes, chief of Dutha ! I behold the stately steps of Ossian. His fame is worthy of my steel ! let us contend in fight.”

The noble Sulmath came. I rejoiced in the words of the king. I raised the shield on my arm ; Gaul placed in my hand the sword of Morni. We returned to the murmuring stream ; Lathmon came down in his strength. His dark host rolled, like clouds, behind him : but the son of Nuäth was bright in his steel !

“Son of Fingal,” said the hero, “thy fame has grown on our fall. How many lie there of my people by thy hand, thou king of men ! Lift now thy spear against

* A river in Scotland, which falls into the sea at Banff, still retains the name of Duvran. If that is meant in this passage, Lathmon must have been a prince of the Pictish nation, or those Caledonians who inhabited of old the eastern coast of Scotland.

Lathmon ; lay the son of Nuäth low ! Lay him low among his warriors, or thou thyself must fall ! It shall never be told in my halls that my people fell in my presence ; that they fell in the presence of Lathmon when his sword rested by his side : the blue eyes of Cutha would roll in tears ; her steps be lonely in the vales of Dunlathmon ! ”

“ Neither shall it be told,” I replied, “ that the son of Fingal fled. Were his steps covered with darkness, yet would not Ossian fly ! his soul would meet him and say, ‘ Does the bard of Selma fear the foe ? ’ No : he does not fear the foe. His joy is in the midst of battle ! ”

Lathmon came on with his spear. He pierced the shield of Ossian. I felt the cold steel by my side. I drew the sword of Morni. I cut the spear in twain. The bright point fell glittering on earth. The son of Nuäth burnt in his wrath. He lifted high his sounding shield. His dark eyes rolled above it, as bending forward, it shone like a gate of brass ! But Ossian’s spear pierced the brightness of its bosses, and sunk in a tree that rose behind. The shield hung on the quivering lance ! but Lathmon still advanced ! Gaul foresaw the fall of the chief. He stretched his buckler before my sword ; when it descended, in a stream of light, over the king of Dunlathmon !

Lathmon beheld the son of Morni. The tear started from his eye. He threw the sword of his fathers on earth, and spoke the words of the brave. “ Why should Lathmon fight against the first of men ? Your souls are

beams from heaven ; your swords the flames of death ! Who can equal the renown of the heroes, whose deeds are so great in youth ! O that ye were in the halls of Nuäth, in the green dwelling of Lathmon ! then would my father say, that his son did not yield to the weak : But who comes, a mighty stream, along the echoing heath ? the little hills are troubled before him ; a thousand ghosts are on the beams of his steel ; the ghosts of those who are to fall, by the arm of the king of resounding Morven. Happy art thou, O Fingal ! thy sons shall fight thy wars. They go forth before thee ; they return with the steps of their renown ! ”

Fingal came, in his mildness, rejoicing in secret over the deeds of his son. Morni's face brightened with gladness ; his aged eyes look faintly through tears of joy. We came to the halls of Selma. We sat around the feast of shells. The maids of song came into our presence, and the mildly-blushing Everallin ! Her hair spreads on her neck of snow, her eye rolls in secret on Ossian. She touched the harp of music ; we blessed the daughter of Branno !

Fingal rose in his place, and spoke to Lathmon, king of spears. The sword of Trenmor shook by his side, as high he raised his mighty arm. “ Son of Nuäth,” he said, “ why dost thou search for fame in Morven ? We are not of the race of the feeble ; our swords gleam not over the weak. When did we rouse thee, O Lathmon ! with the sound of war ? Fingal does not delight in battle, though his arm is strong ! My renown grows on the fall of the haughty. The light of my steel pours on

the proud in arms. The battle comes ! and the tombs of the valiant rise ; the tombs of my people rise, O my fathers ! I at last must remain alone ! But I will remain renowned ; the departure of my soul shall be a stream of light ! Lathmon ! retire to thy place ! Turn thy battles to other lands ! The race of Morven are renowned ; their foes are the sons of the unhappy ! ”

DAR-THULA: A POEM.

ARGUMENT.

It may not be improper here, to give the story which is the foundation of this poem, as it is handed down by tradition. Usnoth, lord of Etha, which is probably that part of Argyleshire which is near Loch Eta, an arm of the sea in Lorn, had three sons, Nathos, Althos, and Ardan, by Slissáma, the daughter of Semo, and sister to the celebrated Cuthullin. The three brothers, when very young, were sent over to Ireland, by their father, to learn the use of arms, under their uncle, Cuthullin, who made a great figure in that kingdom. They were just landed in Ulster when the news of Cuthullin's death arrived. Nathos, though very young, took the command of Cuthullin's army, made head against Cairbar the usurper, and defeated him in several battles. Cairbar at last having found means to murder Cormac the lawful king, the army of Nathos shifted sides, and he himself was obliged to return to Ulster, in order to pass over into Scotland.

Dar-thula, the daughter of Colla, with whom Cairbar was in love, resided, at that time, in Seláma, a castle in Ulster: she saw, fell in love, and fled with Nathos; but a storm rising at sea, they were unfortunately driven back on that part of the coast of Ulster where Cairbar was encamped with his army. The three brothers, after having defended themselves, for some time, with great bravery, were overpowered and slain, and the unfortunate Dar-thula killed herself upon the body of her beloved Nathos.

The poem opens, on the night preceding the death of the sons of Usnoth, and brings in, by way of episode, what passed before. It relates the death of Dar-thula differently from the common tradition; this account is the most probable, as suicide seems to have been unknown in those early times: for no traces of it are found in the old poetry.

DAR-THULA : A POEM.

DAUGHTER of heaven, fair art thou ! the silence of thy face is pleasant ! Thou comest forth in loveliness. The stars attend thy blue course in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, O moon ! They brighten their dark-brown sides. Who is like thee in heaven, light of the silent night ? The stars are ashamed in thy presence. They turn away their sparkling eyes. Whither dost thou retire from thy course, when the darkness of thy countenance grows ? Hast thou thy hall, like Ossian ? Dweldest thou in the shadow of grief ? Have thy sisters fallen from heaven ? Are they who rejoiced with thee, at night, no more ? Yes ! they have fallen, fair light ! and thou dost often retire to mourn. But thou thyself shalt fail, one night ; and leave thy blue path in heaven. The stars will then lift their heads : they, who were ashamed in thy presence, will rejoice. Thou art now clothed with thy brightness. Look from thy gates in the sky. Burst the cloud, O wind ! that the daughter of night may look forth ! that the shaggy mountains may brighten, and the ocean roll its white waves, in light.

Nathos is on the deep, and Althos, that beam of youth. Ardan is near his brothers. They move in the gloom of their course. The sons of Usnoth move in darkness, from the wrath of Cairbar of Erin. Who is that, dim by their side. The night has covered her beauty ! Her hair sighs on ocean's winds. Her robe streams in dusky wreaths. She is like the fair spirit of heaven in the midst of his shadowy mist. Who is it but Dar-thula,* the first of Erin's maids ? She has fled from the love of Cairbar, with blue-shielded Nathos. But the winds deceive thee, O Dar-thula ! They deny the woody Etha, to thy sails. These are not the mountains of Nathos ; nor is that the roar of his climbing waves. The halls of Cairbar are near : the towers of the foe lift their heads ! Erin stretches its green head into the sea. Tura's bay receives the ship. Where have ye been, ye southern winds ! when the sons of my love were deceived ? But ye have been sporting on plains, pursuing the thistle's beard. O that ye had been rustling in the sails of Nathos, till the hills of Etha arose ! till they arose in their clouds, and saw their returning chief ! Long hast thou been absent, Nathos ! the day of thy return is past !

But the land of strangers saw thee, lovely ! thou wast lovely in the eyes of Dar-thula. Thy face was like the

* Dar-thúla, or Dart-'huile, *a woman with fine eyes*. She was the most famous beauty of antiquity. To this day, when a woman is praised for her beauty, the common phrase is, *that she is as lovely as Dar-thula*.

light of the morning. Thy hair like the raven's wing. Thy soul was generous and mild, like the hour of the setting sun. Thy words were the gale of the reeds ; the gliding stream of Lora ! But when the rage of battle rose, thou wast a sea in a storm. The clang of thy arms was terrible ; the host vanished at the sound of thy course. It was then Dar-thula beheld thee, from the top of her mossy tower : from the tower of Seláma, where her fathers dwelt.

“Lovely art thou, O stranger !” she said, for her trembling soul arose. “Fair art thou in thy battles, friend of the fallen Cormac ! Why dost thou rush on in thy valour, youth of the ruddy look ? Few are thy hands in fight, against the dark-browed Cairbar ! O that I might be freed from his love !* that I might rejoice in the presence of Nathos ! Blest are the rocks of Etha ! they will behold his steps at the chase ! they will see his white bosom, when the winds lift his flowing hair !” Such were thy words, Dar-thula, in Seláma's mossy towers. But, now, the night is around thee. The winds have deceived thy sails. The winds have deceived thy sails, Dar-thula ! Their blustering sound is high. Cease a little while, O north wind ! Let me hear the voice of the lovely. Thy voice is lovely, Dar-thula, between the rustling blasts !

“Are these the rocks of Nathos ?” she said. “This the roar of his mountain-streams ? Comes that beam of light from Usnoth's nightly hall ? The mist spreads

* That is, of the love of Cairbar.

around; the beam is feeble and distant far. But the light of Dar-thula's soul dwells in the chief of Etha! Son of the generous Usnoth, why that broken sigh? Are we in the land of strangers, chief of echoing Etha!"

"These are not the rocks of Nathos," he replied, "nor this the roar of his streams. No light comes from Etha's halls, for they are distant far. We are in the land of strangers, in the land of cruel Cairbar. The winds have deceived us, Dar-thula. Erin lifts here her hills. Go towards the north, Althos: be thy steps, Ardan, along the coast; that the foe may not come in darkness, and our hopes of Etha fail. I will go towards that mossy tower, to see who dwells about the beam. Rest, Darthula, on the shore! rest in peace, thou lovely light! the sword of Nathos is around thee, like the lightning of heaven!"

He went. She sat alone; she heard the rolling of the wave. The big tear is in her eye. She looks for returning Nathos. Her soul trembles at the blast. She turns her ear towards the tread of his feet. The tread of his feet is not heard. "Where art thou, son of my love! The roar of the blast is around me. Dark is the cloudy night. But Nathos does not return. What detains thee, chief of Etha? Have the foes met the hero in the strife of the night?"

He returned, but his face was dark. He had seen his departed friend! It was the wall of Tura.* The ghost of

* Campbell remarks here—"There is no place in Ireland so veiled in the mists of antiquity as Carrickfergus Castle. That place and Connor—Temora—were considered the most ancient

Cuthullin stalked there alone : The sighing of his breast was frequent. The decayed flame of his eyes was terrible ! His spear was a column of mist. The stars looked dim through his form. His voice was like hollow wind in a cave : his eye a light seen afar. He told the tale of grief. The soul of Nathos was sad, like the sun in the day of mist, when his face is watery and dim.

“Why art thou sad, O Nathos?” said the lovely daughter of Colla. “Thou art a pillar of light to Darthula. The joy of her eyes is in Etha’s chief. Where is my friend, but Nathos? My father, my brother is fallen! Silence dwells on Seláma. Sadness spreads on the blue streams of my land. My friends have fallen with Cormac. The mighty were slain in the battles of Erin. Hear, son of Usnoth ! hear, O Nathos ! my tale of grief.

“Evening darkened on the plain. The blue streams failed before mine eyes. The unfrequent blast came rustling, in the tops of Seláma’s groves. My seat was beneath a tree, on the walls of my fathers. Truthil past before my soul ; the brother of my love : He that was absent in battle, against the haughty Cairbar ! Bending on his spear, the grey-haired Colla came. His downcast face is dark, and sorrow dwells in his soul. His sword is on the side of the hero ; the helmet of his fathers on his head. The battle grows in his breast. He strives to hide the tear.

as far back as 1316, when Sir Edward, brother of King Robert Bruce, landed in Ireland.”—E. T.

“‘Dar-thula, my daughter,’ he said, ‘thou art the last of Colla’s race! Truthil is fallen in battle. The chief of Seláma is no more! Cairbar comes, with his thousands, towards Seláma’s walls. Colla will meet his pride, and revenge his son. But where shall I find thy safety, Dar-thula with the dark-brown hair! thou art lovely as the sunbeam of heaven, and thy friends are low!’ ‘Is the son of battle fallen?’ I said, with a bursting sigh. ‘Ceased the generous soul of Truthil to lighten through the field? My safety, Colla, is in that bow. I have learned to pierce the deer. Is not Cairbar like the hart of the desert, father of fallen Truthil?’

“The face of age brightened with joy. The crowded tears of his eyes poured down. The lips of Colla trembled. His grey beard whistled in the blast. ‘Thou art the sister of Truthil,’ he said; ‘thou burnest in the fire of his soul. Take, Dar-thula, take that spear, that brazen shield, that burnished helm: they are the spoils of a warrior, a son of early youth! When the light rises on Seláma, we go to meet the car-borne Cairbar. But keep thou near the arm of Colla, beneath the shadow of my shield. Thy father, Dar-thula, could once defend thee; but age is trembling on his hand. The strength of his arm has failed. His soul is darkened with grief.’

“We passed the night in sorrow. The light of morning rose. I shone in the arms of battle. The grey-haired hero moved before. The sons of Seláma convened, around the sounding shield of Colla. But few

were they in the plain, and their locks were grey. The youths had fallen with Truthil, in the battle of car-borne Cornac. 'Friends of my youth!' said Colla, 'it was not thus you have seen me in arms. It was not thus I strode to battle, when the great Confaden fell. But ye are laden with grief. The darkness of age comes like the mist of the desert. My shield is worn with years! my sword is fixed* in its place! I said to my soul, Thy evening shall be calm: thy departure like a fading light. But the storm has returned. I bend like an aged oak. My boughs are fallen on Seláma. I tremble in my place. Where art thou, with thy fallen heroes, O my beloved Truthil! Thou answerest not from thy rushing blast. The soul of thy father is sad. But I will be sad no more, Cairbar or Colla must fall! I feel the returning strength of my arm. My heart leaps at the sound of war.'

"The hero drew his sword. The gleaming blades of his people rose. They moved along the plain. Their grey hair streamed in the wind. Cairbar sat at the feast, in the silent plain of Lona.† He saw the coming of the heroes. He called his chiefs to war. Why should I tell to Nathos, how the strife of battle grew? I have seen thee in the midst of thousands, like the beam of heaven's fire: it is beautiful, but terrible; the people fall in its

* It was the custom of ancient times, that every warrior at a certain age, or when he became unfit for the field, fixed his arms in the great hall.—M.

† "The plains," near Belfast, are now called Ma-Lona.—Campbell.

dreadful course. The spear of Colla flew. He remembered the battles of his youth. An arrow came with its sound. It pierced the hero's side. He fell on his echoing shield. My soul started with fear. I stretched my buckler over him; but my heaving breast was seen! Cairbar came with his spear. He beheld Seláma's maid. Joy rose on his dark-brown face. He stayed the lifted steel. He raised the tomb of Colla. He brought me weeping to Seláma. He spoke the words of love, but my soul was sad. I saw the shields of my fathers; the sword of car-borne Truthil. I saw the arms of the dead; the tear was on my cheek! Then thou didst come, O Nathos! and gloomy Cairbar fled. He fled like the ghost of the desert before the morning's beam. His host was not near: and feeble was his arm against thy steel! Why art thou sad, O Nathos?' said the lovely daughter of Colla?

"I have met," replied the hero, "the battle in my youth. My arm could not lift the spear when danger first arose. My soul brightened in the presence of war, as the green narrow vale, when the sun pours his streamy beams, before he hides his head in a storm. The lonely traveller feels a mournful joy. He sees the darkness, that slowly comes. My soul brightened in danger before I saw Seláma's fair; before I saw thee, like a star, that shines on the hill, at night: the cloud advances, and threatens the lovely light! We are in the land of foes. The winds have deceived us, Dar-thula! The strength of our friends is not near, nor the mountains of Etha. Where shall I find thy peace, daughter of mighty Colla!

The brothers of Nathos are brave ! and his own sword has shone in fight. But what are the sons of Usnoth to the host of dark-browed Cairbar ! O that the winds had brought thy sails, Oscar king of men ! Thou didst promise to come to the battles of fallen Cormac ! Then would my hand be strong, as the flaming arm of death. Cairbar would tremble in his halls, and peace dwell round the lovely Dar-thula. But why dost thou fall, my soul ? The sons of Usnoth may prevail ! ”

“ And they will prevail, O Nathos ! ” said the rising soul of the maid. “ Never shall Dar-thula behold the halls of gloomy Cairbar. Give me those arms of brass, that glitter to the passing meteor. I see them dimly in the dark-bosomed ship. Dar-thula will enter the battle of steel. Ghost of the noble Colla ! do I behold thee on that cloud ? Who is that dim beside thee ? Is it the car-borne Truthil ? Shall I behold the halls of him that slew Seláma’s chief ! No : I will not behold them, spirits of my love ! ”

Joy rose in the face of Nathos, when he heard the white-bosomed maid. “ Daughter of Seláma ! thou shinest along my soul. Come, with thy thousands, Cairbar ! the strength of Nathos is returned ! Thou, O aged Usnoth ! shalt not hear that thy son has fled. I remember thy words on Etha ; when my sails began to rise : when I spread them towards Erin, towards the mossy walls of Tura ! ‘ Thou goest,’ he said, ‘ O Nathos, to the king of shields ! Thou goest to Cuthullin, chief of men, who never fled from danger. Let not thine arm be feeble : neither be thy thoughts of flight ; lest the son of Semo

should say, that Etha's race are weak. His words may come to Usnoth, and sadden his soul in the hall.' The tear was on my father's cheek. He gave his shining sword !

"I came to Tura's bay : but the halls of Tura were silent. I looked around, and there was none to tell of the son of generous Semo. I went to the hall of shells, where the arms of his fathers hung. But the arms were gone, and aged Lamhor sat in tears. 'Whence are the arms of steel?' said the rising Lamhor. 'The light of the spear has long been absent from Tura's dusky walls. Come ye from the rolling sea? Or from Temora's* mournful halls?'

"'We come from the sea,' I said, 'from Usnoth's rising towers. We are the sons of Slis-sáma, the daughter of car-borne Semo. Where is Tura's chief, son of the silent hall? But why should Nathos ask? for I behold thy tears. How did the mighty fall, son of the lonely Tura?' 'He fell not,' Lamhor replied, 'like the silent star of night, when it flies through darkness and is no more. But he was like a meteor that shoots into a distant land. Death attends its dreary course. Itself is the sign of wars. Mournful are the banks of Lego; and the roar of streamy Lara! There the hero fell, son of the noble Usnoth!' 'The hero fell in the midst of slaughter,' I said with a bursting sigh. 'His hand was strong in war. Death dimly sat behind his sword.'

* Temora was the residence of the supreme kings of Ireland. It is here called mournful, on account of the death of Cormac, who was murdered there by Cairbar, who usurped his throne.

"We came to Lego's sounding banks. We found his rising tomb. His friends in battle are there : his bards of many songs. Three days we mourned over the hero : on the fourth, I struck the shield of Caithbat. The heroes gathered around with joy, and shook their beamy spears. Corlath was near with his host, the friend of car-borne Cairbar. We came like a stream by night. His heroes fell before us. When the people of the valley rose, they saw their blood with morning's light. But we rolled away, like wreaths of mist, to Cormac's echoing hall. Our swords rose to defend the king. But Temora's halls were empty. Cormac had fallen in his youth. The king of Erin was no more !

"Sadness seized the sons of Erin. They slowly, gloomily retired : like clouds that, long having threatened rain, vanish behind the hills. The sons of Usnoth moved, in their grief, towards Tura's sounding bay. We passed by Seláma. Cairbar retired like Lano's mist, when driven before the winds. It was then I beheld thee, O Dar-thula ! like the light of Etha's sun. 'Lovely is that beam !' I said. The crowded sigh of my bosom rose. Thou camest in thy beauty, Dar-thula, to Etha's mournful chief. But the winds have deceived us, daughter of Colla, and the foe is near !"

"Yes, the foe is near," said the rushing strength of Althos.* "I heard their clanging arms on the coast. I saw the dark wreaths of Erin's standard. Distinct is the

* Althos has just returned from viewing the coast of Lena, whither he had been sent by Nathos, the beginning of the night.

voice of Cairbar.* Load as Cromla's falling stream. He had seen the dark ship on the sea, before the dusky night came down. His people watch on Lena's plain. They lift ten thousand swords." "And let them lift ten thousand swords," said Nathos with a smile. "The sons of car-borne Usnoth will never tremble in danger! Why dost thou roll with all thy foam, thou roaring sea of Erin? Why do ye rustle, on your dark wings, ye whistling storms of the sky? Do ye think, ye storms, that ye keep Nathos on the coast? No: his soul detains him, children of the night! Althos! bring my father's arms: thou seest them beaming to the stars. Bring the spear of Semo. It stands in the dark-bosomed ship!"

He brought the arms. Nathos covered his limbs, in all their shining steel. The stride of the chief is lovely. The joy of his eyes was terrible. He looks towards the coming of Cairbar. The wind is rustling in his hair. Dar-thula is silent at his side. Her look is fixed on the chief. She strives to hide the rising sigh. Two tears swell in her radiant eyes!

"Althos!" said the chief of Etha, "I see a cave in that rock.† Place Dar-thula there. Let thy arm, my

* Cairbar had gathered an army, to the coast of Ulster, in order to oppose Fingal, who prepared for an expedition into Ireland to re-establish the house of Cormac on the throne, which Cairbar had usurped. Between the wings of Cairbar's army was the bay of Tura, into which the ship of the sons of Usnoth was driven: so that there was no possibility of their escaping.

† There is a large cave in the rock of Carrickfergus Castle.—E.-T.

brother, be strong. Ardan ! we meet the foe : call to battle gloomy Cairbar. O that he came in his sounding steel, to meet the son of Usnoth ! Dar-thula ! if thou shalt escape, look not on the fallen Nathos ! Lift thy sails, O Althos ! towards the echoing groves of my land."

"Tell the chief,* that his son fell with fame ; that my sword did not shun the fight. Tell him I fell in the midst of thousands. Let the joy of his grief be great. Daughter of Colla ! call the maids to Etha's echoing hall ! Let their songs arise for Nathos, when shadowy autumn returns. O that the voice of Cona, that Ossian, might be heard in my praise ! then would my spirit rejoice in the midst of the rushing winds." "And my voice shall praise thee, Nathos, chief of the woody Etha ! The voice of Ossian shall rise in thy praise, son of the generous Usnoth ! Why was I not on Lena, when the battle rose ? Then would the sword of Ossian defend thee ; or himself fall low !"

We sat, that night, in Selma round the strength of the shell. The wind was abroad, in the oaks. The spirit of the mountain† roared. The blast came rustling through the hall, and gently touched my harp. The sound was mournful and low, like the song of the tomb. Fingal heard it the first. The crowded sighs of his bosom rose. "Some of my heroes are low," said the grey-haired king of Morven. "I hear the sound of death on the harp. Ossian, touch the trembling string. Bid the sorrow rise ;

* Usnoth.

† That deep and melancholy sound which precedes a storm ; well known to those who live in a high country.

that their spirits may fly with joy to Morven's woody hills ! " I touched the harp before the king ; the sound was mournful and low. " Bend forward from your clouds," I said, "ghosts of my fathers ! bend. Lay by the red terror of your course. Receive the falling chief ; whether he comes from a distant land, or rises from the rolling sea. Let his robe of mist be near ; his spear that is formed of a cloud. Place an half-extinguished meteor by his side, in the form of the hero's sword. And, oh ! let his countenance be lovely, that his friends may delight in his presence. Bend from your clouds," I said, "ghosts of my fathers ! bend !"

Such was my song, in Selma, to the lightly-trembling harp. But Nathos was on Erin's shore, surrounded by the night. He heard the voice of the foe, amidst the roar of tumbling waves. Silent he heard their voice, and rested on his spear ! Morning rose, with its beams. The sons of Erin appear, like grey rocks, with all their trees, they spread along the coast. Cairbar stood in the midst. He grimly smiled when he saw the foe. Nathos rushed forward, in his strength : nor could Dar-thula stay behind. She came with the hero, lifting her shining spear. "And who are these, in their armour, in the pride of youth ? Who but the sons of Usnoth, Althos, and dark-haired Arden ?"

"Come," said Nathos, "come ! chief of high Temora ! Let our battle be on the coast, for the white-bosomed maid. His people are not with Nathos ; they are behind these rolling seas. Why dost thou bring thy thousands against the chief of Etha ? Thou didst

fly * from him in battle, when his friends were around his spear." "Youth of the heart of pride, shall Erin's king fight with thee? Thy fathers were not among the renowned, nor of the kings of men. Are the arms of foes in their halls? Or the shields of other times? Cairbar is renowned in Temora, nor does he fight with feeble men!"

The tear started from car-borne Nathos. He turned his eyes to his brothers. Their spears flew at once. Three heroes lay on earth. Then the light of their swords gleamed on high. The ranks of Erin yield; as a ridge of dark clouds before a blast of wind! Then Cairbar ordered his people, and they drew a thousand bows. A thousand arrows flew. The sons of Usnoth fell in blood. They fell like three young oaks, which stood alone on the hill: The traveller saw the lovely trees, and wondered how they grew so lonely: the blast of the desert came by night, and laid their green heads low; next day he returned, but they were withered, and the heath was bare!

Dar-thula stood in silent grief, and beheld their fall! No tear is in her eye. But her look is wildly sad. Pale was her cheek. Her trembling lips broke short an half-formed word. Her dark hair flew on wind. The gloomy Cairbar came. "Where is thy lover now? the car-borne chief of Etha? Hast thou beheld the halls of Usnoth? Or the dark-brown hills of Fingal? My battle would have roared on Morven, had not the winds met Dar-

* The flight of Cairbar from Seláma.

thula. Fingal himself would have been low, and sorrow dwelling in Selmo?" Her shield fell from Dar-thula's arm. Her breast of snow appeared. It appeared; but it was stained with blood. An arrow was fixed in her side. She fell on the fallen Nathos, like a wreath of snow! Her hair spreads wide on his face. Their blood is mixing round!

"Daughter of Colla! thou art low!" said Cairbar's hundred bards. "Silence is at the blue streams of Selâma. Truthil's* race have failed. When wilt thou rise in thy beauty, first of Erin's maids? Thy sleep is long in the tomb. The morning distant far. The sun shall not come to thy bed and say, 'Awake, Dar-thula! awake thou first of women! the wind of spring is abroad. The flowers shake their heads on the green hills. The winds wave their growing leaves.' Retire, O sun! the daughter of Colla is asleep. She will not come forth in her beauty. She will not move in the steps of her loveliness!"

Such was the song of the bards, when they raised the tomb. I sung over the grave, when the king of Morven came; when he came to green Erin to fight with the car-borne Cairbar!

* Truthil was the founder of Dar-thula's family.

*THE DEATH OF CUTHULLIN:
A POEM.*

ARGUMENT.

CUTHULLIN, after the arms of Fingal had expelled Swaran from Ireland, continued to manage the affairs of that kingdom as the guardian of Cormac, the young king. In the third year of Cuthullin's administration, Torlath, the son of Cantéla, rebelled in Connaught ; and advanced to Temora to dethrone Cormac. Cuthullin marched against him, came up with him at the lake of Lego, and totally defeated his forces. Torlath fell in battle by Cuthullin's hand ; but as he too eagerly pressed on the enemy, he was mortally wounded. The affairs of Cormac, though, for some time, supported by Nathos, as mentioned in the preceding poem, fell into confusion at the death of Cuthullin. Cormac himself was slain by the rebel Cairbar ; and the re-establishment of the royal family of Ireland by Fingal, furnishes the subject of the epic poem of Temora.

THE
DEATH OF CUTHULLIN:

A POEM.

“ **I**S the wind on the shield of Fingal? Or is the voice of past times in my hall? Sing on, sweet voice! for thou art pleasant. Thou carriest away my night with joy. Sing on, O Bragela, daughter of car-borne Sorglan!

“ It is the white wave of the rock, and not Cuthullin’s sails. Often do the mists deceive me for the ship of my love! when they rise round some ghost, and spread their grey skirts on the wind. Why dost thou delay thy coming, son of the generous Semo? Four times has autumn returned with its winds, and raised the seas of Togorma,* since thou hast been in the roar of battles, and Bragéla distant far! Hills of the isle of mist! when will ye answer to his hounds? But ye are dark in your

* Togorma—i.e., *the island of blue waves*—one of the Hebrides, was subject to Connal, the son of Caithbat, Cuthullin’s friend. Connal, a few days before the news of Torlath’s revolt came to Temora, had sailed to Togorma, his native isle; where he was detained by contrary winds during the war in which Cuthullin was killed.

clouds. Sad Bragéla calls in vain ! Night comes rolling down. The face of ocean fails. The heath-cock's head is beneath his wing The hind sleeps, with the hart of the desert. They shall rise with morning's light, and feed by the mossy stream. But my tears return with the sun. My sighs come on with the night. When wilt thou come in thine arms, O chief of Erin's wars ? ”

Pleasant is thy voice in Ossian's ear, daughter of car-borne Sorglan ! But retire to the hall of shells ; to the beam of the burning oak. Attend to the murmur of the sea : it rolls at Dunscai's walls : let sleep descend on thy blue eyes. Let the hero arise in thy dreams !

Cuthullin sits at Lego's lake, at the dark rolling of waters. Night is around the hero. His thousands spread on the heath. A hundred oaks burn in the midst. The feast of shells is smoking wide. Carril strikes the harp beneath a tree. His grey locks glitter in the beam. The rustling blast of night is near, and lifts his aged hair. His song is of the blue Togorma, and of its chief, Cuthullin's friend ! “Why art thou absent, Connal, in the day of the gloomy storm ? The chiefs of the south have convened, against the car-borne Cormac. The winds detain thy sails. Thy blue waters roll around thee. But Cormac is not alone. The son of Semo fights his wars ! Semo's son his battles fights ! the terror of the stranger ! He that is like the vapour of death, slowly borne by sultry winds. The sun reddens in its presence : The people fall around.”

Such was the song of Carril, when a son of the foe

appeared. He threw down his pointless spear. He spoke the words of Torlath ! Torlath, chief of heroes, from Lego's sable surge ! He that led his thousands to battle, against car-borne Cormac. Cormac who was distant far, in Temora's echoing halls : he learned to bend the bow of his fathers ; and to lift the spear. Nor long didst thou lift the spear, mildly-shining beam of youth ! death stands dim behind thee, like the darkened half of the moon behind its glowing light ! Cuthullin rose before the bard,* that came from generous Torlath. He offered him the shells of joy. He honoured the son of songs. " Sweet voice of Lego ! " he said, " what are the words of Torlath ? Comes he to our feast or battle, the car-borne son of Cantéla ? "

" He comes to thy battle," replied the bard, " to the sounding strife of spears. When morning is grey on Lego, Torlath will fight on the plain. Wilt thou meet him, in thine arms, king of the isle of mist ? Terrible is the spear of Torlath ! it is a meteor of night. He lifts it, and the people fall ! death sits in the lightning of his sword ! " " Do I fear," replied Cuthullin, " the spear of car-borne Torlath ? He is brave as a thousand heroes : but my soul delights in war ! The sword rests not by the side of Cuthullin, bard of the times of old ! Morning shall meet me on the plain, and gleam on the blue arms of Semo's son. But sit thou on the heath, O bard ! and let us hear thy voice. Partake of the joyful shell : and hear the songs of Temora ! "

* The bards were the heralds of ancient times and their persons were sacred on account of their office.

“This is no time,” replied the bard, “to hear the song of joy : when the mighty are to meet in battle, like the strength of the waves of *Lego*. Why art thou so dark, *Slimora* ! with all thy silent woods ? No star trembles on thy top. No moonbeam on thy side. But the meteors of death are there : the grey watery forms of ghosts. Why art thou dark, *Slimora* ! with thy silent woods ?” He retired, in the sound of his song. *Carril* joined his voice. The music was like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul. The ghosts of departed bards heard on *Slimora*’s side. Soft sounds spread along the wood. The silent valleys of night rejoice. So, when he sits in the silence of the day, in the valley of his breeze, the humming of the mountain bee comes to *Ossian*’s ear : the gale drowns it in its course ; but the pleasant sound returns again ! Slant looks the sun on the field ! gradual grows the shade of the hill !

“Raise,” said *Cuthullin*, to his hundred bards, “the song of the noble *Fingal* : that song which he hears at night, when the dreams of his rest descend : when the bards strike the distant harp, and the faint light gleams on *Selma*’s walls. Or let the grief of *Lara* rise : the sighs of the mother of *Calmar*,* when he was sought, in

* *Calmar*, the son of *Matha*. His death is related at large in the third book of *Fingal*. He was the only son of *Matha* ; and the family was extinct in him. The seat of the family was on the banks of the river *Lara*, in the neighbourhood of *Lego*, and probably near the place where *Cuthullin* lay : which circumstance suggested to him, the lamentation of *Alclétha* over her son.

vain, on his hills ; when she beheld his bow in the hall. Carril, place the shield of Caithbat on that branch. Let the spear of Cuthullin be near ; that the sound of my battle may rise, with the grey beam of the east." The hero leaned on his father's shield : the song of Lara rose ! The hundred bards were distant far : Carril alone is near the chief. The words of the song were his : the sound of his harp was mournful.

" Alclétha with the aged locks ! mother of car-borne Calmar ! why dost thou look toward the desert, to behold the return of thy son ? These are not his heroes dark on the heath : nor is that the voice of Calmar. It is but the distant grove, Alclétha ! but the roar of the mountain wind ! " " Who* bounds over Lara's stream, sister of the noble Calmar ? Does not Alclétha behold his spear ? But her eyes are dim ! Is it not the son of Matha, daughter of my love ? "

" It is but an aged oak, Alclétha ! " replied the lovely weeping Alona. " It is but an oak, Alclétha, bent over Lara's stream. But who comes along the plain ? sorrow is in his speed. He lifts high the spear of Calmar. Alclétha, it is covered with blood ! " " But it is covered with the blood of foes,† sister of car-borne Calmar ! His spear never returned unstained with blood : nor his bow from the strife of the mighty. The battle is consumed in

* Alclétha speaks. Calmar had promised to return by a certain day, and his mother and his sister Alona are represented as looking, with impatience, towards that quarter where they expected Calmar should make his first appearance.

† Alclétha speaks.

his presence : he is a flame of death, Alona ! Youth* of the mournful speed ! where is the son of Alclétha ? Does he return with his fame, in the midst of his echoing shields ? Thou art dark and silent ! Calmar is then no more ! Tell me not, warrior, how he fell. I must not hear of his wound !” Why dost thou look towards the desert, mother of low-laid Calmar ?

Such was the song of Carril, when Cuthullin lay on his shield. The bards rested on their harps. Sleep fell softly around. The son of Semo was awake alone. His soul was fixed on war. The burning oaks began to decay. Faint red light is spread around. A feeble voice is heard ! The ghost of Calmar came ! He stalked dimly along the beam. Dark is the wound in his side. His hair is disordered and loose. Joy sits pale on his face. He seems to invite Cuthullin to his cave.

“Son of the cloudy night !” said the rising chief of Erin. “Why dost thou bend thy dark eyes on me, ghost of the noble Calmar ? Wouldest thou frighten me, O Matha’s son ! from the battles of Cormac ? Thy hand was not feeble in war : neither was thy voice for peace. How art thou changed, chief of Lara ! if thou dost advise to fly ! But, Calmar, I never fled. I never feared the ghosts of night. Small is their knowledge, weak their hands ; their dwelling is in the wind. But my soul grows in danger, and rejoices in the noise of steel. Retire thou to thy cave. Thou art not Calmar’s ghost. He delighted in battle. His arm was like the thunder of

* She addresses herself to Larnir, Calmar’s friend, who had returned with the news of his death.

heaven!" He retired in his blast with joy, for he had heard the voice of his praise.

The faint beam of the morning rose. The sound of Caithbat's buckler spread. Green Erin's warriors convened, like the roar of many streams. The horn of war is heard over Lego. The mighty Torlath came! "Why dost thou come with thy thousands, Cuthullin?" said the chief of Lego. "I know the strength of thy arm. Thy soul is an unextinguished fire. Why fight we not on the plain, and let our hosts behold our deeds? Let them behold us like roaring waves, that tumble round a rock: the mariners hasten away, and look on their strife with fear."

"Thou risest, like the sun, on my soul," replied the son of Semo. "Thine arm is mighty, O Torlath! and worthy of my wrath. Retire, ye men of Ullin, to Slimora's shady side. Behold the chief of Erin, in the day of his fame. Carril! tell to mighty Connal, if Cuthullin must fall, tell him I accused the winds, which roar on Togorma's waves. Never was he absent in battle, when the strife of my fame arose. Let his sword be before Cormac, like the beam of heaven. Let his counsel sound in Temora, in the day of danger!"

He rushed, in the sound of his arms, like the terrible spirit of Loda,* when he comes, in the roar of a thousand storms, and scatters battles from his eyes. He sits on a cloud over Lochlin's seas. His mighty hand is on his sword. Winds lift his flaming locks! The waning moon half-lights his dreadful face. His features blended

* Probably Odin, the great deity of the northern nations.

in darkness arise to view. So terrible was Cuthullin in the day of his fame. Torlath fell by his hand. Lego's heroes mourned. They gather around the chief, like the clouds of the desert. A thousand swords rose at once ; a thousand arrows flew ; but he stood like a rock in the midst of a roaring sea. They fell around. He strode in blood. Dark Slimora echoed wide. The sons of Ullin came. The battle spread over Lego. The chief of Erin overcame. He returned over the field with his fame. But pale he returned ! The joy of his face was dark. He rolled his eyes in silence. The sword hung, unsheathed, in his hand. His spear bent at every step !

"Carril," said the chief in secret, "the strength of Cuthullin fails. My days are with the years that are past. No morning of mine shall arise. They shall seek me at Temora, but I shall not be found. Cormac will weep in his hall, and say, 'Where is Erin's chief?' But my name is renowned ! my fame in the song of bards. The youth will say in secret, O let me die as Cuthullin died ! Renown clothed him like a robe. The light of his fame is great. Draw the arrow from my side. Lay Cuthullin beneath that oak. Place the shield of Caithbat near, that they may behold me amidst the arms of my fathers !"

"And is the son of Semo fallen ?" said Carril with a sigh. "Mournful are Tura's walls. Sorrow dwells at Dunscaï. Thy spouse is left alone in her youth. The son* of thy love alone ! He shall come to Bragéla, and

* Conloch, who was afterwards very famous for his great exploits in Ireland.

ask her why she weeps? He shall lift his eyes to the wall, and see his father's sword. 'Whose sword is that?' he will say. The soul of his mother is sad. Who is that, like the hart of the desert, in the murmur of his course? His eyes look wildly round in search of his friend. Connal, son of Colgar, where hast thou been, when the mighty fell? Did the seas of Congorma roll around thee? Was the wind of the south in thy sails? The mighty have fallen in battle, and thou wast not there. Let none tell it in Selma, nor in Morven's woody land. Fingal will be sad, and the sons of the desert mourn!"

By the dark rolling waves of Lego they raised the hero's tomb. Luäth,* at a distance, lies. The song of bards rose over the dead.

"Blest† be thy soul, son of Semo! Thou wert mighty in battle. Thy strength was like the strength of a stream: thy speed like the eagle's wing. Thy path in battle was terrible: the steps of death were behind thy sword. Blest be thy soul, son of Semo, car-borne chief of Dunscai! Thou hast not fallen by the sword of the mighty, neither was thy blood on the spear of the brave. The arrow came, like the sting of death in a blast: nor did the feeble hand, which drew the bow, perceive it. Peace to thy soul, in thy cave, chief of the isle of mist!

* It was, of old, the custom to bury the favourite dog near the master.

† This is the song of the bards over Cuthullin's tomb. Every stanza closes with some remarkable title of the hero, which was always the custom in funeral elegies.

“The mighty are dispersed at Temora : there is none in Cormac’s hall. The king mourns in his youth. He does not behold thy return. The sound of thy shield is ceased : his foes are gathering round. Soft be thy rest in thy cave, chief of Erin’s wars ! Bragéla will not hope for thy return, or see thy sails in ocean’s foam. Her steps are not on the shore : nor her ear open to the voice of thy rowers. She sits in the hall of shells. She sees the arms of him that is no more. Thine eyes are full of tears, daughter of car-borne Sorglan ! Blest be thy soul in death, O chief of shady Tura !”



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